Liberty

UNE 21, 1947 10 CENTS

Great Articles and Fiction

BRITAIN'S BID FOR NEW EMPIRI

SO BABIES CAN LIVE • HEDY LAMARR

A great book condensation:

3 FOR BEDROOM C

and the new picture section

EYE-INTEREST

see DEVIL DANCERS

REDS IN OUR ATOM BOMB PLANTS

The Full, Documented Story

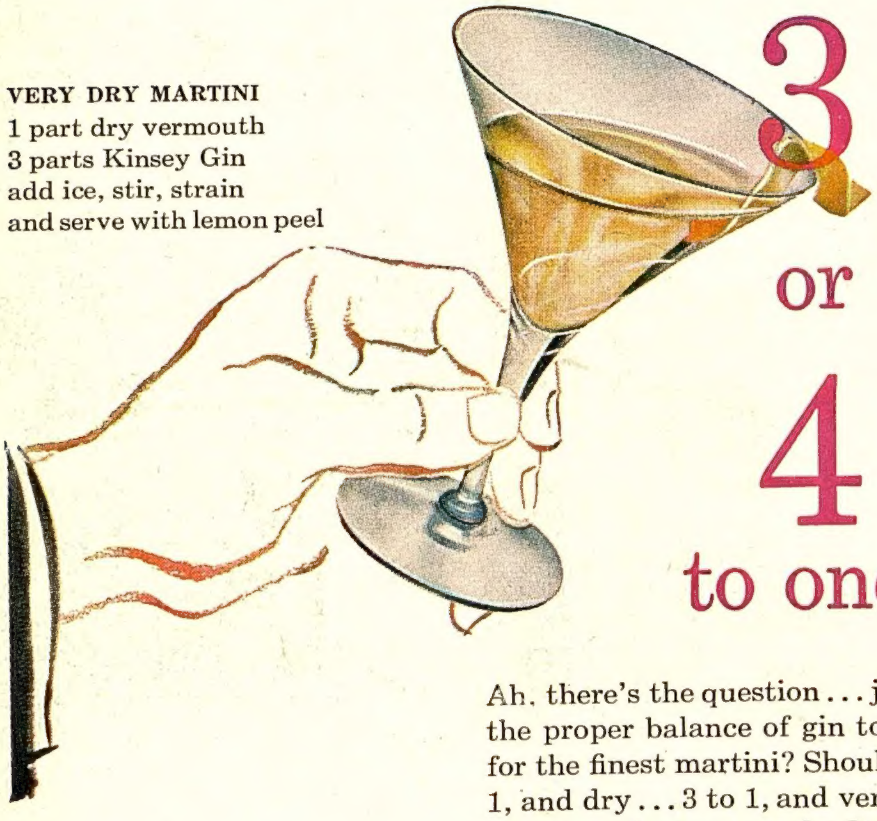
By Representative

J. PARNELL THOMAS

With men who know martinis best–

is it 2 3 or 4 to one?

DRY MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
add ice, stir, strain
and serve with stuffed olive



VERY DRY MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
3 parts Kinsey Gin
add ice, stir, strain
and serve with lemon peel

VERY, VERY DRY MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
4 parts Kinsey Gin
add ice, stir, strain
and serve with pearl onion

Ah, there's the question . . . just what is the proper balance of gin to vermouth for the finest martini? Should it be 2 to 1, and dry . . . 3 to 1, and very dry . . . or 4 to 1, and very, *very* dry?

Only your own taste can decide. But for better taste in *any* martini, use Kinsey Gin. Because . . .

Kinsey is the *genial* gin . . . superbly smooth. The *dry* gin . . . yes, dry as fine champagne. And *94.4 proof*, brimming over with extra flavor!

Yes, with Kinsey Gin, you'll soon become a martini expert . . . and you can expect perfect martinis every time . . . beginning tonight!

KINSEY
HIGH 94.4 PROOF
J. G. Kinsey
FOUNDED 1892
KINSEY
Distilled Dry
Gin
KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.

KINSEY GIN

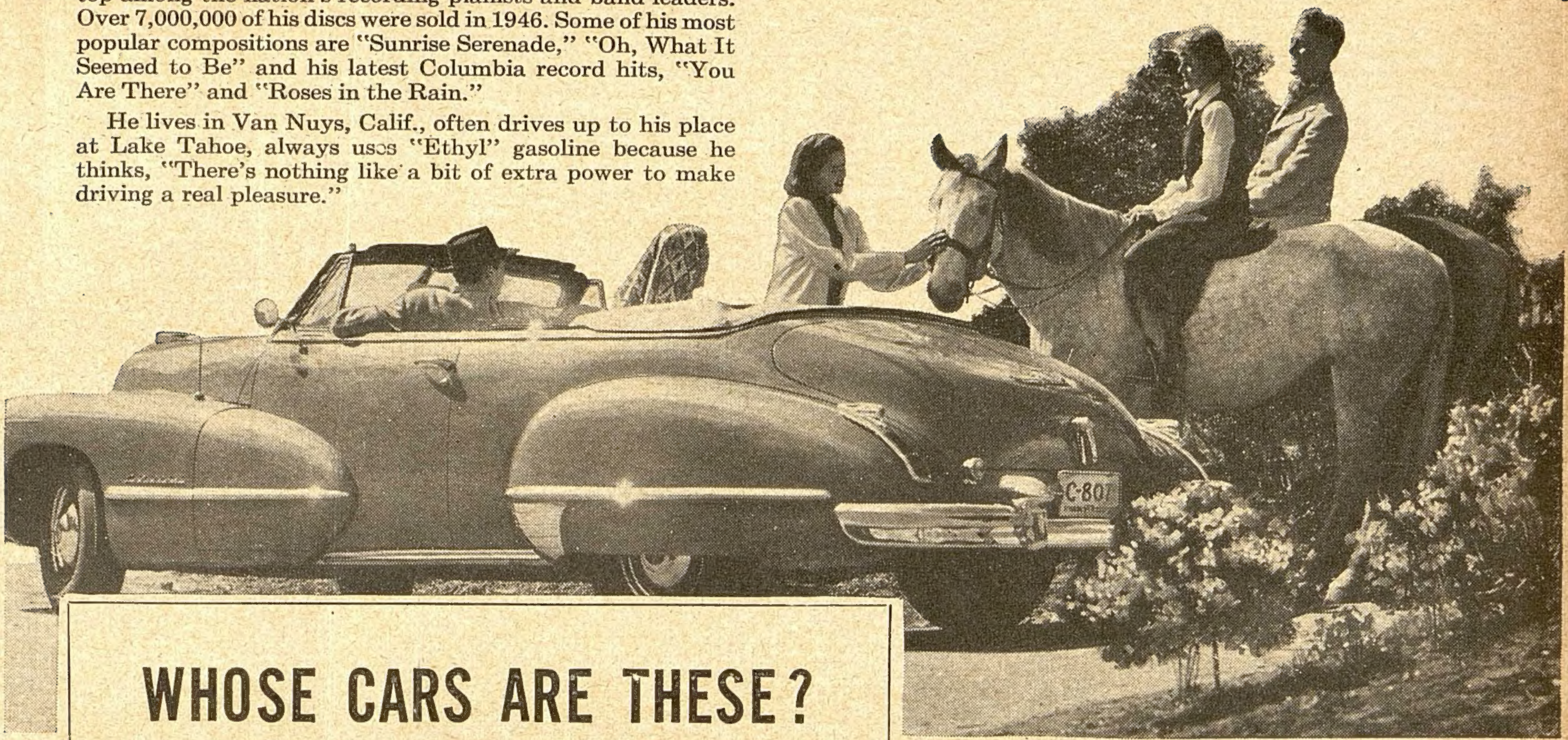
It's 94.4 PROOF

It's GENIAL
It's DRY

Distilled Dry Gin • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

1. The driver of this good-looking convertible is right at the top among the nation's recording pianists and band leaders. Over 7,000,000 of his discs were sold in 1946. Some of his most popular compositions are "Sunrise Serenade," "Oh, What It Seemed to Be" and his latest Columbia record hits, "You Are There" and "Roses in the Rain."

He lives in Van Nuys, Calif., often drives up to his place at Lake Tahoe, always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because he thinks, "There's nothing like a bit of extra power to make driving a real pleasure."

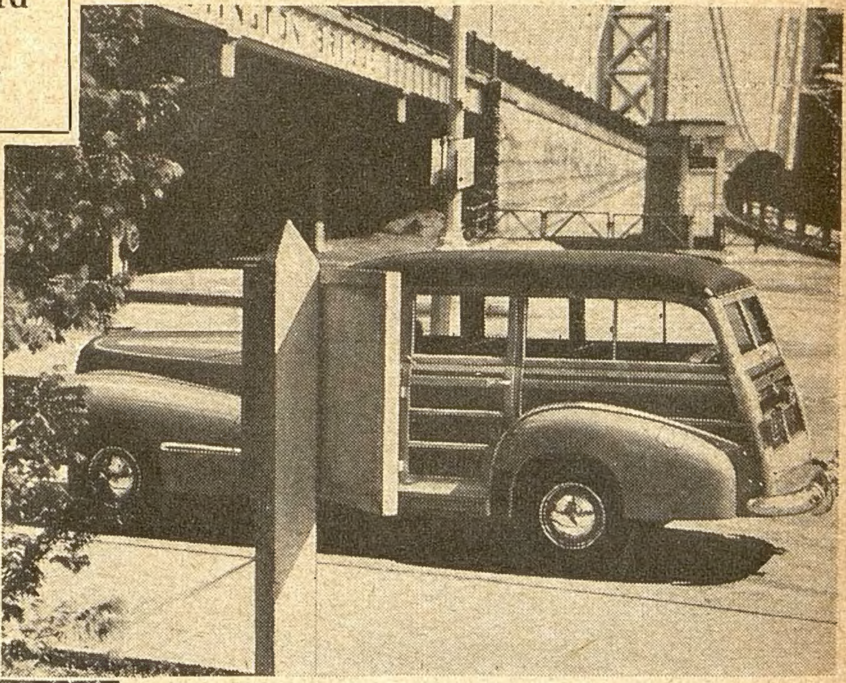


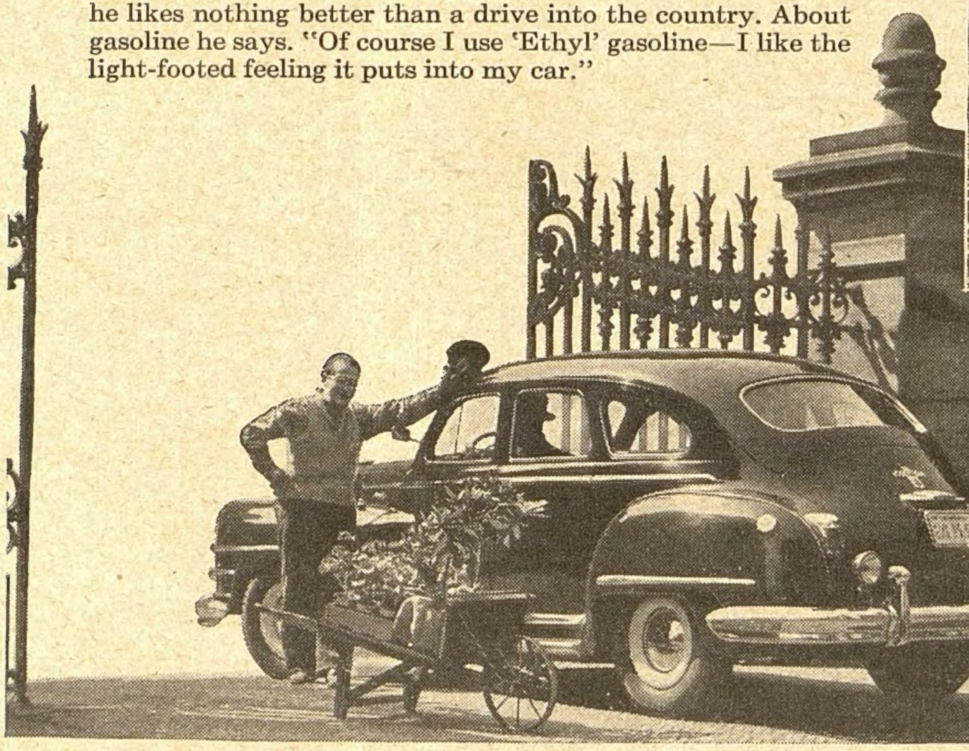
WHOSE CARS ARE THESE?

Each is owned by a person whose name you've heard many times. *See how many you can identify.*

2. The owner of this sedan is a man whose nimble dancing feet carried him to fame and fortune. He's appeared in Broadway shows and dozens of successful movies—among them "Top Hat," "Holiday Inn," "Ziegfeld Follies," "Gay Divorcée" and "Blue Skies."

He's just opened the first of an international chain of dance studios in New York where his personally trained teachers instruct thousands of pupils weekly. For relaxation, he likes nothing better than a drive into the country. About gasoline he says. "Of course I use 'Ethyl' gasoline—I like the light-footed feeling it puts into my car."





3. This smart station-wagon is owned by a radio songstress who was voted one of the three most popular women in the United States. Her voice has been heard by more Americans than that of any other woman in history. She has a cocker spaniel named "Freckles" and radiates good cheer like a coal stove radiates heat. You can hear her Mondays through Fridays at 12 noon EDST over the Mutual network.

Each summer she drives from her New York home to her place at Lake Placid for a well-earned rest. She always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because, "I believe it pays to use quality products, and I know 'Ethyl' gasoline is the best I can get."

Read this to see how many you correctly identified . . .

Frankly, the fact that somebody uses "Ethyl" gasoline in his car is not much of a clue to his identity. There are millions of car owners who believe it pays to use the best gasoline—for power, for mileage and all-round performance.

However, you've probably been able to guess who own the cars pictured from the other clues we've given you. They are: **1**—Frankie Carle. **2**—Fred Astaire. **3**—Kate Smith.

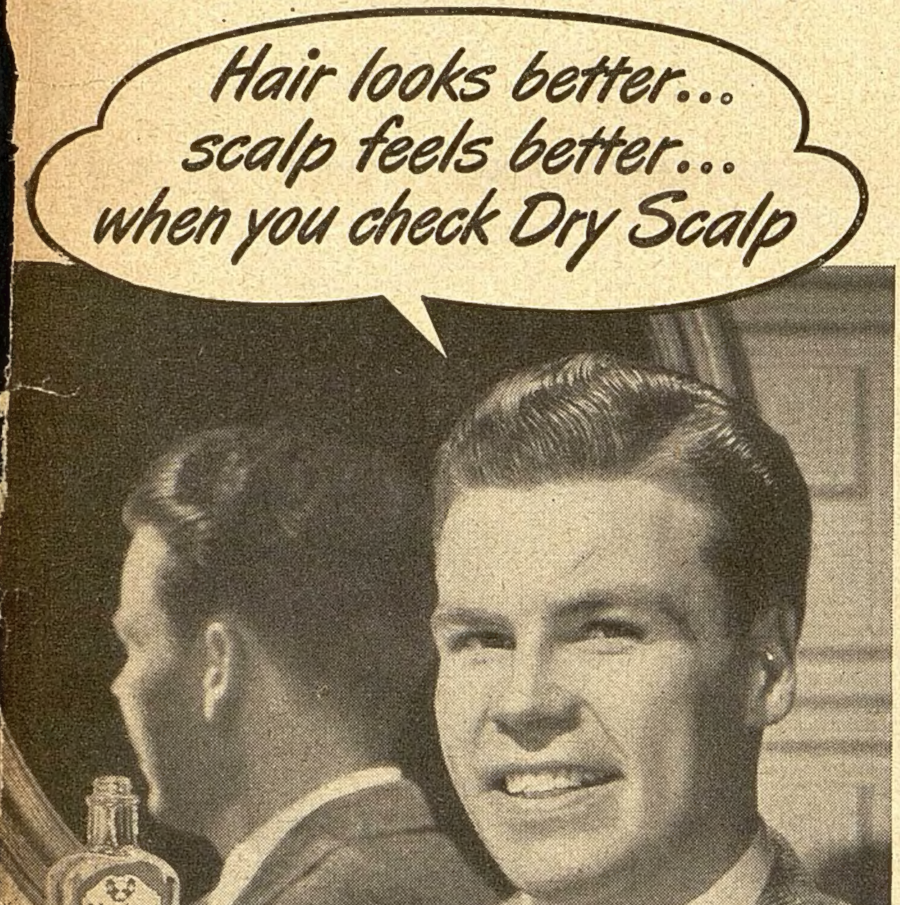
These famous people look for the trade-mark "Ethyl" for the same good reason millions of others do. They want their cars to run their best. So they watch for the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem. Oil companies place this emblem on pumps containing their best gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock compound—the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. Ethyl Corporation, New York.

WITH
"ETHYL"
TRADE MARK
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

LOOK FOR THE "ETHYL" TRADE-MARK

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **I DON'T NEED** glasses to see that he's got Dry Scalp! His hair certainly is a mess ... it's dull looking and unkempt ... looks as though he *never* combed it, and there's loose dandruff, too. It's time somebody told him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"



IT'S EASY as can be to check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a few drops a day make the difference. It supplements natural scalp oils ... leaves your hair natural-looking, your scalp feeling like a million. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients ... excellent with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care ... to both scalp and hair ... and is more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

Liberty

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★ Articles

Reds in Our Atom-Bomb Plants . . *Rep. J. Parnell Thomas as told to Stacy V. Jones* 15
So Babies Can Live . . . . *Gene R. Casey* 18
Heady Hedy . . . . *Elizabeth Wilson* 22
Britain's Bid for New Empire . . . . *Beverley Owen* 26
Do You Want to Run a Resort? . . . . *John Callan as told to Eddy Dressen* 30
Mollie Ticklepitcher of Turniptop Ridge *Phillips H. Lord* 33
Low Man on the Links . . . . *Stanley Anderson* 34

★ Stories

The Woman with a Scar . . . . *Jean Jorgensen* 16
Eighteenth Hole . . . . *Paul Ernst* 20
Love Takes a Bough . . . . *Ben Merson* 24
The Night of Happy Words—Short Short *Walter C. Brown* 28
Washington Murder-Go-Round—Part III *Oscar Schisgall* 40

★ Pictures

EYE-INTEREST: Yankee Ballerina, 45; The Huskies, 50, Everglades—the World's Richest Farmland, 53; Lend-Lease Husband, 54; Devil Dancers, 58; The Well-Bridled Groom, 62; Movie Reviews, 64; Miscellany, 66

★ Book Condensation

3 for Bedroom C—*A hilarious tale by Goddard Lieberson of a college professor and a Hollywood star—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 36

★ Features

Vox Pop 6
Crossword Puzzle 101
Washington Undercurrent . . *Robert S. Allen* 12

★ Editorial

Get Joe and Harry to Swap Jobs . . . . *Paul Hunter* 110

Cover: Devil Dancer
KODACHROME BY FRED BOND

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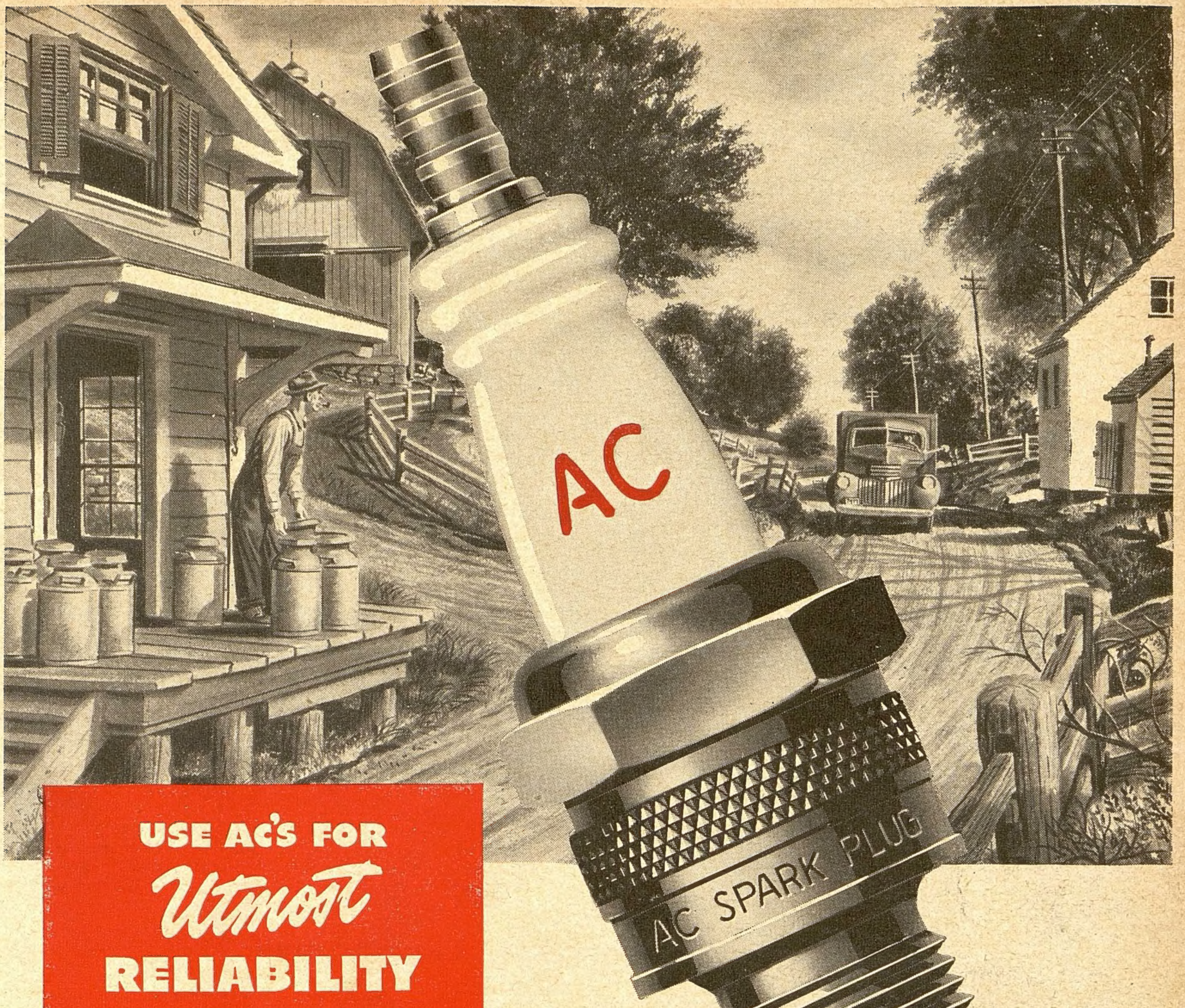

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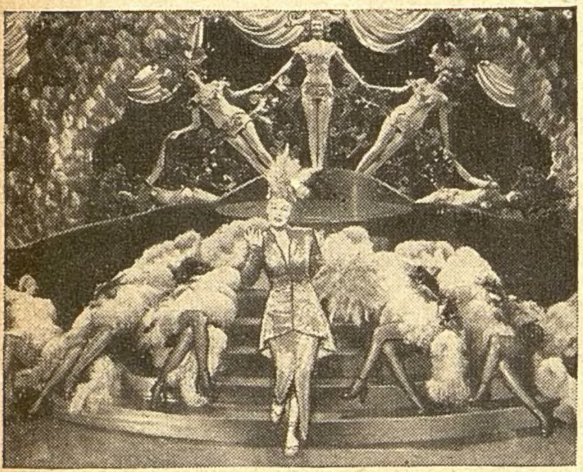
LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

SPARK PLUGS CLEANED AND ADJUSTED "BY THE AC METHOD" MAY SAVE AS MUCH GAS AS 1 GALLON IN 10

Oh-h-h-h! how the villains pursued her!



It's the musical thrill story of Pearl White . . . the world's best loved heroine!

She dared a thousand dangers on the screen . . . but found that love was the most perilous adventure of them all!

Paramount presents
"THE PERILS of PAULINE"
in
TECHNICOLOR
Starring
BETTY HUTTON
and
JOHN LUND
with
BILLY DE WOLFE · Wm. Demarest
Constance Collier · Frank Faylen
Directed by George Marshall

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

GOOD JOB CORRECTION

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In Dick Strouse's interesting article, "Want a *Good* Job, Mister?" (April 12), Bernard Haldane is listed as an associate editor of the New York Journal of Commerce. For the sake of the record, please be advised that Mr. Haldane terminated his employment at the Journal of Commerce on December 16, 1946.—*E. A. Single, Business M'g'r, Journal of Commerce.*

READ BEFORE SIGNING!

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.—Puff Pix (Eye-Interest, May 10) performs a genuine service in warning your readers of the danger of signing documents they have not read. This danger cannot be overemphasized. Unfortunately some readers, misunderstanding the article, will assume that racketeers can always enforce such fraudulently induced contracts. The truth, of course, is that such contracts are often, even usually, unenforceable in court. The result in a given case depends on its particular facts and, sometimes, on the state in which it arises. A competent attorney can ordinarily help you, but read before you sign and you won't need help!—*Elmer M. Million* (*attorney*).

UNCONSTITUTIONAL???

ASHLEY, N. D.—Have just read the editorial, Stop Communism at Home (May 10). I heartily agree. What can be *unconstitutional* in protecting our Constitution and American way of life? I can't figure that one out as yet!

It is just too bad for us right now that every editor in the U. S. A. does not come out boldly and forcibly, as Paul Hunter has done, and place the real facts before the people.

Constitutionally, we punish those who try to injure or who do destroy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—even those who conspire to do so on a huge scale.

What more proof does the Justice Department need that Communism is a conspiracy on a huge scale, getting ready to carry to fruition its present plans?

Hope you hear favorably from 140,000,000 Americans.—*E. H. Maercklein, M.D.*

"A DANIEL COME . . ."

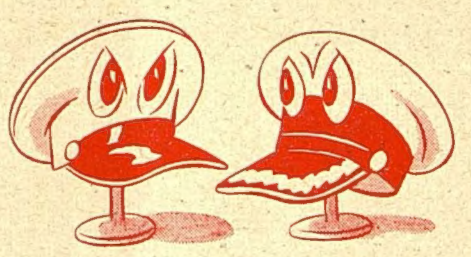
BALBOA, CANAL ZONE—Paul Hunter's editorial nominating Eisenhower and Stassen (March 1) made good reading; but you know that the Republicans will not risk an all-Middle West ticket. They will nominate Dewey and Stassen and win in 1948, but the Democrats will win in 1952 with Truman and Mead, who will be the next Governor of New York.

So saith the modern Daniel.—*J. Dan Dunaway.*

HOW TO BREAK DEADLOCKS

LAKE CHARLES, LA.—The articles (May 10) by H. Struve Hensel, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Robert S. Allen, Colonel, General Staff Corps (Ret.), on Navy vs. Air Force on How to Fight the Next War, have been read with very much interest. Thanks to Liberty for publishing such articles.

For my money, Mr. Hensel's article (Don't Sink the Navy) exemplifies the inter-service feuds which so dangerously restrict the progress that is absolutely essential if we are to remain strong, while Mr. Allen's (The Future Belongs to Air Power) is about as sound and sane an analysis as a layman can expect the privilege of reading. Perhaps it is good that Mr. Allen is already retired; otherwise his splendid article might cause a premature retirement. —*Wayne G. Robertson.*



MAUGHAM'S STORY

FORT WAYNE, DETROIT, MICH.—The old master does it again! I refer to W. Somerset Maugham's story, The Mother (April 26). A few years ago Maugham seemingly confessed that, as an old man near the end of life, he also was near the end as novelist

(*Continued on page 8*)

Celebrating the Tenth Anniversary of the First Remington Shaver

REMINGTON RAND
PROUDLY PRESENTS THE NEW
ANNIVERSARY SERIES OF

Remington *Blue Streak* Shavers

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR FATHER'S DAY

Shave closer! Shave faster! Shave any beard! Here's the new Anniversary Series of Remington Blue Streak Shavers — incorporating all that Remington engineers have discovered in ten years of electric shaver research and manufacturing.

These new Remingtons have not only *more* heads, but *better* heads. *There is nothing to compare with the combination of the Blue Streak twin heads and the close-shaving round heads.* This combination snips long and short hairs with equal ease!

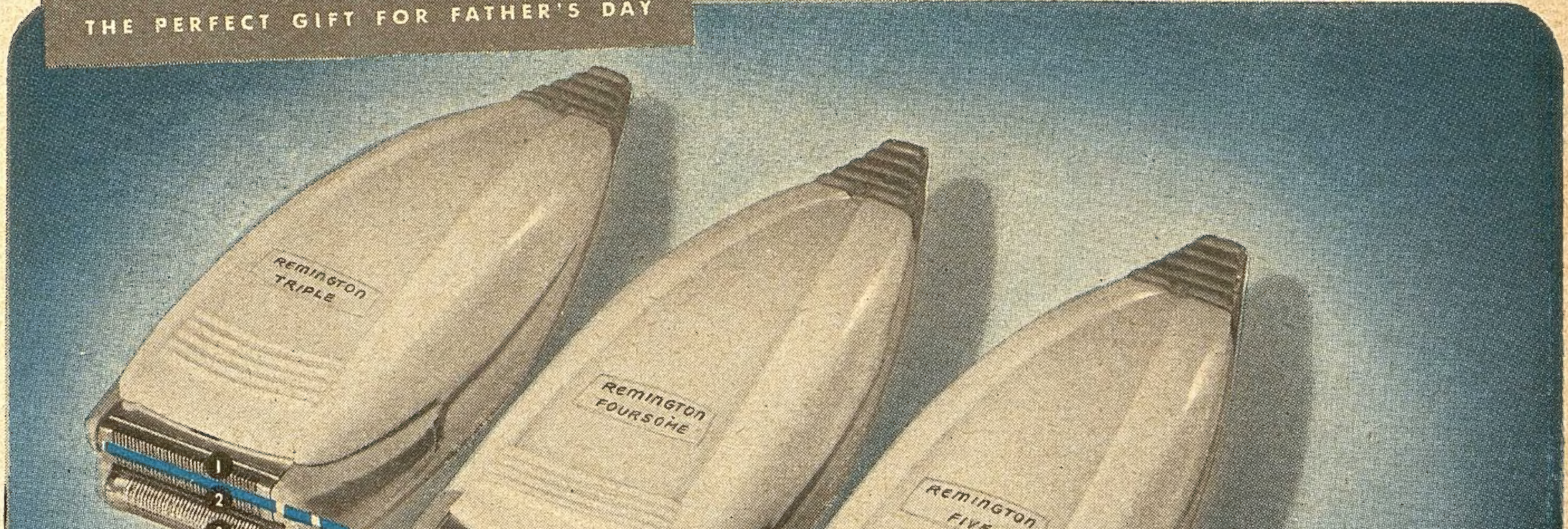
See the new Anniversary Remingtons at any leading store or at one of Remington's ninety-one shaver headquarters.

- Remington Triple, featuring one Blue Streak *twin* head and one round head, $17.50; Remington Foursome, featuring one Blue Streak *twin* head and two round heads, $19.50; Remington Five, featuring two Blue Streak *twin* heads and one round head, $21.50. Made in both ivory and ebony finish. All Remingtons operate on AC or DC.

**MORE REMINGTONS HAVE BEEN SOLD SINCE 1940
THAN ALL OTHER MAKES COMBINED**

REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS Products of **Remington Rand** Incorporated
REMINGTON RAND INC. • ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION • BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

SHAVE DRY **NO LATHER** **NO BLADES**


REMINGTON TRIPLE
1
2
3
REMINGTON FOURSOME
1
2
3
4
REMINGTON FIVE
1
2
3
4
5
NEW! REMINGTON Blue Streak TRIPLE $17.50
NEW! REMINGTON Blue Streak FOURSOME $19.50
NEW! REMINGTON Blue Streak FIVE $21.50
A
B
C
PAT. PENDING

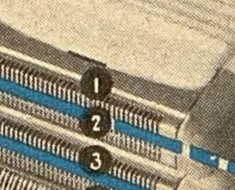
The Remington Blue Streak twin shaving head provides four long-hair cutting edges (A), two effective shaving surfaces (B), contains two inside cutters (C).

TEN YEARS OF PROGRESS

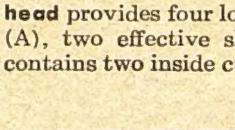
1937 The first Remington was made—and almost instantly acclaimed a success. Thousands of these single-head Remingtons are still in use.

1940 Remington pioneered the multiple-head principle with the Dual. Later a trimming head was added to make the Remington Triple-head.

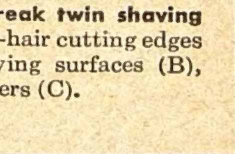
1941 The first Foursome. With three round heads and a trimming head, this was the fastest shaver made. Remington leaped to first place!



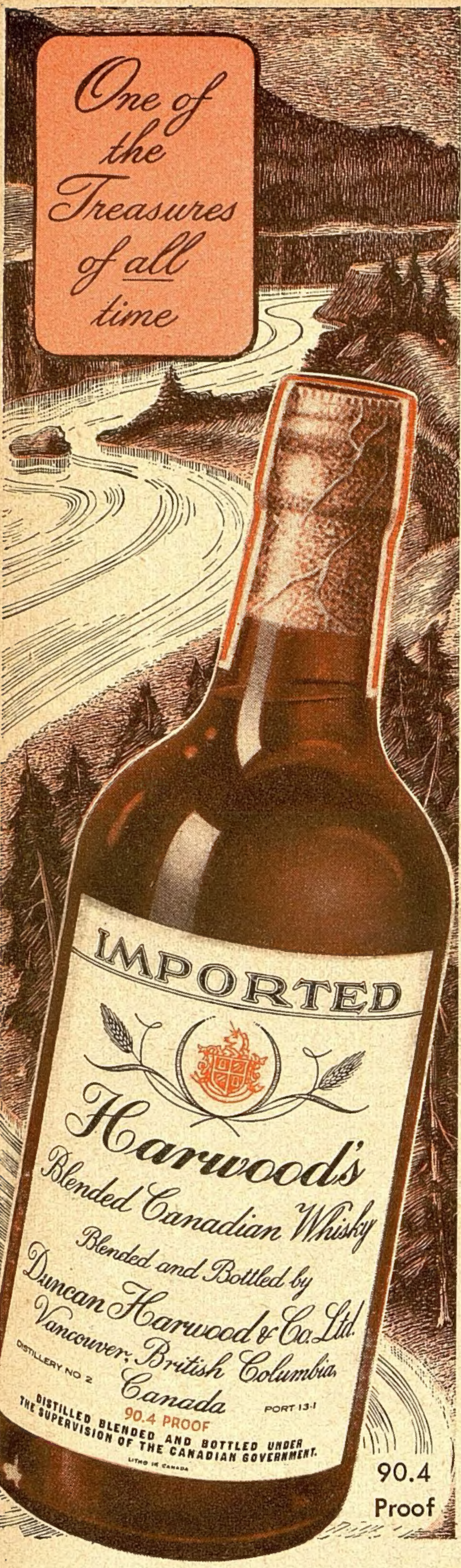
1944 The Remington plant was largely engaged in war production. However, thousands of Remingtons were rushed to Army and Navy hospitals.



1946 The Blue Streak *twin* shaving head was introduced on a Foursome model. This head handles long and short hairs with equal ease.



1947 Remington announces the Anniversary Series. Be sure you get a Remington—*you can't get a better shaver to save your skin!*


One of the Treasures of all time
IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
Vancouver, British Columbia
Canada
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PORT 13-1
90.4 PROOF
DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.
LITHO IN CANADA
90.4 Proof

Fraser River and the old Trail, British Columbia, Dominion of Canada. Home of Harwood's Blended Canadian Whisky.

Harwood's Canadian

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

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R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., Inc., NEW YORK, N.Y.

(*Continued from page 6*)

and writer. Then he ironically astounded his critics by writing the best-selling The Razor's Edge, a more profound sort of spiritual Moon and Sixpence. He now does modern men, especially military servicemen and former servicemen, another service. We have seen so much that most faraway locales are not so exotic nor so romantic to us as they were about thirty years ago. He circumvents this by taking us to Spain, where Franco's Iron Curtain is even thicker than the Soviet one. He thus gives us the old story of a mother's selfish love and even murder for her son in a new dress. Not until we finish it do we know we have been fooled again by a supreme artist's magic. This suspension of unbelief flows from Maugham's highest art. Congratulations for publishing The Mother!—*R. A. Berdish, Pvt., U. S. Army.*

BERKELEY, CALIF.—Why must such a capable writer as Maugham write such gruesome piffle as The Mother? Why couldn't the story have ended happily, with the girl and the mother friends; with the understanding that the love the son had for each of them was as different from his love for the other as day from night? The Spanish girls are lovable and sympathetic as well as beautiful, not taunting and cruel. The story leaves such a resentment that one would like to wring someone's neck.—*Esther B. Cossairt.*

THEY'LL MAKE THE MAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Congratulations on Liberty's fine article on men's clothing (Eye-Interest, April 26: Colorful Comfort). It very much interested me to learn that colorful, comfortable clothes, like those photographed in the Clothes Clinic, are being promoted for men. They are a welcome relief from the drab clothing we have been wearing for so long.

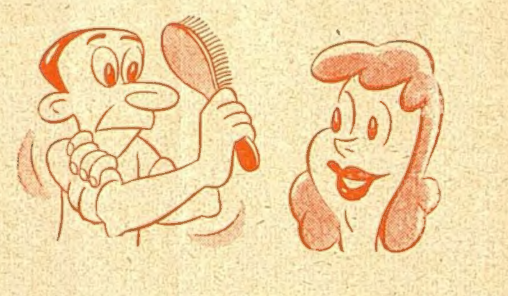
Many thanks for running such an item. It is certainly a help to the consumer.—*Meyer Siegel.*

ONE WAY TO DILLY-DALI

DENVER, COLO.—Attention, patrons of surrealist art! Fantastic and unique designs can be obtained by leafing slowly through the latest copy of Liberty while holding it upside down. I read every issue that way. —*S. Lee Higgins.*

THE BRUSH-ON

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The other evening I discovered that the spanking husband isn't altogether extinct. My hubby paddled me just as if I'd been a ten-year-old. Although I'm 29, I really needed it. There must be other wives who could benefit from a session with the hairbrush. The crying need is for men whom women will respect.—*Mrs. H. G.*



BACK TALK

RIVERBANK, CALIF.—In those pictures with Brooding Idol (March 29), that James Mason looks to me like a Chinese Buddha. Is that the best Britain has to offer as a lover? If he waits until I "hound" him before he goes back to Britain, he's here for a long stay.—*Irene Brown.*

THE MASTERFUL RACE

LONDON, KY.—Alfred Toombs' article, What Makes Germans Sadists (April 26), is the best of its kind I have ever read in any magazine. Perhaps it explains Lloyd George's famous remark during World War I: "There are two kinds of people in this world—Germans and human beings." Mr. Toombs has certainly diagnosed the disease and contradictions of Germanism.—*H. M. Going.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—Many German fathers, especially of a generation or two ago, were tyrannical; but then, so were most fathers in other European countries. This fact does not explain the making of sadists.

I am a German woman and was born and educated in the city of Hamburg. I went to school there during the first World War. We were not taught that the Germans were a master race. Our instruction in the English and French languages and literatures was continued as before. We studied American history in addition to that of European nations. Shortly after the outbreak of the war, an English girl joined our class and we were all instructed to be particularly friendly to the child because she certainly could not be blamed for the state of war.

Before the Weimar Republic, only those whose parents could afford it could have a higher education in Germany. This explains the fact that at that time a carpenter's son, for example, would in all likelihood also become a carpenter. This, I understand, is still so today in England. In Germany, however, a high-school education and scholarships for universities were available to anyone who could pass the necessary examinations, after 1918. This is still the case today.

I came to this country in 1931. However, while in Germany under the Kaiser as well as later under the Weimar Republic, I had experienced *real* democracy. If Germany is to have a new government now, I can only hope that it will not be a sham democracy such as exists here. Maybe you call it democracy to allow the Negro to go through high school and learn a trade, or even go through college, only to bar his way to any decent employment later. Show me one office in this country that will employ a Negro girl as stenographer or secretary. Certainly there are many who could qualify.

Before she can teach other nations how to run their countries, the United States should clean up in her own back yard. While Germany will never be able to atone for the persecution of the Jewish race under the Nazi regime, the United States can offer no excuse for its treatment of the Negro. There are many truly democratic persons in both countries. Rather than judge each other, let's get together and build up a better world.

I am not a Nazi, for I am married to an American Negro and thus know from experience the bitter frustration to which his race is subjected in this country.—*Irene Claasen Young.*

Other Vox Poppers dispute Alfred Toombs' "diagnosis," one calling him a left-wing radical. The fact remains that modern psychopathologists attribute sadistic despotism in combination with toadying servility to just such paternal tyranny as Mr. Toombs and his fellow researchers found still to be the rule in German homes.—Vox Pop Editor.

FAIR WARNING

Bakersfield, Calif.—I am starting a movement to limit to two the number of terms that a congressman or a U. S. senator may serve. Some of them have been in office until they think they own the job. Furthermore, some have much more remunerative things on the side, such as banks, radio interests, Chamber of Commerce jobs, etc. If I had my way, no member of Congress should have any other business besides serving the people. That should keep him busy.—*Len D. Whittemore.*

MISS PIN-UP OF '47?

Evanston, Ill.—Had to look twice before I decided the picture of Rosemary La Planche (Evewitness, March 1) wasn't Rita Hayworth. Boy! I can fully understand why Rosemary was Miss America of '41. —*Ronny Wright.*

Double winner! He's got P.A.*

* means Pipe Appeal

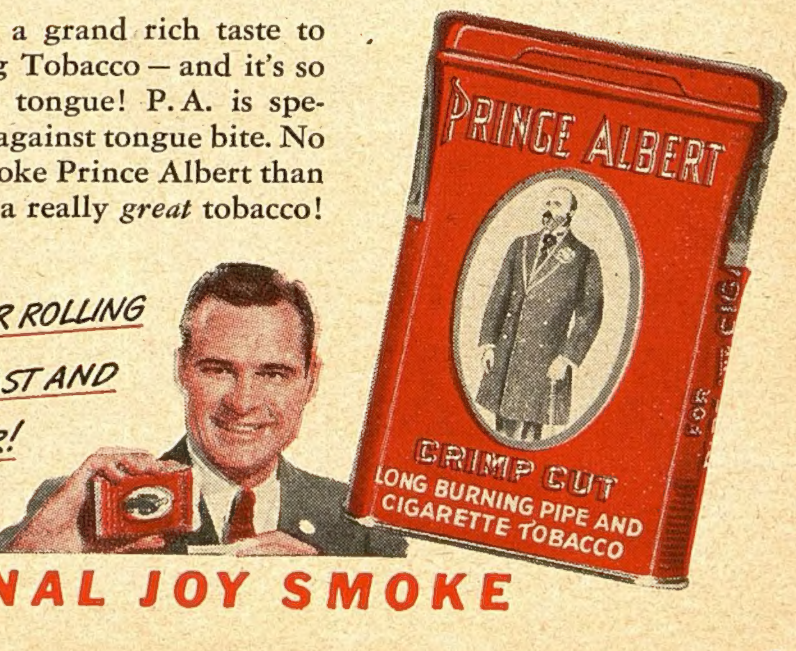
P.A.

Women say there's something romantic... something distinctly masculine... about a pipe that adds a lot to a man's appeal.

means Prince Albert

Men say there's such a grand rich taste to Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco—and it's so mild and easy on the tongue! P. A. is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. No wonder more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco. It's a really *great* tobacco! Try P.A.—today.

A GREAT TOBACCO FOR ROLLING TOO. P.A. ROLLS UP FAST AND NEAT—FULL OF FLAVOR!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

To Bill
Mother & Dad
5-3-46
G·E·G

Magnificent New
FLEX-LET 'De Luxe'
Expansion Band for Men

A miracle of beauty . . . so advanced in style that it makes all other bands look old fashioned. Guaranteed one year. Fits all wrists, all watches. Gold filled (yellow, white or pink), $11.50 tax incl. At reputable jewelers*.

The Flex-Weave

Combines beauty of basket-weave with convenience of e-x-p-a-n-s-i-o-n. Non-corrosive. Gold filled (all colors) $12.50 tax incl. At reputable jewelers*.

FLEX-LET
EXPANSION
Presentation Band
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Just Between Ourselves

PHILLIPS H. LORD, who wrote MOLLIE TICKLEPITCHER OF TURNIPTOP RIDGE (page 33), is the producer of such Hooper-happy radio programs as Mr. District Attorney, Gang Busters, and Counterspy. Certainly no man has made crime pay more handsomely.

PHILLIPS H. LORD

An amateur criminologist, Lord re-enacts every step in a crime before he dramatizes it. Scrupulous attention is paid to the minutest scientific details and the most obscure facets of criminal behavior.

Lord's interest in crime stories is in the moral implications of crime. This probably stems from the fact that he is the son of a minister, the Rev. Albert J. Lord. Lord was born in Hartford, Vermont, 45 years ago. After graduation from Bowdoin College, he became principal of the Plainville, Connecticut, High School—this at the age of 22.

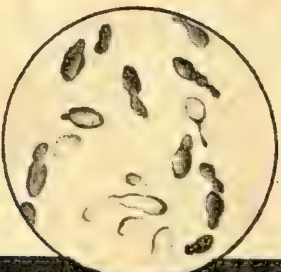
The Lord imagination, however, soon soared over scholastic walls. He began writing short stories. The faster he wrote, the more rejection slips he acquired. Undaunted, he gave up his job and came to New York, where he worked in a candy factory and attempted to write stories at night. The only magazine job he was able to get was that of circulation manager of Spur Magazine, and he was fired after a brief time there.

Some time after this disaster, Lord was listening to a radio sketch about Maine farmers and life in New England. He was appalled by the inferior quality of the script. He knew Maine folk from the many summers he had spent down East, and they just didn't talk and think the way they did in that script. It gave Lord an idea which was translated into the first Seth Parker script. That script was sold to a radio station at Hartford, and picked up by the National Broadcasting Company. Thus began a career that has made Lord one of the highest paid figures in radio.

GOOD THINGS COMING

COMING up in the July 5 Liberty is an exciting new personality sketch of President Truman by Alden Hatch. You'll learn how the quiet, somewhat apathetic figure whom destiny had given the greatest responsibility of any man became the strong international figure of today. . . . Do you know that America's children are being neglected? Dickson Hartwell tells the shocking story in AMERICA'S BRUISED AND BEATEN CHILDREN. It will make you wonder and ponder. . . . If you're worried about high blood pressure, read Aiken Welch's article telling of the amazing results being obtained with the rice diet. . . . And rounding out the exciting article content of the July 5 Liberty is an astounding revelation of Russia's efforts to make a separate peace with Germany early in 1943. . . . Reserve your copy now of the July 5 Liberty.—*D. B.*

Joe does himself a great big favor



Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

It's a "must" with him every Friday night . . . as it is with thousands of men. He knows it's a smart precaution to help keep his scalp and hair looking healthy and fresh. The girl-friend likes them that way.

No Mess. No Grease

He has washed his hair and is now following it up with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. He goes for it in a big way. Anybody would. It's so easy. So antiseptic. So cooling. So refreshing.

Joe's no dummy; he knows that infectious dandruff is an ugly condition, very common, easy to catch, and often hard to get rid of. He doesn't want any part of it.

He also knows that Listerine Antiseptic is an efficient precaution against it. And a peach of a twice-a-day treatment once infectious dandruff has started.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives his scalp and hair a cool antiseptic bath. It kills, by millions, the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale to you, scientists). This is the ugly little customer that so many dermatologists say is a causative agent of the trouble.

Maybe you, too, had better make Listerine Antiseptic a part of your hair-washing routine. It may spare you a nasty siege of trouble. And, if infectious dandruff has made headway, fight it by using Listerine Antiseptic twice a day, regularly and persistently. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

As a precaution . . . as a treatment

for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF . . .

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

WASHINGTON UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

ATOMIC WOES • Congressional woes of the Atomic Energy Commission did not end when the Senate confirmed the body. The Commission faces still another bitter battle, this time in the House as well as the Senate. The issue is over the $500,000,000 budget the Commission wants for the new fiscal year.

More than just the money is involved. Our very leadership in atomic development is at stake.

For example: Until the Commission knows the size of its new budget, new plans and contracts cannot be made. This month, contracts expire, with more than 150 firms and universities engaged in vital atomic research. Unless these contracts are renewed, this crucial work will end. Also, the Commission is encountering increasing difficulty in obtaining the ace specialists absolutely essential to keep the United States in the forefront in the fierce world-wide atomic race. The $14,000 statutory salary limitation already has proved a serious obstacle. Certain highly desired scientists are getting considerably more than that from private industry; see no reason why they should work for the government for less.

The terrifyingly sinister aspect of the whole matter is that the United States has definitely lost ground in atomic development the past year.

In the present highly uncertain state of the world, such lagging is an open invitation to disaster.

DR. TOWNSEND

Townsendism • Congressional followers of old-age pensionite Dr. Francis Townsend are up in arms. They are wrothy over an editorial in his weekly paper taking some lusty cracks at "free enterprise." New York's Representative John Butler, leading Townsendite, hotly denounced the sentiments and demanded Townsend confine himself to old-age pensions. These are some of Townsend's views:

"There is this to be said for a Communistic system, a dictatorial system under a benevolent and all-wise manager would probably be the most efficient of any conceivable system. . . . The free enterprise system as it exists today cannot last, for it is rapidly strangling itself to death for want of a market. . . . Free enterprise means freedom to exploit, freedom to rob legally."

Note: Townsend claims over 100 followers in Congress, but at one recent conference only eight showed up.

Around the Circuit • Here is another good reason why there will be no economic recession this year: U. S. exports will reach $12 billion as compared to $9.7 billion last year. . . . The flag used by General Eisenhower at SHAEF is now a permanent exhibit at West Point. . . . More than 25,000 women veterans of World War II are receiving pensions and compensation for service disabilities. . . . The Federal Communications Commission has issued more radio licenses the past year than in any previous period. . . . Rafael Trujillo, self-styled "benevolent dictator" of the Dominican Republic, sports a solid gold license plate on his long slinky official limousine.

Pointed Prayers • The Senate's new chaplain is proving a startling surprise to some of his Republican sponsors.

The other day, during a particularly windy and inane debate, the Rev. Peter Marshall popeyed his Senate parishioners with this snappy and very pertinent prayer:

"O Thou who hast the words of eternal life, help us to cultivate proper speech. . . . May we say what we mean and mean what we say. And may it be worth saying. Teach us economy in speech . . ."

JUDGE COLLET

Axed • There has been no announcement about it, but one of the late President Roosevelt's pet projects has been axed by the White House.

A devoted history student, F. D. R. directed that all civilian war agencies compile detailed studies of their operations. His view was that these histories would be of great value in the event of another emergency.

Recently, during one of his frequent White House stays, Judge John Caskie Collet, Missouri intimate of President Truman, visited the OES. He learned about the history-writing, became miffed at what was said about him in the OES study, and rushed back to the White House. Next day, Truman summarily ordered all war agencies to kill their history-writing.

Health Showdown • This month will see the first showdown on one of the most important and politics-loaded issues of a plan for a nation-wide health program.

With both parties committed for national health legislation, a bill of some kind is certain to be passed. But what and when is very much in doubt. Certain Republican leaders are still undecided whether the legislation should be enacted this year. They figure it might be smarter to wait until 1948, just before the Presidential campaign. Then they can claim it as a G.O.P. achievement. But if the program is adopted this year, they fear the Truman regime, which would administer it, would claim credit for it.

This month will tell the tale.

Out on a Limb • President Truman will make a nation-wide radio address July 4 from Monticello, historic Virginia home of Thomas Jefferson. . . . The universal military training bill will get nowhere in Congress this session. . . . The President's Scientific Research Board will make its long-awaited report next month. . . . The budget surplus on June 30 will top Treasury Secretary Snyder's $1,250,000,000 estimate by at least $500,000,000. . . . There will be no special session of Congress this year, despite a lot of talk to the contrary.

Adds wings

HERE'S HOW to enjoy the sensation of soaring flight . . . *in your own car.* Fill the tank with Texaco Sky Chief gasoline. Then take the wheel and thrill to Sky Chief's luxurious smoothness . . . its eager, instant response . . . its zooming flow of power when you need it. YOU TRAVEL FIRST CLASS with Sky Chief. It is for those who want the best.

TEXACO

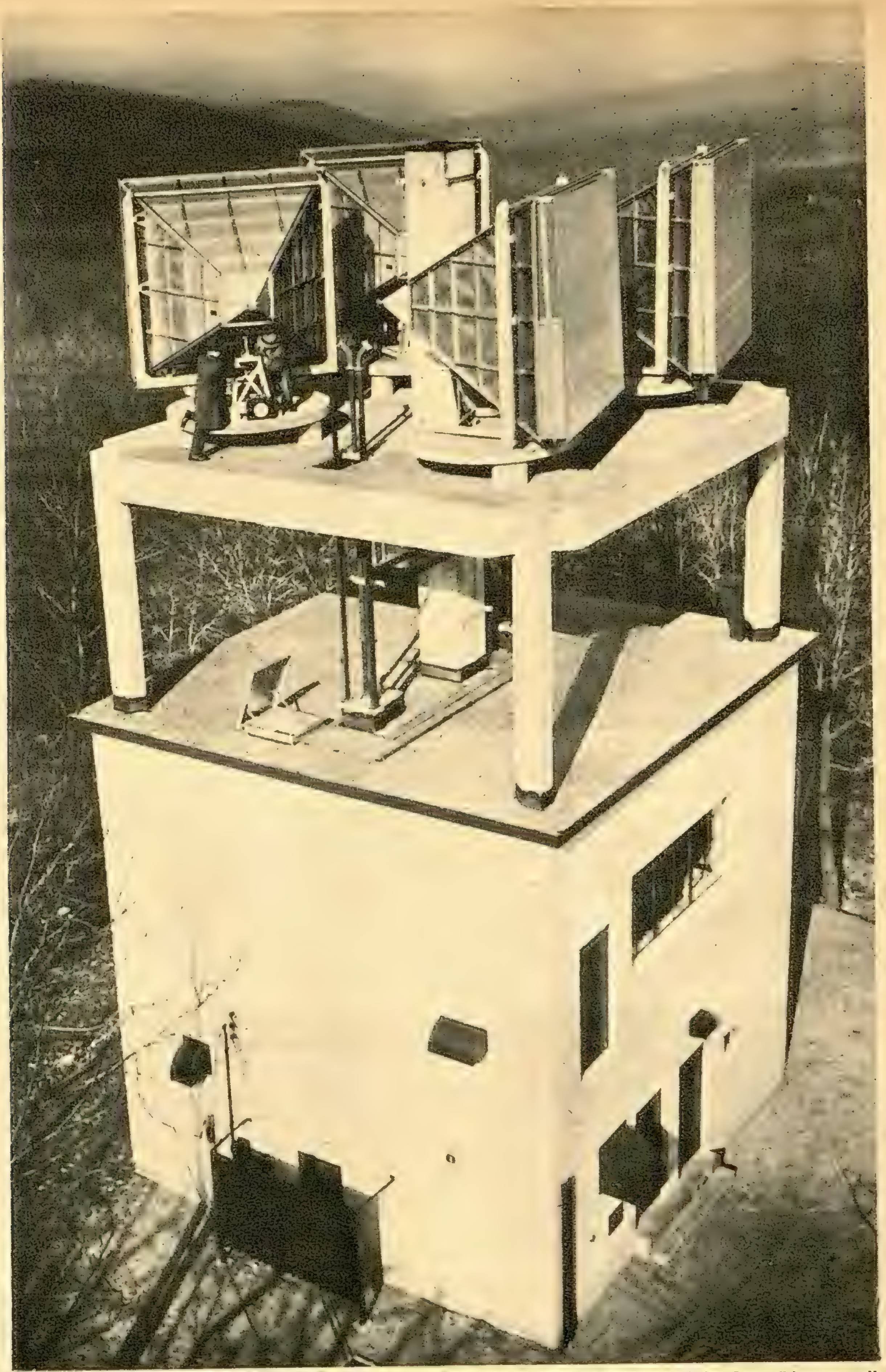
Sky Chief GASOLINE

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theater presents the Tony Martin show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

Seven towers on seven hilltops



Airplane photograph of one of seven relay stations — to test use of radio "microwaves" for Long Distance calls

Built by the Bell System, they will provide a new kind of Long Distance communication.

Each hilltop tower is a relay station between New York and Boston* for very short radio waves.

These "microwaves" are free from static and most man-made interference. But they shoot off into space instead of following the earth's curve. So they have to be gathered into a beam and aimed at the next tower, about 30 miles away.

That's the job of the four big, square, metal lenses on each tower. They focus microwaves very much as a magnifying glass focuses the sun's rays.

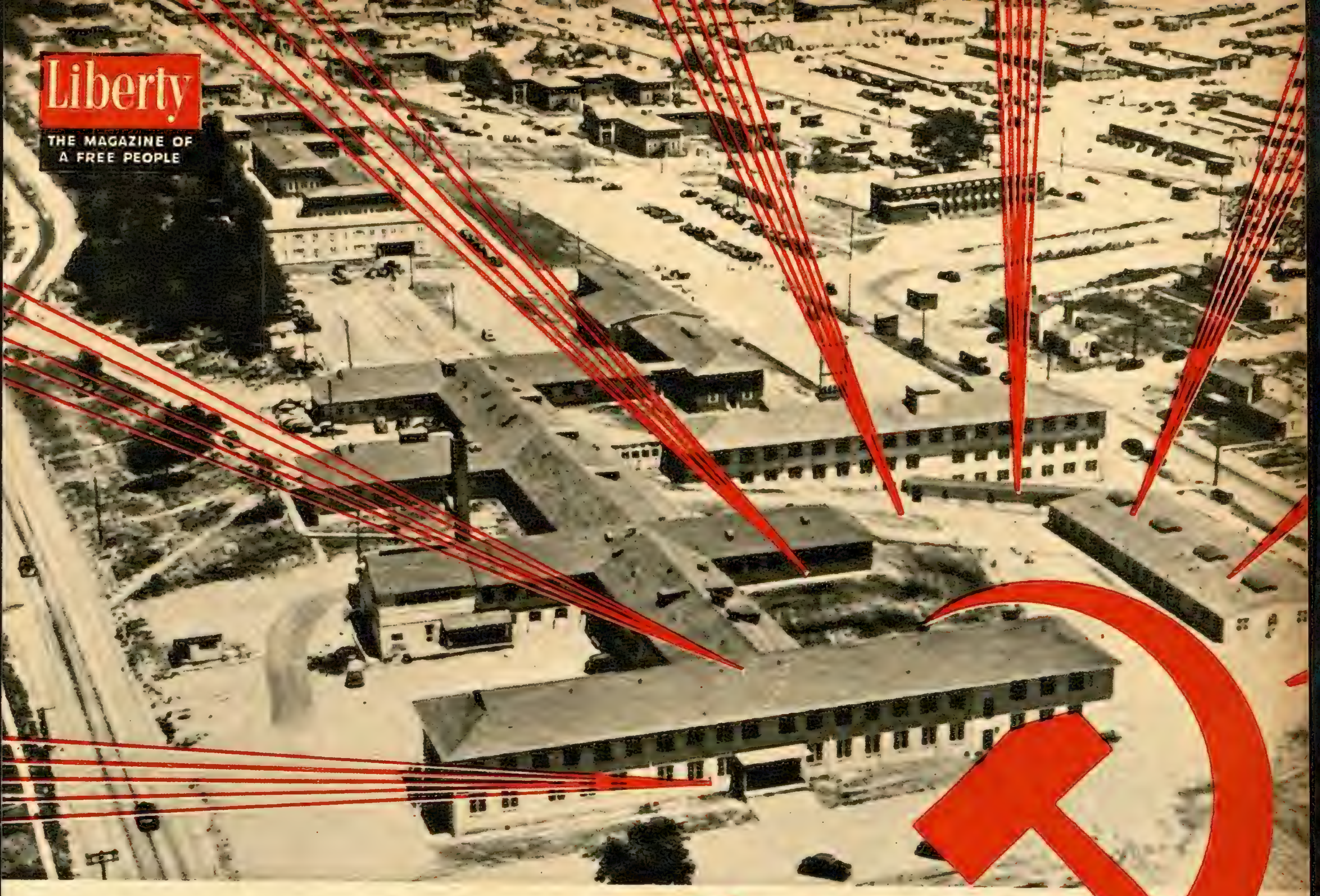
These radio relay systems may be used for Long Distance telephone calls and to transmit pictures, radio broadcasts and television programs.

This is another example of the Bell System's effort to provide more and better Long Distance service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

**We have applied to the Federal Communications Commission for authority to start a similar link later between New York and Chicago.*

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE



REDS in our Atom-Bomb plants

A congressman who has dug out the facts warns that our atomic-energy secrets may be secrets no longer

By Representative

J. PARNELL THOMAS

as told to **STACY V. JONES**

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

[Editor's Note: Representative Thomas is chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities and has served on the committee since its formation in 1938. He is also a member of the Armed Forces Committee and, until the new House rules limited committee memberships, served on the Joint Atomic Energy Committee.]

THE Atomic Energy Commission must come to grips shortly with pro-Soviet infiltration of its own organization. Fellow travelers, if not actual members of the Communist Party, have, for instance, ensconced themselves in the great plants at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where U-235 is separated for use in the atomic bomb.

On a recent visit to Oak Ridge, I was startled to find how many Communist suspects were on duty there—in the electromagnetic plant, the gaseous-diffusion plant, or the Clinton Laboratories where general nuclear research is conducted. The laboratories are the most heavily infested.

A Communist policy enforces concealment of party membership on persons holding responsible government jobs, and there can be no doubt that, in addition to the known adherents, many others are on the payroll. I examined Army Intelligence reports on a number of men holding strategic positions. Several of these dossiers showed, in my opinion, very serious cases.

A natural question is why the known followers of the party line haven't been fired. The commanding officer assured me that the matter was very delicate, for if certain of the suspected physicists were discharged, scores of other scientists had threatened to walk out. This inability to throw out persons of doubtful loyalty is a serious matter.

Communist penetration has ap-

(*Continued on page 90*)

The woman with

She was mysterious, beautiful — and under suspicion. Bad business

for an American major in Japan, you might say. But this had to be

READING TIME • 32 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

"I AM not afraid of you," she said unexpectedly, looking along the length of the terrace. "It is of the others that I am afraid."

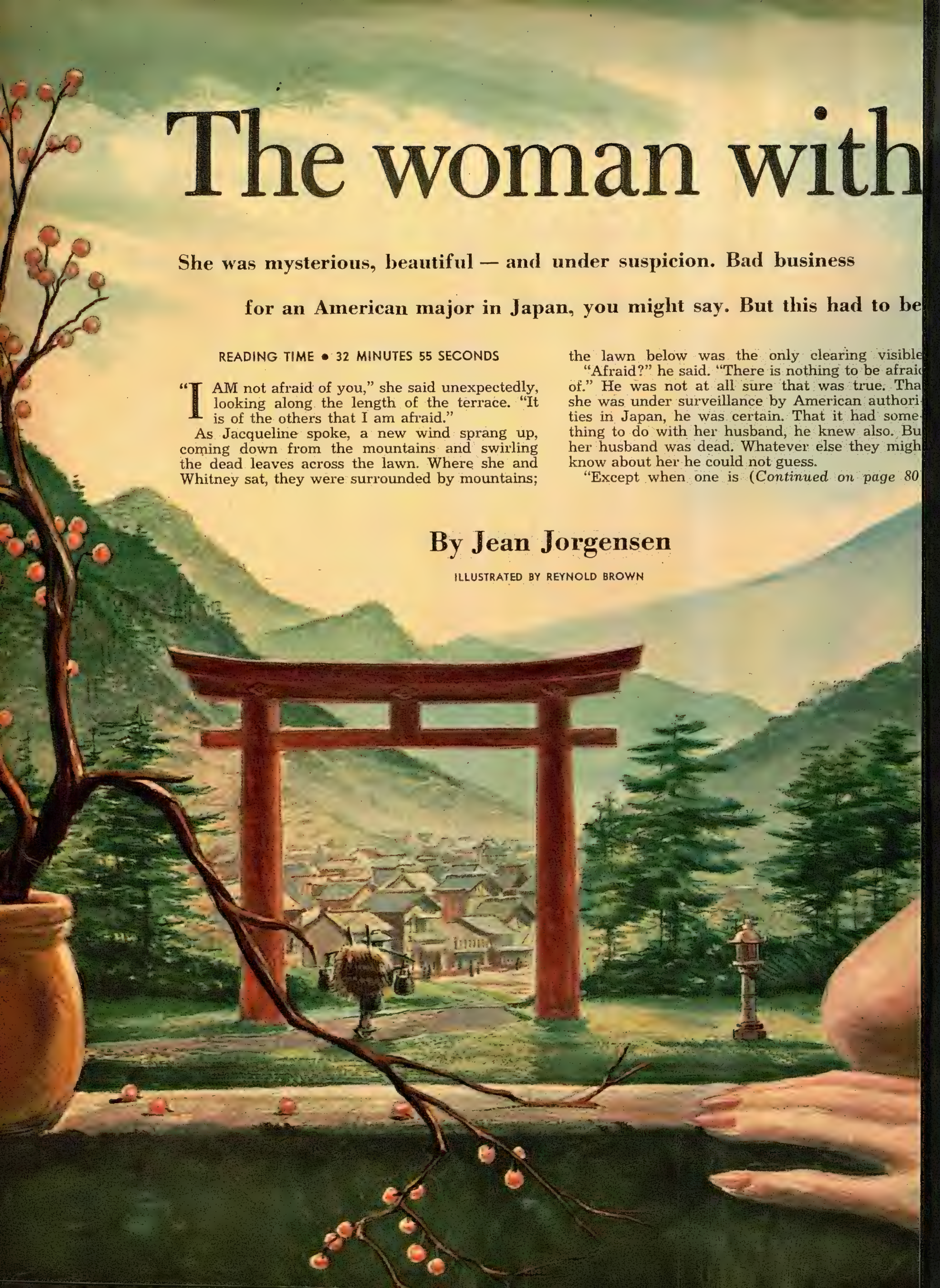
As Jacqueline spoke, a new wind sprang up, coming down from the mountains and swirling the dead leaves across the lawn. Where she and Whitney sat, they were surrounded by mountains; the lawn below was the only clearing visible

"Afraid?" he said. "There is nothing to be afrai of." He was not at all sure that was true. Tha she was under surveillance by American authori ties in Japan, he was certain. That it had some thing to do with her husband, he knew also. Bu her husband was dead. Whatever else they migh know about her he could not guess.

"Except when one is *(Continued on page 80*

By Jean Jorgensen

ILLUSTRATED BY REYNOLD BROWN



a scar

SO BABIES CAN

Here doctors and technicians save a tiny victim of hemolytic anemia.

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE odds were all against the strange-looking new-born infant as the heavy car raced into Boston, police escort clearing the way. You didn't have to be a doctor to know that the infant had not many hours to live; the fact was obvious to the tense father, watching his child's darkly jaundiced little face and bloodless lips.

The shrieking motorcycle cut its motor and stopped. The automobile swung to the curb. Holding the baby tightly, the father rushed into the brightly lighted lobby of Children's Hospital.

The waiting doctor and nurse didn't need to ask questions. One glance at the baby's face was sufficient to identify the patient they were expecting. It was the infant, born an hour ago at a hospital in another Massachusetts city, suffering from the dread erythroblastosis fetalis (hemolytic anemia in the new-born). It was the innocent victim of strange medical circumstance: the Rh positive child of a mother with sensitized Rh negative blood.

Quickly doctor and nurse carried the baby upstairs. A second nurse began to ask the father the necessary questions for the case records. The father stared at her blankly. "What," he interrupted, "is wrong with my baby?"

"His blood is so badly damaged it can't do its job."

"What can they do to save him?"

"Replace it with good blood."

"Replace?"

"Yes; pump out the blood which won't let him live and pump in healthy blood that will."

The father's eyes widened with amazement. "You mean they can take out his own blood and fill him with different blood?"

"Something like that," she said.

"And he'll live through it?"

"The doctors feel he will have a good chance."

The father gasped. "How long has this been going on?"

Quietly, without looking up from her writing, she replied, "It has never been done before."

Upstairs, the noted pediatrician from the Boston Blood Grouping Laboratory held an ingenious device in his hands. There was a long slim plastic catheter, such as neuro surgeons use for drainage in brain operations. Connected to the catheter by a tube was a syringe, and suspended from the main tube were two other valve-controlled tubes, one leading to a receptacle and the other to a container of blood, Rh negative type, Group O.

After the baby was placed in a heated incubator bed, the medical scientist removed the clamp from the end of the child's umbilical vein. Then he deftly inserted the catheter through the navel and threaded it

LIVE

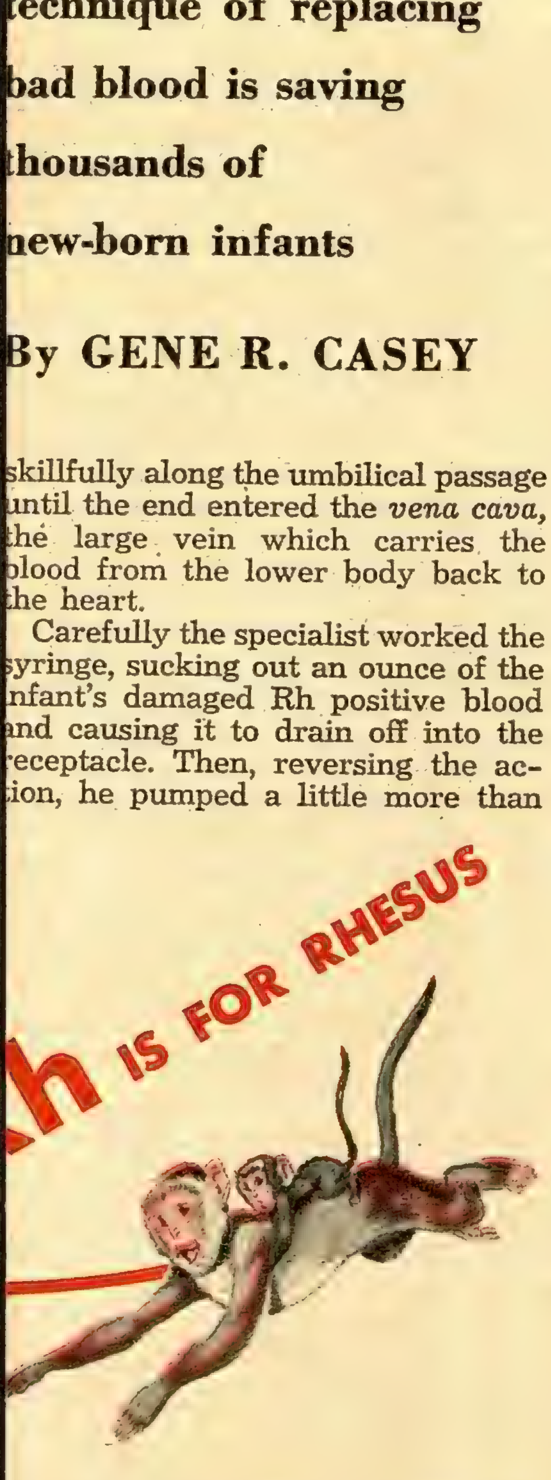
PHOTO BY CONSTANCE BANNISTER

A recently-developed technique of replacing bad blood is saving thousands of new-born infants

By GENE R. CASEY

skillfully along the umbilical passage until the end entered the *vena cava,* the large vein which carries the blood from the lower body back to the heart.

Carefully the specialist worked the syringe, sucking out an ounce of the nfant's damaged Rh positive blood and causing it to drain off into the receptacle. Then, reversing the action, he pumped a little more than



n ounce of the healthy Rh negative lood from the container into the aby's major vein.

Now, as the healthy blood was arried to it by the *vena cava,* the allantly fighting little heart took up s own battle and pumped the life-giving new cells throughout the tiny body.

The initial exchange took about five minutes, and the physician repeated the procedure until, in an hour and a half's time, he had drawn off 15 ounces of blood and replaced it with between 17 and 18 ounces, putting in more than he took out because of the baby's originally anemic condition.

Gradually the jaundice faded from the infant's skin, its bloodless lips reddened. It was on its way back to life and health.

Success, at last, for the medical scientist—after 18 months of trying to do this very thing. Reward for his persistent faith in his theory. But, caution! This thing must be done again and again with success before it could be given to the world.

It was in the closing days of last summer that this phase of the preparatory research program for the new Medical Center for Children (which is to be established on the site of Children's Hospital) met with its initial success. In succeeding months dramatic cases of infant lifesaving by the new blood-replacement method followed, one on the heels of another.

Particularly gratifying to the medical research scientists at the Blood Grouping Laboratory was the case of a mother who had had one normal child and then had lost her second through the tragic blood attack. She loved children and had hoped to have half a dozen. Highly educated, she made a study of her problem, reading everything available. She knew she had Rh negative type blood which had been sensitized by her first pregnancy with an Rh positive infant. Although the first child, as is usually the case, escaped the dread attack, the second had been destroyed by the subsequent antibodies built in the mother's blood serum.

The mother knew the sensitivity of her blood would last throughout her lifetime. And when she became pregnant for a third time, she suffered mental agony in the months that followed.

She saw, when her third child was born, that her fears had been realized: the new-born infant had the unmistakable marks of the disease. Immediately she lost interest in what went on about her—even though her husband told her he was taking the infant to Children's Hospital. She *knew* there was no hope.

Pediatricians from the Blood Grouping Laboratory saved the baby's life by replacing its blood, and the jubilant father assured his wife of its recovery the next morning. But she changed the subject.

Every day he reported their child's progress, and every day she replied politely and quickly of other things. He decided she must be temporarily

(*Continued on page 88*)

18TH HOLE

Dan, the caddie, would never forget

that great afternoon Chick McQuire won his match,

or the night that followed

By PAUL ERNST

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IT was one of the biggest upsets in golf history. Few guessed the reasons behind it. Certainly the great Chick McQuire did not; he had no crystal ball in which to read the highly relevant story of a small boy named Danny Burrel.

Dan was a funny kid. From the time he was eight he could be found at the Charlesville Golf Club whenever he was not in school. His father whaled him for it once or twice, but it did no good. Danny high-tailed it for the club, a mile out of Charlesville, the instant he could slip from the dingy, sweltering Burrel home in the lower part of town.

At the club grounds Danny hung around with the caddies, or roamed the woods along the first, eighth, and tenth holes and looked for balls, though not as the other kids did—for the dimes and quarters they could get from selling them. He went really to watch the players, and later he turned the balls in to Bill Syme, the caddie master, with no mention of money.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MUENCHEN

Chick's left foot was in water. "Here goes nothing," he said and swung. The ball seemed to float toward the flag.

For the rest, Danny would hang around the first tee, up the bank at the kitchen side of the clubhouse, to be out of the way. He'd stay up there, and solemnly watch each drive. Some of the drives were good and some were not, but all went off under the serious attention of a pint-sized kid.

When the second summer found Danny still hanging around, unable to be a caddie but also unable to stay away from this wonderful place, Sig Merriman, club president, rifled his locker for discarded clubs. He had an old wooden-shafted mashie and a putter of the same vintage, and he took them to Bill. "Cut 'em down a foot or so and give them to the kid. He can bang around, over the hill, early mornings."

No rule in the book permitted such a thing; but Sig was Sig, and Danny was careful. Once in a while someone would see him on the far eighth or tenth fairways, but he was gone when they drew near.

"What's it get you, this suckin' around the club?" his brother Ed demanded. Ed was six years older. At first he said, "You find a lot of balls and sell 'em, huh?" Danny knew better than to admit he often turned a hatful in to Bill for a quarter.

Danny's father, a big, heavy man who worked as a steam fitter, took a different view. "I don't want you to go there. You'll get cockeyed ideas. The club bunch is different from us. They're the rich bunch. You stick to your own kind."

WELL, they weren't rich; many a member made no more than Mr. Burrel. But in any event, Danny didn't see them exactly as people. They were entirely above the humans who cursed and sweltered and grabbed and cheated in the Burrels' part of town; they existed, for Danny, only on the course, which was a universe away from the baked cinders of the school playground or the treeless, lower-town streets.

Danny tried several times to explain, but all he could ever get out was, "It's swell out there. It's—it's clean. And big."

Later, for example, when he was eleven and Bill first let him lug a bag, Danny might have done better. He might have told his folks of the way the grass smelled when the tractor pulled the bank of mowers past, and of the way the eighth

(*Continued on page 70*)

Heady Hedy

By Elizabeth Wilson

The luscious Lamarr has come a long way from the Casbah. She's now Hollywood's most beautiful independent producer

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

WHEN Hedy Lamarr gave mighty Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer the brush-off two years ago ("I'm tired of being a set decoration. I want to be an actress.") and went into independent production with her own money, many Hollywood producers and directors called her a dope. They said that she would lose her shirt, and that Hunt Stromberg, with whom she made a slick business deal, would live to regret it.

Ever since Charles Boyer invited Mr. Mayer's newest foreign importation to come with him to the Casbah (Algiers, 1938) Hedy has been established as the most beautiful, and certainly the most glamorous, star on the screen. Metro quickly took the cue, following the preview of Algiers; and the showcasing, with Tiffany touches, of Hedy Lamarr began. It lasted until the end of her contract, not counting frequent outbursts from Miss Lamarr.

Recently, Variety, the bible of show business, reported: "The Strange Woman. Hedy Lamarr starrer, [Hunt Stromberg, producer] with $2,750,000 in domestic rentals already in the till and a total of around $3,250,000 anticipated, has virtually turned out to be a sleeper, and has accounted for a good chunk of UA profits. . . ."

A "sleeper," in trade vernacular, is a picture that comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion. So—Miss Lamarr is now in the cozy position of being able to have a rich gold-plated last laugh. This summer her second independent picture, Dishonored Lady, also produced under the Stromberg banner, will be ready for release. With a new baby, Anthony John Loder, born last March, and a new career as a dramatic actress, Hedy should be a happy character these days.

After seeing The Strange Woman, in which Hedy plays Ben Ames Williams' greedy, sexy *femme fatale,* most of the big-time critics were sold on her acting ability. There were holdouts, of course, but even her worst enemies (mostly jealous women) have to give Hedy an A for effort. Possessed of a beautiful face, Hedy could easily relax and live quite comfortably on her close-ups. But she is ambitious, determined, and self-willed. Although she won't bet a dime on a horse, a pair of dice, or a roulette wheel—and she loathes card games—she'll gamble her last penny on herself. To her, that isn't gambling. Hedy Lamarr considers Hedy Lamarr a sure thing.

The story of her life is far more exciting and glamorous than any script ever cooked up for her by Metro's top-bracket scenarists. She was born Hedwig Eve Kiesler in Vienna on November 9, 1915, daughter of Emil Kiesler, director of the Bank of Vienna. Knowing that her parents disapproved of a theatrical career, she passed up the drama courses at school and specialized in designing. Finally, at fifteen, the urge to act got the better of her. It was the custom at the private school she attended for the pupils to make our slips for absences, the number of hours to be excused written in by the parent. One day Hedy's mother made out a slip to excuse her daughter for one hour's absence. It was a simple matter for shrewd little Hedy to write a zero after the 1, thus ensuring herself two whole days from school. She turned toward the Sascha Studios. She first thought of offering herself as an actress, but she lost her nerve and compromised on a job as a script girl.

During her first day she overheard the assistant director say he had no one to take the small role of the secretary. Hedy promptly asked for the part. "He was so amazed at my nerve," she says, "that he gave it to me." The picture was Storm in a Water Glass and her family nearly had a fit. But after several stormy scenes her father gave in.

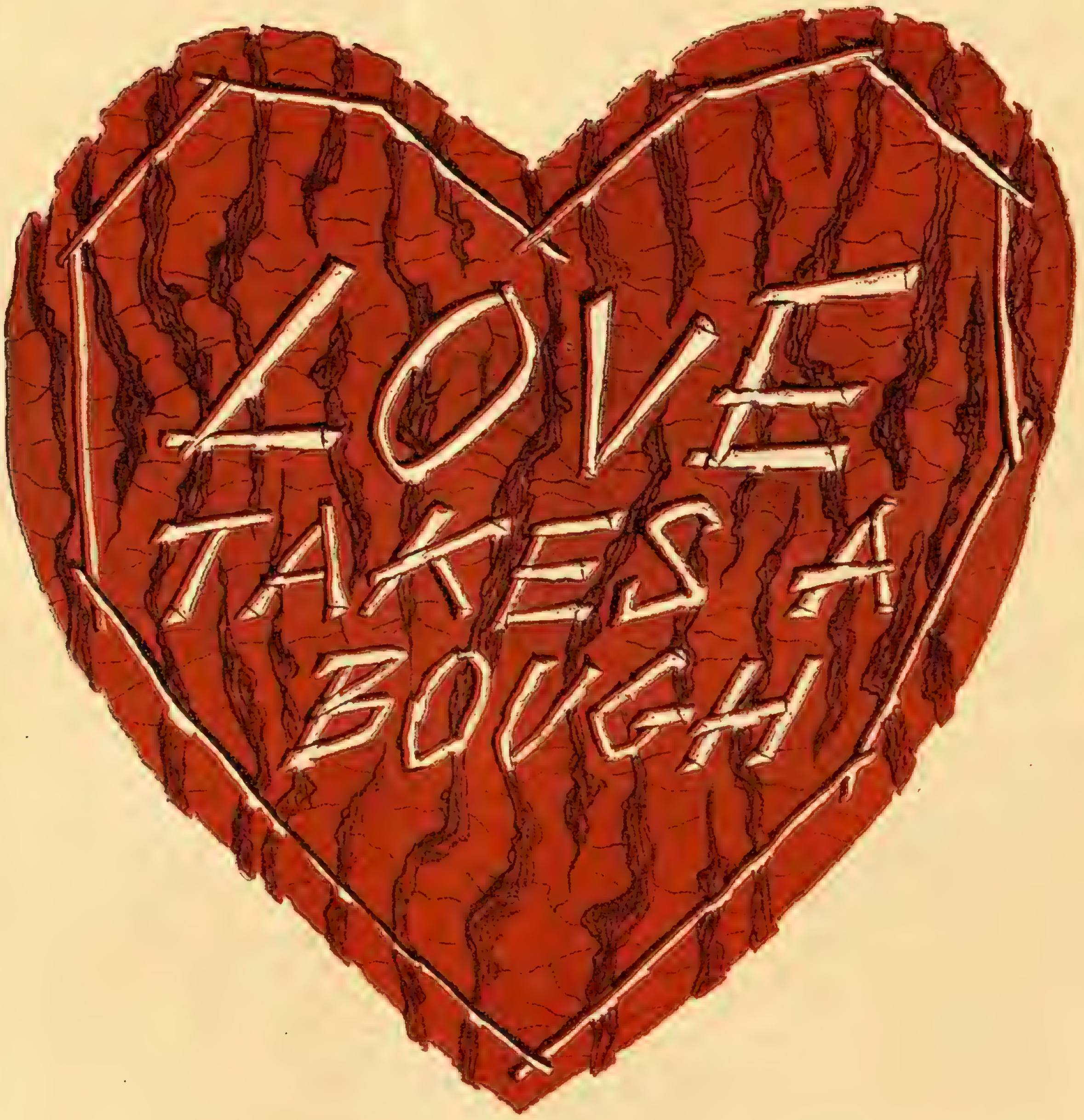
AFTER her second picture, One Doesn't Need Money, Hedy wisely decided that what she had in enthusiasm she lacked in training. So she went to Berlin to study with Max Reinhardt, the great man of the European theater of that day.

At sixteen Hedy learned about life, contracts, and the baser side of men. On Friday the 13th (she has been fanatically superstitious ever since) she signed a contract to play in a film called Sympathy of Love, later retitled Ecstasy. Eager Hedy didn't even read the script. The producer threatened her with a lawsuit if she refused to do a bathing scene. He finally promised her that it

(*Continued on page 79*)

It started when Mr. Drake's chief architect began living in a tree — said architect being a young lady of model, though unconventional, design herself

By Ben Merson



Returning at noon for her sandwich, Jane found Roger and Angela doing a war dance around the Indian doll.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GOULD

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

MR. BENTLEY DRAKE was a man of considerable foresight, as proved by his choice of ancestors and his decision to manufacture prefabricated houses long before even the termites suspected there would be a housing shortage. So he was positive he discerned trouble the moment Jane Ludlow strode into his office and announced, "Good morning. I'm your new chief architect."

"Nonsense," snapped Mr. Drake. "Dream Street Dwelling Corporation never employs female executives."

"Why not?" inquired Jane.

Mr. Drake was a widower, and no longer accustomed to being questioned. "Because! . . . Moreover, you're too late. My New York agent has already signed an expert." He glanced at the telegram on his desk. "J. Carson Ludlow."

"At your service," smiled his visitor. "The 'J' stands for Jane."

"You!" He stared. "Young woman, that's deception!"

"No, Mr. Drake. Abbreviation." She tossed her black hair impatiently. "Jane is my mother's name, too. And mother is also an architect. Quite celebrated. I don't trade on her reputation."

"So you're here to build one of your own! At my expense."

His sarcasm struck sparks in her blue eyes. "On this picayune job! Designing snug little nightmares for Dream Street Corporation!"

"Picayune!" exploded Mr. Drake. "I suppose you've helped design whole cities. Such as?"

Jane told him. Not cities, of course. But reasonable facsimiles. At Oak Ridge, Willow Run, and Fort Benning. Not to mention some doghouse suburbia for the army K-9 Corps before the war ended and she left government service.

"Well?" she concluded.

"I'm afraid you'll do," said Mr. Drake.

His decision caused him great disquiet. And filled with planked steak and foreboding, he continued to mull over it that evening in the solitude of his library at Doric Manor. He had had no choice. Architects of Jane's experience were unobtainable. His competitors seemed to have obtained them all first, for all of Mr. Drake's foresight. Under the circumstances, Jane was a blessing. And the thought of working with a female blessing made Mr. Drake feel as if he had eaten the plank, not the steak, at dinner. Mrs. Drake had been the executive type. He had never quite recovered.

"Bah!" he snorted. Jane was only a slip of a girl. He'd manage to put her in her place.

Suddenly from the driveway came

(*Continued on page 74*)

BRITAIN'S BID FOR NEW

By **BEVERLEY OWEN**

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BRITAIN, her financial back to the wall, has announced that she cannot spend another dime on the crucial job of holding Greece and Turkey against Communism. But she has managed to slap $100,000,000 on the barrelhead for peanuts. Yes, peanuts—in the heart of dark, fabulous, mystic Africa.

There is method in this seeming peanut madness. Moreover, it is official.

Yielding her historic monopoly of Mediterranean power, Britain has begun a carefully measured, decisive trek deep into Africa, there to re-weave her shattered economic fabric and set up military housekeeping on a rocket pattern. And it is being based in its first stage, fantastically, on peanut power—peanut power in the atomic age.

It makes a fascinating, gripping picture, and the outline is this:

Peanuts ooze fat, and the world need for fats is desperate; it will be acute for five years at least, the demand tremendous for twenty. Hence, there is urgency, apart from any other factor, for Britain to go into the peanut business on a grand scale, sending rippers, bulldozers, and tractors roaring over a virgin East African wilderness bigger than Pennsylvania. But even more exciting and far-reaching ideas rise from Britain's three-million-acre peanut patch in the land of the deadly tsetse fly. Put in Senate language, Britain plans to turn Africa into an economic and defense bastion for an Empire and, with the essential co-operation of the United States, erect a vast stronghold of Western democracy in the world's potentially richest land mass.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Britain's new African policy calls for co-operation with native chiefs such as Tshekedi (left) and Bathoen.

I asked Lord Inverchapel, British Ambassador to Washington, if that did not in substance represent the new Empire policy, now that Britain was relaxing her Mediterranean hold and handing India over to the Indians.

The dour, whimsical, pipe-smoking Scot hesitated. Then he said, "Naturally, I can't go into all that—you can see for yourself what is going on. But you are on the right line—there is no doubt about that."

He added, "This talk about the Empire falling to pieces is nonsense—utter nonsense. Americans will have cause to forget that idea. Other things will happen. We are going through a grim period. We've done that before and each time we raised our sights."

Which brings us back to peanuts and the launching of an African economic revolution, centered in equatorial Tanganyika. In the whole dramatic plan to lift the social face of Africa, economic and military needs play a vital part: in the middle of the peanut development, snow-capped Mount Kilimanjaro rises 19,000 feet to proclaim itself an African Gibraltar, key point of a bold new British concept of strategy. For in the dire extremity of an East-West conflict, Kilimanjaro's volcanic crater, dead for centuries, could spring to life. From it could come not molten lava, but streams of man-made rockets soaring in all directions in the defense of a reborn African continent and beyond—the Suez Canal, the Middle East oilfields of Iraq and Iran, the Indian Ocean, to the western flank of India itself. In rocket terms, Kilimanjaro could command the vital traffic lane around the Cape of Good Hope.

Time is the essence of the plan. So urgent is it that Britain's Socialist government, conscious of the slowness and red tape of bureaucratic agencies, has shelved its principles. It has handed the entire East African show to one of the world's greatest capitalistic concerns—Unilever, Limited. This London-based corporation, working through a subsidiary, the United African Company, has thrown every ounce of resource and ginger into the gigantic job.

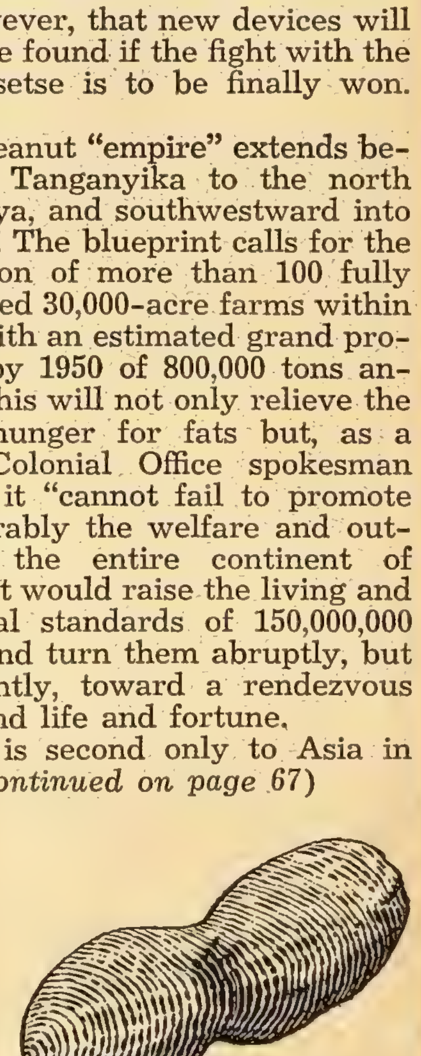
An army of scientists, technicians, doctors, and administrators is pouring into East Africa armed with every type of modern equipment, much of it coming from America, paid for with part of the four-billion-dollar loan; and 50,000 natives have marched into the hinterland for the prodigious task of bush clearance, building roads and railways, and setting up communications.

They knew in advance that they would find a real fly in the ointment—the virulent tsetse, carrier of sleeping sickness, which attacks both humans and cattle. "Operation Peanut" has a battle with death on its hands from the start. Aircraft are constantly showering powerful insecticides over the entire area, and in some sections results show 90-percent effectiveness. Health officers report, however, that new devices will have to be found if the fight with the vicious tsetse is to be finally won.

THE peanut "empire" extends beyond Tanganyika to the north into Kenya, and southwestward into Rhodesia. The blueprint calls for the preparation of more than 100 fully mechanized 30,000-acre farms within a year, with an estimated grand production by 1950 of 800,000 tons annually. This will not only relieve the world's hunger for fats but, as a British Colonial Office spokesman told me, it "cannot fail to promote immeasurably the welfare and outlook of the entire continent of Africa." It would raise the living and nutritional standards of 150,000,000 natives and turn them abruptly, but benevolently, toward a rendezvous with sound life and fortune.

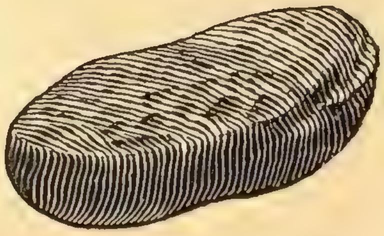
Africa is second only to Asia in

(*Continued on page 67*)



EMPIRE

Impoverished Britain is staking $100,000,000 on a powerful, atomic-age fortress in Africa, starting on peanuts — 3,000,000 acres of them!

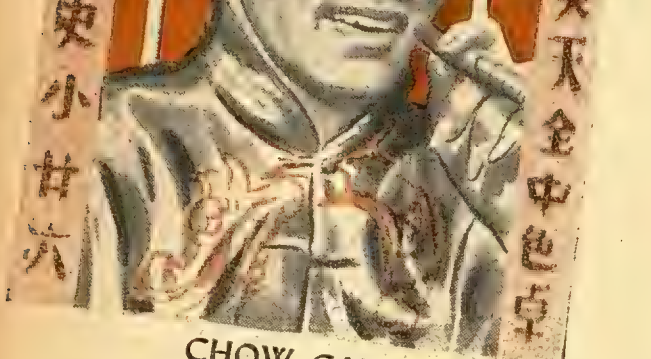


PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

While touring Africa, British royalty went out of the way to meet tribal leaders. Here King George greets a native queen mother.

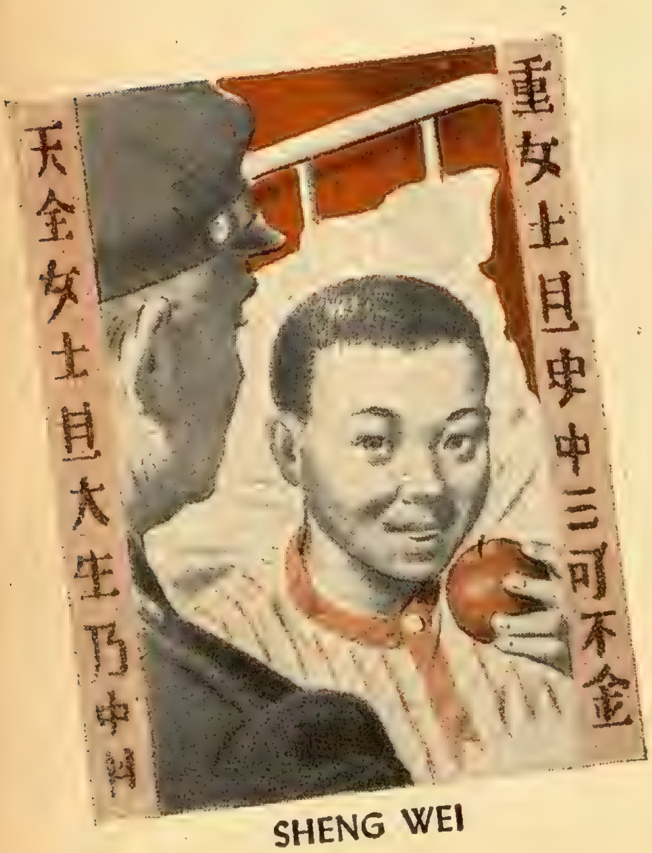
LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT STORY

THE NIGHT OF



CHOW GAT

What Sergeant Mike did was against the law—but who will say it was not in the interest of justice?



SHENG WEI

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HIS name was Sheng Wei—the Wei meaning Little One. He was eleven years old, and lived in one of the squeezed-up houses of Chinatown's Manchu Court.

He had a special friend—Sergeant Mike Farrell of the Chinatown Squad. Summer or winter, he kept daily watch for the burly gray-thatched sergeant passing through Manchu Court on his rounds.

"Ala wah, Sheng Wei!" Farrell would say in his best Chinese. "How do, Sah-jin!" Wei would say. And then they'd grin at each other.

But one night an ambulance rushed Wei off to a Rice Face hospital. Something had gone wrong with his spine, leaving him paralyzed from the waist down.

Yes, there was a certain famous surgeon who might be able to bring back to Wei the use of his legs. But Sheng Poh, Wei's father, was a tea merchant's clerk, and the specialist's fee was far beyond his reach. So Wei was brought home again—the prisoner of an iron cot. But a smiling, uncomplaining prisoner. Sergeant Farrell always stopped to see him, with some small gift.

"Wei going walk soon, Sah-jin," the boy would say. "Is great doctor know how to fix legs. He come."

"Sure," Farrell would say, his face a mask. An-yee, the mother, would bite her lips, and Sheng Poh had a growing look of desperation.

Sheng Poh had scraped up every dollar he could beg or borrow and risked everything on one night of fan-tan. But instead of winning the price of Wei's operation, he had returned doubly sunk in debt.

There was but one last slender chance remaining—the Double Fortune Lottery. But it was whispered that the Double Fortune was falsely run, and Chow Gat, its owner, a cheating schemer. Was not Sah-jin Farrell always fighting the Double Fortune?

Wah! Sheng Poh realized the odds against him, but there was Wei with his useless legs. So Sheng Poh plunged, buying not just one lottery ticket, but a thick sheaf.

For long hours he sat staring at the fateful sheets, with their vertical rows of Chinese words, chosen at random from the Book of Ten Thousand Words. Ten words to mark out on each ticket; and if he could hit upon the Ten Happy Words, he would have the money and little Wei would walk again!

But as Sheng Poh put an ink daub over each chosen word, his hands were shaking. If he did not win, he would go to jail. For the money he was risking was stolen from the cashbox of his employer.

Sergeant Farrell had the whole story from An-yee on the night before the lottery drawing. "The blasted fool!" Farrell burst out. "That lottery is as crooked as a pig's tail! I'll try to make Chow Gat give the money back."

He found his long-time enemy in the back room of the Little Shanghai. He went straight to the point: "Chow Gat, I want you to cancel all the tickets Sheng Poh bought and give him back his money. It's stolen money—if he doesn't get it back, he goes to jail."

Chow Gat shrugged. "I do not ask him to steal."

"He wouldn't steal a grain of rice on his own account. It's for Wei—for the boy's operation—"

Chow Gat shrugged again. "No can do!" he said.

Farrell's big hands doubled into fists. "You yellow buzzard!"

Chow Gat laughed silkily.

Boiling with futile anger, the sergeant tramped the streets. That lottery had always been crooked. In the old days there had been terrific scandals over false drawings of the Happy Words. Then Chow Gat had taken it over. Remembering the old scandals, he had cleverly reversed the usual lottery procedure. He filed the winning Words before a single ticket was sold—marked them down on a master sheet, which was then sealed and deposited in the iron vault of Lee Shu the banker.

SURE, it looked square. But Chow Gat knew the winning Words, and could look over the marked tickets as they came in. If any of them came close to the right combination, he could file a higher-score ticket in some stooge's name.

And what about Sheng Poh? It was Farrell's duty to arrest Sheng Poh at once. But arresting him wouldn't bring back the stolen money. No, only one thing could save Sheng Poh now. If, by some miracle, he should win the top prize—.

And then Farrell stopped short. An idea had burst upon him.

So on the Night of Happy Words a squad car containing Sergeant Farrell and Officer Hutchens was waiting across the street from the house of Lee Shu the banker. Presently a tall Chinaman came along, rang Lee Shu's bell, and went in. Farrell nodded. "That's Chim Lou, Chow Gat's messenger. He's come for the sealed ticket."

HAPPY WORDS

When Chim Lou emerged, Farrell said, *"Hola!* The captain wants to see you, over at the Precinct."

"Hai! No can do!" Chim Lou protested, but they hustled him to the car. Farrell turned out Chim Lou's pockets and found the lottery master sheet, sealed up tightly and countersigned by the banker.

Farrell dropped the envelope, along with the other articles from Chim Lou's pockets, into Chim Lou's hat, and held the hat on his lap during the ride to the station house.

Hutchens drove into the Precinct side court. When he had taken Chim Lou inside, Farrell beckoned into the shadows. Sheng Poh appeared.

"Hurry!" Farrell ordered. "We've got to do this fast!"

He held Chow Gat's master sheet against one of the car's headlights. The bright beams pierced the sealed paper, showing up the Chinese lettering and the black smudges that marked the Ten Happy Words.

"Write fast!" Farrell said. "First column—third word. . . . Second column . . ." and he rattled off the list as Sheng Poh made hasty notes.

"Now hurry to Chow Gat's! You've got to get a new ticket filed before Chim Lou arrives. I'll keep him here twenty minutes—"

SHENG POH fled into the darkness, and Farrell went inside. Hutchens had Chim Lou in the squad room, and Farrell casually put the laden hat on a table, where Chim Lou could see that his envelope was intact, its seals unbroken.

In due course, informed that he was free to depart, Chim snatched his hat and hurried off to place the master sheet before the lottery committee, who would break open its seals, announce the Happy Words, and start sorting through the tickets for the winner.

A little later Sergeant Farrell took a leisurely stroll through Chinatown. By that time the Happy Words were posted everywhere. Unnoticed in the general excitement, Farrell caught random bits of talk. *Hola!* Quam Tai, the carpenter, had marked eight of the Happy Words! A high score! . . . But hold! A certain Ting Hoy was said to have *nine* Happy Words! . . .

Farrell walked on, smiling. Ting Hoy would be Chow Gat's stooge.

And then the final news came. Sheng Poh had won—had hit upon all *ten* Happy Words!

Sergeant Farrell strolled into Manchu Court. At the Sheng house there was a great gathering of neighbors, come to offer congratulations. He didn't go inside to see little Wei. That could come later. He strolled on, feeling fine. He had no twinges of conscience. There were times when justice came ahead of the letter of the law.

He went on to the Canton Gardens. As he entered, he saw Sheng Poh, surrounded by an admiring throng, with a great heaping bowl of cash before him.

"Hola, Sah-Jin!" Chow Gat's silky voice spoke, and Farrell swung around to face his old enemy, whose arrogant smile showed no trace of defeat or chagrin.

"So Sheng Poh won," Farrell said. "Quite a surprise, wasn't it?"

Chow Gat shrugged. "Now Sheng Poh's small son will walk again. *Hao!* Is good! Is fine!"

"Yes," Farrell said. "Sheng Poh was very lucky."

"Lucky?" Chow Gat echoed. "Chim Lou is stupid, Sah-jin—he suspect nothing when you stop him at Lee Shu's. But I know what happen! I know how you read the Happy Words without breaking the seals! No doubt you hold flashlight under paper—yes?"

Farrell just grinned at him.

"But you make one large mistake. When you hold light under paper, you hold sheet upside down! The Happy Words you give Sheng Poh are wrong ones—worthless!"

Farrell stared. "But he won—"

"Aye!" Chow Gat replied. "He win because I have fix it that way! Some time ago, Sah-jin—even before we have our little talk. *Wah!* It is fortunate mistake, for how could I explain to honorable committee if they find Sheng Poh have *two* winning tickets?"

"Well, I'll be damned!" Farrell said.

Chow Gat shrugged. "Is water under bridge, Sah-jin. Tomorrow we be enemies again—but tonight is Night of Happy Words. We drink wine together—yes? For Sheng Poh and his small son?"

"O.K.!" Farrell said.

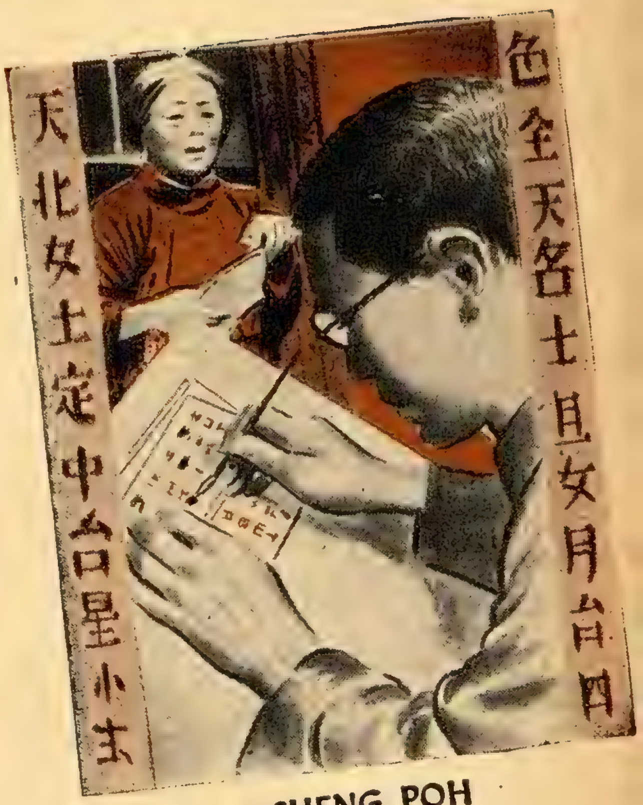
Chow Gat summoned the wine waiter, poured from a stone bottle, and handed a cup to the Sah-jin.

Farrell looked at Chow Gat, and the slant-eyed gambler looked at him. There was something new in their level glances—as if these two, who had met so many times, had never really had a good look at each other before.

"Kan-pei!" Sergeant Farrell toasted in his best Chinese.

"Down the hatch!" Chow Gat replied in his best English.

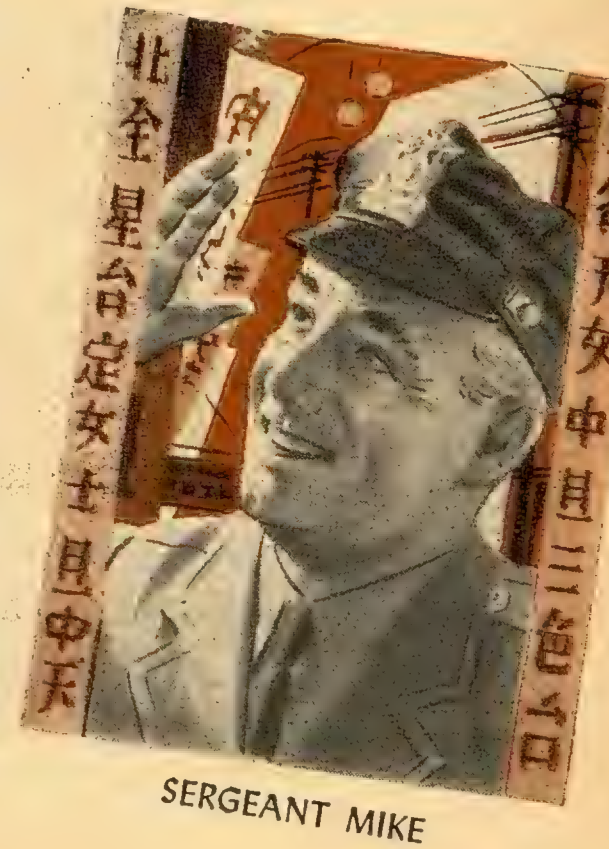
THE END



SHENG POH

By Walter C. Brown

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY KOSKINEN



SERGEANT MIKE

Do you want to run a RESORT?

You're permanently away from it all when you run a wilderness resort, but it's not so cushy as the guests seem to think

By JOHN CALLAN

as told to EDDY DRESSEN

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

I SHOULD know, by this time, that I'm the luckiest man in the world. In the past twenty-five years at least 3,000 people have told me so—all because I run a resort.

That, at least in the eyes of city people, makes me a man apart. As they see it, I'm out here in the wilderness, away from it all. Whenever I want to, I can have fun fishing—or, when fall comes, trail around with a bunch of jolly good fellows and hunt. Furthermore, I work five months out of the year and earn enough to keep me in comfort for all twelve. I should count my blessings. I do. But, maybe, I'm not as lucky as some guests seem to think.

My father was a trapper. I was born and grew up in a backwoods cabin. When I was eighteen I got a job in the city. I stayed only two months, and when I hit the beloved tall timber again, I got a job felling trees and started paying court to a girl I had known from childhood. Once she'd said yes, we spent what was left of the winter making plans.

That spring I quit my job and got married, and with camping gear and canoe loaded on a horse-drawn wagon, we headed down the road.

The road ended at a lake. We fell in love with the place. When the time came to head back up the road, neither of us wanted to. So, for $200 cash, I bought forty acres of land.

We built a permanent five-room cabin. Our building materials were

JUST MARRIED

the trees and stones on our land and we furnished the labor; but by the time we'd bought windows and doors and furnishings, we'd spent $1,000 and were broke. So I went back into the lumber camp and she helped eke out our income by trapping.

Early the next spring, a fisherman brought his family down and asked if they could rent our rowboat. They were in that night with a nice mess of lake trout and another proposition. If we could give them room and board for two weeks, they'd pay us the rate prevailing in town: $3.50 a day per person. We jumped at the chance. We went back to our tent while they occupied our cabin.

That's how we got in the resort business.

The following winter, without benefit of doctor or nurse, our son joined us. A week after his arrival we got a letter from the same fisherman. He'd like to bring his family back for a month's stay—and he had a friend who wished to bring his family.

We borrowed $500 on our property and built another cabin. The two families lived in our cabins and ate my wife's good meals. The next year neither returned, and if we'd had a bigger debt on our hands, it might have been serious.

That summer proved that the resort business can have its downs as well as its ups. The day before our guests were to arrive I had had a load of food sent out from town. For the first three days they wanted to eat only the fish they caught. Then they tired of fish and, ravenously hungry, wanted other things. Five days later, and two days before the truck was due from town, we were out of everything except bread, potatoes, and fish. Our guests openly disapproved, and I think that is why they didn't come back the next year.

When February came and no letter advised that they thought of returning, we were upset. We'd used the money they paid us for improvements, current living expenses, and to meet payments on our debt. We could continue to meet those until June. But when it finally became apparent that unless we could somehow get more guests for the summer we'd have to default on the debt, I went to the banker and made a clean breast of the whole affair.

The banker asked me bluntly just what I intended to do with my lake. I thought fast and told him that eventually I hoped to have a full-fledged resort. Well, then, he demanded, why didn't I go about it in a business way? Most people had by

LOANS AND THINGS
$
$
THE BALDWINS

THE BALDWINS

this time planned their summer vacations. What I'd best do was to get set for some hunters in the fall. Why not run an ad in one of the outdoor magazines? If I'd do that, the bank would string along with me.

I wrote to a magazine, outlined what I wanted to say, and asked if they'd please say it as effectively as they could for $25. All told, that little ad brought in twenty-seven replies.

I answered two parties who lived within 350 miles. They both snapped up my invitation, and twelve men arrived the evening before the hunting season opened. The next day they killed a 200- and a 400-pound bear less than a half hour's walk from the lake. The following morning one of them killed a fine buck in my garden patch. After they left, I got eleven inquiries from their home towns—hunters wanting to know if *they* could come next year.

Sure they could, as fast as we could build cabins to accommodate them. We planned and slaved. After the thirteenth cabin was built, we decided that, with a main lodge, it was enough.

Since then the resort has changed somewhat. The cabins are strictly housekeeping affairs. We furnish everything except linens, and the guests bring their own food. The main lodge accommodates fifteen people who don't want to bother with housework. From the middle of May until the middle of October, I gross about $700 a week. Lately I've been offered $45,000 for my holdings.

Repeating guests of the right sort are a resort's lifeblood; but in this business you run into all kinds. There was the man who beat his wife up again and again, until finally I refunded their money and requested them to leave. You can call it coincidence that my fist slipped and landed on his jaw.

That's why I say that repeating guests *of the right sort* are good as gold. No resort, however, can depend wholly on repeating guests.

I don't subscribe to the theory that nine out of ten resorts are foredoomed to failure. I'd say, offhand, that success depends 40 per cent on how much debt you have to carry, 40 per cent on the sort of host you are, 10 per cent on luck, and 10 per cent on miscellaneous factors. If you can't make strangers feel completely at home, and haven't a capacity for hard work, keep out of the resort business. As for me, in spite of the fourteen to eighteen hours a day I put in, I still think I'm one of the luckiest people in the world.

THE END

Mollie Ticklepitcher

OF TURNIPTOP RIDGE

Perhaps you've never heard of Mollie, but, writes this noted radio producer, she was the greatest actress of them all

By **PHILLIPS H. LORD**

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I LOOKED at the letter again, then called in my writers, director, and production men.

"Now look," I said. "I've created our latest program, We the People, because I believe that the greatest drama of all is often found in the lives of the little people. For instance, here is a letter from a woman way back in the mountains. Look at the writing, the spelling, the yellow, lined paper. It's from Mollie Ticklepitcher of Turniptop Ridge, Tennessee."

THREE weeks later, Mollie Ticklepitcher arrived in New York. Her face was as round as the sun, and as bright. She was wearing a brown straw sailor hat. Her white shirtwaist was homemade, starched and trim; her skirt, black taffeta.

The taxicab drivers sprang to open doors for her; the police held up traffic. The good in everybody just poured out the minute they saw Mollie Ticklepitcher.

Finally Sunday arrived and the broadcast. Mollie walked up to the microphone with a smile.

MOLLIE: This is the fust time I've ever been away from home. I transmogrified my old clothes and Bill sold the brindle calf and bought me shoes and gloves, and here I be. An' they give me a bedded car like they promised and there wuz vittles on the train. I felt purty big at home, but seeing so many persons all at once, I feel small as a tater bug. I'm the head comology in our community. I bring the young'uns into the world. I make the weddin' cakes when they get married. And when I have to—I even lay 'em out. . . . I got two children and it's about my boy, Little Brother, I want to talk. Little Brother was 21 last tater time and he's six feet four, and he weighs 285 pounds on our terbakky scale. . . . Last month we had a christening in the river, an' on account of Little Brother being so tall, they had him stand out up to his neck ter show how deep the water was, and he didn't see nothin'. . . . When we have a big meetin', Little Brother always gits pushed backwards. Folks git chicken and dumplin's—all he gits is the gizzard.

Everybody gives little men a chance, but I want folks—all over—to give the big men a chance, too. What's the good o' being big if you miss all the fun?

That's what I'd like ter say ter folks like me who is listening. Don't spend yer time wishing you was big and could have this and that—'cause it's the big folks who seem ter miss it all. It's us little folks who have all the fun.

NEARLY five years passed, and then I got a letter from Jasper, Tennessee:

Dear Mr. Lord:

It is of Mollie Ticklepitcher that I am writing.

Lillian Jones was born of a fine old Southern family, and as a young girl entered the Nurses Training School in a small Tennessee hospital. In record time she graduated, and . . . went to New York for postgraduate work. After that, she returned South to nurse in her alma mater.

In that capacity she remained until the day that she was fired for forgetting professional ethics and praying, because a dying mountain-girl patient asked her to.

Shortly after this, Lillian married Mr. Gamble. Never have the hills and dales of Tennessee known such acts of human charity as did her loving services bestow upon its simple folk! Rich were the stories of her experiences with the country farm folk who looked upon her as doctor, nurse—and FRIEND. . . . But the one thing Lillian had always wanted was to become a great actress. . . .

One night we were all listening to "We the People". After it ended, Lillian announced that she would try and create a character interesting enough for you to want her. And so she wrote you . . . as Mollie Ticklepitcher.

When your reply came, and we asked just what she'd do, she replied, "Get a garb and send Old Mollie on her way—for, after all, I live and think the things Old Mollie portrays."

When Lillian returned, she was the happiest person in all the world. She loved you all, yet—there was a certain sadness underneath. She had gone to New York in a spirit of fun, posing as an ignorant woman of the back hills. It was her one great opportunity to act—and yet she felt as though she had been unfair to you. It hung heavy on her soul.

Now Lillian is very ill. . . . She knows there are only a few days left, and she has asked me to write and tell you all. It would mean more to her than anything else in the world to receive a letter that you had forgiven her.

Most sincerely, MRS. T. T. CLEPPER.

I was crushed, not because she had fooled me, but because there just wasn't any Mollie Ticklepitcher. She was the greatest person I had ever met—and it was a shock to realize that she had really never existed.

But then something else began to dawn. I called my secretary. "Take this wire quickly," I said.

To Mollie Ticklepitcher
c/o Mrs. Lillian Gamble
Turniptop Ridge, Jasper, Tennessee

Have just this moment come to realize that of all the actresses I have ever met, you are the greatest. Your performance was magnificent and we shall never forget it.

You have contributed one of the finest experiences of my life. Everyone who met you still remembers and loves you and every one of us is richer because you passed this way. . . .

PHILLIPS H. LORD.

A week later another letter arrived from Jasper, Tennessee:

Dear Mr. Lord:

Your telegram arrived a few hours before Lillian passed away.

I placed it in her hand—and I know that somehow she understood. For that was why Lillian was so loved—she *always* understood.

THE END

**Bobby Locke,
South African golfer,
is burning up
the courses on his
first U. S. visit.
He looks so good
that the author,
an old master himself,
goes out on a long limb**

PRESS ASSOCIATION

Locke is a modest fellow who insists that his game is unspectacular.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

Mostly a plus-fours wearer, Locke feels at home with Gene Sarazen.

BRITISH COMBINE

Low man on the LINKS

By STANLEY ANDERSON

(Former Amateur Golf Champion of London)

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

A NEW name has appeared in the American golfing world, one that may well shake the masters. The name is Arthur D'Arcy (Bobby) Locke, and he is not American or British, but South African. I predict that five years from now, politicians permitting, he will have won the major championships in all three countries.

Locke trounced Sam Snead in South Africa early this year in an exhibition tour of 16 matches. Locke won 12 matches, halved one, and lost three. Of course, Sam was in a strange country and one where the climate and playing conditions are quite different. But Sam then brought Locke to the States, and golf fans said the tables would be turned. They were wrong.

Only one day after Locke arrived here he played in the Masters' Tournament at Atlanta, Georgia. He and Snead had been in the air for 47 hours. At LaGuardia Field they missed their plane to Atlanta and had an overnight journey by train. Locke had only 14 holes of practice before the tournament. Everything was new to him—the course, the size of the ball, the pace, the climate, and even the crowds. His scores were 74, 74, 71, and 70 for a very good 289. And again he was in front of Snead.

In planning his first visit to the United States, Locke set his sights for the National Open at the St. Louis Country Club this month. Last year he competed in the British Open Championship at St. Andrews and tied Johnny Bulla for second, four shots behind Snead, the winner. When recently he settled down to practice at St. Louis for the American Open, there were more than a few who believed he could win it.

I first met Bobby Locke at St. George's, Sandwich, in England in 1936. We were both competing in the British Amateur Championship. Locke was defeated by a narrow margin in the semifinal. He was then a mere youth of 18. He took off immediately for Ireland, where, to the astonishment of the Irish, he won their Open Championship.

Bobby is now 29. He looks considerably older, but despite great success and much publicity, he has retained his modesty and his charm. I have never known him to get ruffled, and the applause he has received from the American galleries has greatly pleased him. He has retained the old-fashioned courtesy of taking off his hat in acknowledgment of the enthusiasm, and this has tickled the crowds.

By American standards, Bobby dresses outrageously. He still wears plus fours, a rather extraordinary white cap, and a tie, no matter how hot it is. "However, before I leave I shall no doubt have been converted," he says.

He is the son of a successful South African business man, owner of a prosperous sports outfitting concern in Jamestown. He never worked in the concern, and he learned to hit a golf ball, but not to play golf, in the fields of his father's home. He began by swinging a club for enjoyment, found to his surprise that he had a good eye and that the ball actually flew in the air. He decided that golf was the sport for him.

Bobby is temperate in his habits, smokes and drinks a normal amount, and, despite his success, still does not take golf as seriously as his American counterparts. His romantic life consists of being in love with his wife, Lillian. They have been married four years and have a daughter three years old.

From the very first, Locke was outstanding. A great player in South Africa was then something of an event, and the press took him up as a favorite at once. By the time he arrived in Britain he had won every championship in South Africa, both amateur and professional. However, he soon found out that to be an amateur was very expensive, so he turned to professionalism.

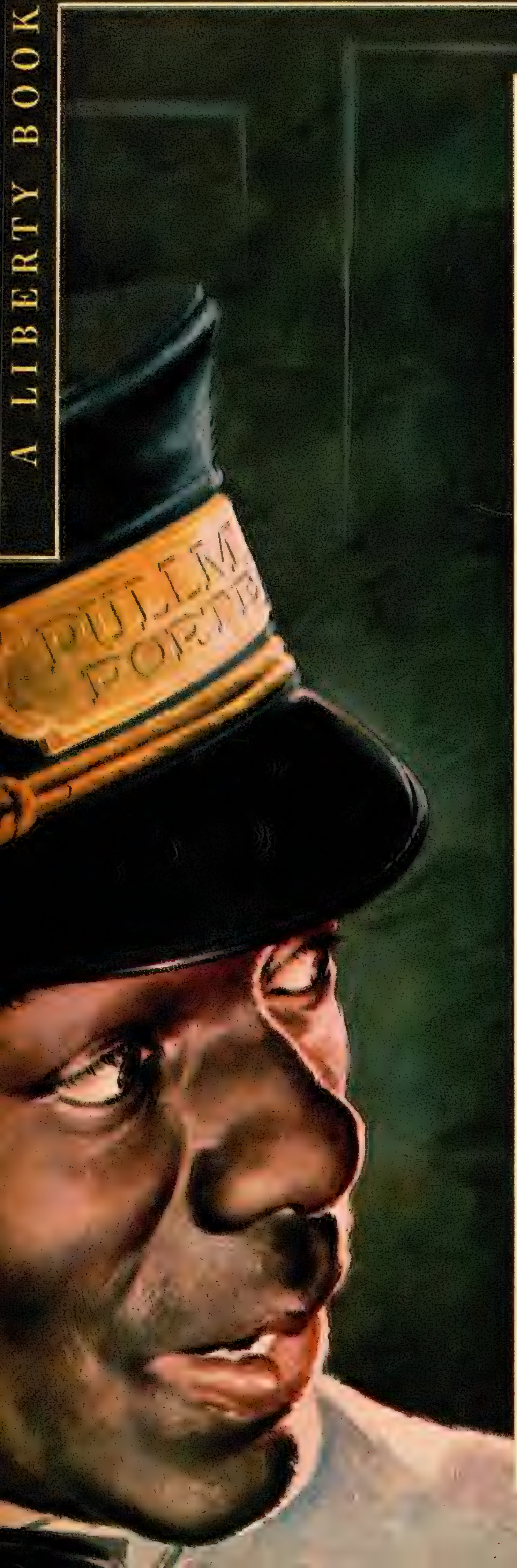
HE started as pro at the swank club Maccaurlei in Johannesburg. After the war he switched to the Vereeniging Country Club, thirty-six miles from Johannesburg. This is a smaller outfit; there are only 400 members, and Bobby keeps only one assistant. He also spends a good deal of his time at the Royal Johannesburg Country Club. He prefers a small club so that he may be a free agent.

His earnings are considerable. Yet he does not conceal his astonishment at the amount made by America's leading professionals. His income from golf has not, so far, exceeded an average annual of $15,000. Oddly enough, he earns more for an exhibition match in South Africa than in America. There he gets $400. Here he is being paid $300. However, he does not have to worry about the finances of his tour, for he is backed by a South African millionaire, Norbit Erleigh, a keen golfer himself.

Nor does Bobby have to concern

(*Continued on page 74*)

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION *Reading Time . . . One Evening*



What happened when a college professor walked into his train bedroom to come face to face with one of Hollywood's most beautiful movie stars

By GODDARD LIEBERSON

MR. (later, Dr.) Thrumm had been born in Boston, and this always seemed, to him, a load almost too heavy to bear. Not because he disliked Boston—on the contrary, he adored it—but because it resulted in his pronouncing the word "car" as "caar" and "Harvard" as "Haavud." This led people less intelligent than himself to ask if he were English, and too often he found himself locked in long explanations of: "No, I'm not English, but you see Boston was settled, etc., etc."

Since he was somewhat of a genius in the manipulation of chemicals, his value to the government was enormous, and after many years of service in lecture rooms Mr. Thrumm was suddenly thrust into a world which no longer considered the string bow tie he wore a prerequisite of the stylish male. But it served to keep him in an isolation which he preferred. Let people mistake him for a senator as long as they left him alone.

Mr. Thrumm got used to traveling and even came to enjoy trains. But traveling in wartime is not always simple, and his life was to be radically changed during this harrowing period. It happened in Chicago, where, for Mr. Thrumm, the oasis in an intellectual desert was the Art Institute. He overdid his gazing there on one fateful day in August, and quite suddenly found that he would have to hurry—a thing always difficult for him—in order to get on the sleek air-conditioned train which was waiting to carry him to California.

Mr. Thrumm was never quite sure how he finally did get on the train. He only knew he was suddenly

Mr. Thrumm placed his ear against the door of Bedroom C. Then he heard Ann's voice: "Trying to find out if there's a heart murmur?" She was standing in back of him.

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THREE FOR BEDROOM C

moving without the use of his legs. This was because he was standing in the vestibule of the train. He looked at his right hand which held a number of coins and quickly noticed, through its absence, that he had tipped the porter a medal which had been struck off to celebrate the Harvard Centenary.

He knew he had Bedroom C in Car 409. Since the porter was not about, he walked back to it, opened the door, looked in, and said, "I beg your pardon."

At the back of the bedroom he glimpsed a little girl, with one hand tightly holding to a leash attached to a poodle. In her other hand was a flag which read "Keep 'Em Flying." There seemed to be two small turtles on top of a hatbox on the seat, and at the door was the most beautiful woman that Mr. Thrumm (in his limited way) had ever seen.

She said to him: "Do come in. Particularly if you're the person who holds the ticket for this bedroom."

Mr. Thrumm felt faint.

He was a part of that small segment of the American public that had never seen a picture or even heard of Ann Haven, famous, if for nothing else, for her film portrayal of *The Wife of George Trent;* so when the lady in the bedroom said: "I am Miss Haven," Mr. Thrumm's thought associations, if any, were with the campus of Yale University.

Miss Haven was the first to find her tongue in the aftermath of silence which followed the embarrassments of introductions.

"It's awfully kind of you, Mr.—"

"Thrumm," said Mr. Thrumm.

"—awfully kind of you, Mr. Thrumm, to do this for us."

"Oh, come now," he said, "it's really nothing—nothing at all. In fact, nothing—really nothing." Not knowing what he was talking about, he finished lamely: "My goodness, you and your child here—"

If there was anything that Ann Haven recognized, it was poor delivery of faulty dialogue. Anxious to pick up the tempo, she assumed a brisk professional voice:

"Look, Mr. Thrumm, it's nice of you to say it's nothing, but it is something. Something very important to both Barbara and me."

"Not to me," Barbara interrupted.

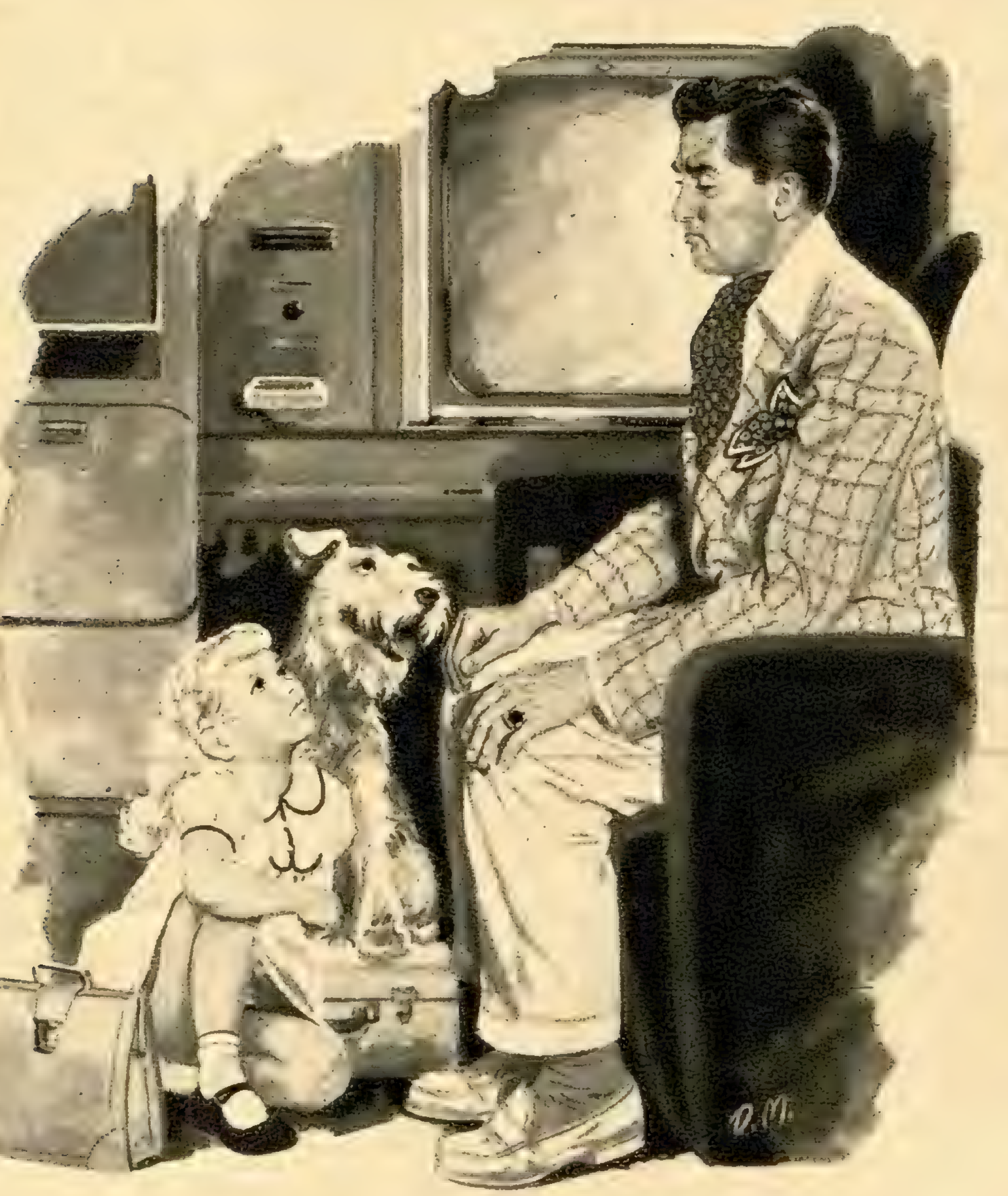
"Yes, dear, to you, too, unless you want to be a bum like your father. . . ."

Mr. Thrumm winced.

Ann Haven noticed his expression and quickly continued, "I'm sorry, Mr. Thrumm, but sometimes that seems to be the only kind of language that Barbara understands. Oh lord—I suppose I'll have to tell you the whole story."

Mr. Thrumm was becoming exceedingly nervous. He hated confidences. In our "great educational institutions" they usually involved pregnancies and unmarried mothers.

Barbara was sitting with Emperor on the floor; both staring mercilessly at Ray.



"I'll try not to bore you," Miss Haven began. (She quickly passed over his ineffectual gesture of "Bore me! My dear, this is going to be a most fascinating story!") "I was married very young. Not as young as I say most of the time, but, all the same, at an age when other girls are wondering what their college graduation presents will be. Naturally, I never went to college or I wouldn't have been stupid enough to marry the guy I did. And, by the way, don't worry about Barbara—she's heard all this before and adds to it on occasion."

Barbara added. "Dad's a bum, like Ann says."

MR. THRUMM'S face now held the expression of those people on scenic railway rides who have made up their minds to take whatever comes.

Ann Haven went on: "My husband, who was then known affectionately to his many friends as 'Epi'—because he knew the names of wines which he couldn't afford but always ordered with a fine epicurean hand—didn't really treat me badly. But during the three years of our marriage he brought home exactly four dollars and eighty-five cents. That's how much the secondhand furniture store gave him for a bridge table which he had won.

"Well, the rest is simple. You know —I went on the stage, had a hit show, got a divorce, everyone felt sorry for poor old Epi because success was supposed to have gone to my head, and blah, blah, blah, blah. The judge said that Barbara had to see Epi on a specific date each year. He's in California. I ordered tickets and Pullman space weeks ago—"

"I canceled them," said Barbara.

"Barbara loathes Epi because she knows he's only interested in her as a means of blackmailing me. I'm still providing whatever pocket money he has, and when he wants more he simply threatens to go to court and prove that an actress cannot be a competent mother. That's why we had to be on this train—to fulfill the judge's order—otherwise Epi could be very nasty, and would too."

"But how did you get through the gate?" Mr. Thrumm asked.

Barbara answered him. "Oh, that was easy. You see, a lot of people think that Emperor will bite" (this group included Mr. Thrumm) "so I just went straight in ahead with him and the turtles, and Mamma said to a porter, 'Just put our bags in Bedroom C,' and he said, 'Did you say 409, ma'am?' and she said, 'Why not?' and when the gateman asked for the ticket Mamma pointed at me and said, 'We were in once; that's my daughter,' and then I yelled, *'Mother, hurry,'* and the gateman said, 'Oh, go ahead'—and—"

Barbara stopped. The door buzzer had sounded and a cheery voice had said: "All tickets, please."

Barbara flattened herself under the seat, dragging Emperor, the dog, with her. Miss Haven pressed herself into a corner.

Mr. Thrumm pulled his coat and shirt sleeves up above his elbow, thrust only his arm out, and said, much too loudly, "Dressing."

The trainman scribbled, shuffled papers, mumbled, "Bedroom C in Car 409," and finally, "Thank you, sir."

The relief with which the door was shut and locked was measured by the welter of self-congratulations on all sides and high praise for Mr. Thrumm's intelligence and fortitude.

Quite suddenly he found himself noticing Ann Haven for the first time. The ingredients of her beauty were not exotic. Just blond hair and blue eyes—but eyes too blue and luminous to be believable. But in her home town of Chicago, in New York, or in Hollywood, the kind of men she knew took a good ten minutes to get their eyes up from her legs to her face.

Barbara, who rightly considered all physical functions as essentials, said: "I'm hungry and Emperor will have to be taken out soon."

Mr. Thrumm studiously avoided any reference to the latter, and in order to do so hastily became concerned with Barbara's appetite. But Barbara kept saying, "What about Emperor?"

"I suppose we could have Emperor—that is—er—food sent in."

Before the problem could be considered further, Barbara pushed the button marked "Porter."

"Let's see," Ann said. "The simplest thing would be shrimp, a steak, and coffee. Nothing fancy."

That seemed pretty fancy to Mr. Thrumm, suddenly struck with the burden his pocketbook would have on this whole trip. His innate chivalry would not allow him to let these ladies pay for anything.

If you happen to be a Negro, the kind of job you hold need not have any relationship to the kind of person you are. Fred Johnson, the porter on this luxurious cross-country pullman car, had had nearly as much education as Mr. Thrumm. He had, in fact, majored in English literature and was an expert on the poetry of Milton and the plays of John Webster. He met several hundred people a year in his travels, and none of them ever knew this about him. The time away from his wife, who was a librarian, reduced his conversations to timetables, the weather, and extra blankets. The ringing of the buzzer for Bedroom C was routine.

But Mr. Thrumm stepped out when Fred answered.

"My name is Thrumm," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Drum—I'm Fred Johnson."

"It's not important, but it's Thrumm—T-h-r-u-m-m."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"No, no, really—it happens all the time—even my students—"

"You're a teacher, then, sir?"

"Yes, I'm at Harvard."

"That's wonderful, Mr. Thrumm," Fred said excitedly. "I got my master's degree in English at Brown. Do you mind my asking what you teach, sir?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Thrumm. "I hold the Wakefield Chair in Chemistry. But I have friends in the English Department."

At his suggestion that they "repair someplace for a talk," Fred mentioned the men's room as a congenial and quiet place to—Mr. Thrumm supplied the word "forgather." There Mr. Thrumm said, "Mr. Johnson, I'm in trouble."

Fred was a little worried. "You mean it's something serious?"

"It is." Mr. Thrumm looked very serious. "It involves the honor of a young lady and her child."

"Excuse me, sir, are you married?"

"No, no, my boy, it's nothing like that. It's a rather peculiar situation, as you will soon see, and though I have never asked anyone to break the law, I must ask your assistance in violating what I'm sure are the rules under which the railroads operate."

COMING—

DULCIMER STREET

BY NORMAN COLLINS

A deeply touching story of the dreams of little people —abridged to a reading time of one evening

In July 5 LIBERTY

Fred Johnson felt relieved. If only railroad rules were involved, it might even be a pleasure to be an accessory after the fact.

"You see," pursued Mr. Thrumm, "I bought a rail and Pullman ticket for this train, expecting for that payment the exclusive rights to Bedroom C in Car 409."

"That's the space you occupy, is it not, Mr. Thrumm?"

"Ah, yes, my boy, but you failed to notice the word 'exclusive' in my previous sentence." And now Mr. Thrumm plunged in: "Fred, I'm not alone in that room. But these other occupants, who are—ah—both female"—Mr. Thrumm reddened—"are quite welcome to the use of the room. We must not, under any circumstances, report them."

"Oh," Fred said, "I see. Well, as far as I'm concerned, Mr. Thrumm, you've mentioned nothing to me."

"I needn't tell you," pursued Mr. Thrumm, "that all the proprieties will be carefully maintained, but there does seem to be some question of food and the other services which one generally renders bedroom occupants."

"Please don't worry yourself further, Mr. Thrumm. I'll be glad to co-operate in every way."

Mr. Thrumm beamed; felt manly and accomplished. He looked at Fred Johnson with real warmth and said: "Good. Now, tell me . . ." And the talk veered around to Milton.

After a while Mr. Thrumm went back and sounded the buzzer of Bedroom C. He had just ordered dinner, with two scotch old-fashioneds.

When Ann asked through the door, "Who is it?" he answered, "It is I." And Ann opened the door.

Seeing her in lounging pajamas, he started and asked if he shouldn't come back a bit later.

"How silly, Mr. Thrumm," Ann said. "Of course not; I simply put these on to be more comfortable."

Mr. Thrumm, nevertheless, entered the room bashfully and sat down uncomfortably. He managed to say, "We're quite safe. I've arranged it with the porter, who is a splendid fellow. He offered several suggestions which I think will be very valuable." Mr. Thrumm thought he might as well get the next part over with quickly. "For one, he suggested that he might find room for me to sleep in some other part of the train —the—er—gentlemen's parlor."

Ann became thoughtful. His genuine concern for her welfare and comfort, his disregard for his own needs moved her strangely. And she knew, too, that, unlike the men she was used to dealing with, this one expected no reward.

She leaned over and kissed his cheek.

Mr. Thrumm could never explain that kiss to himself. As he thought it over later, there was no clue. He remembered that he had rather stupidly said, "Thank you," and that afterward his hand had shaken as he tried to light a cigarette.

Fred Johnson served the dinner, not without several ostentatious winks at Mr. Thrumm, who at the end of the meal ordered two more scotch old-fashioneds. After these were partially drunk, everything became quite jolly.

Barbara had fallen asleep in the corner near the window.

"Mr. Thrumm," Ann said with decision, "I like you. So does Barbara. I'm very pleased that we met, even though the situation is a little strange —I guess." She was smiling in a lovely way and looking straight at him. "You're fun, too; and, frankly, I hadn't expected that."

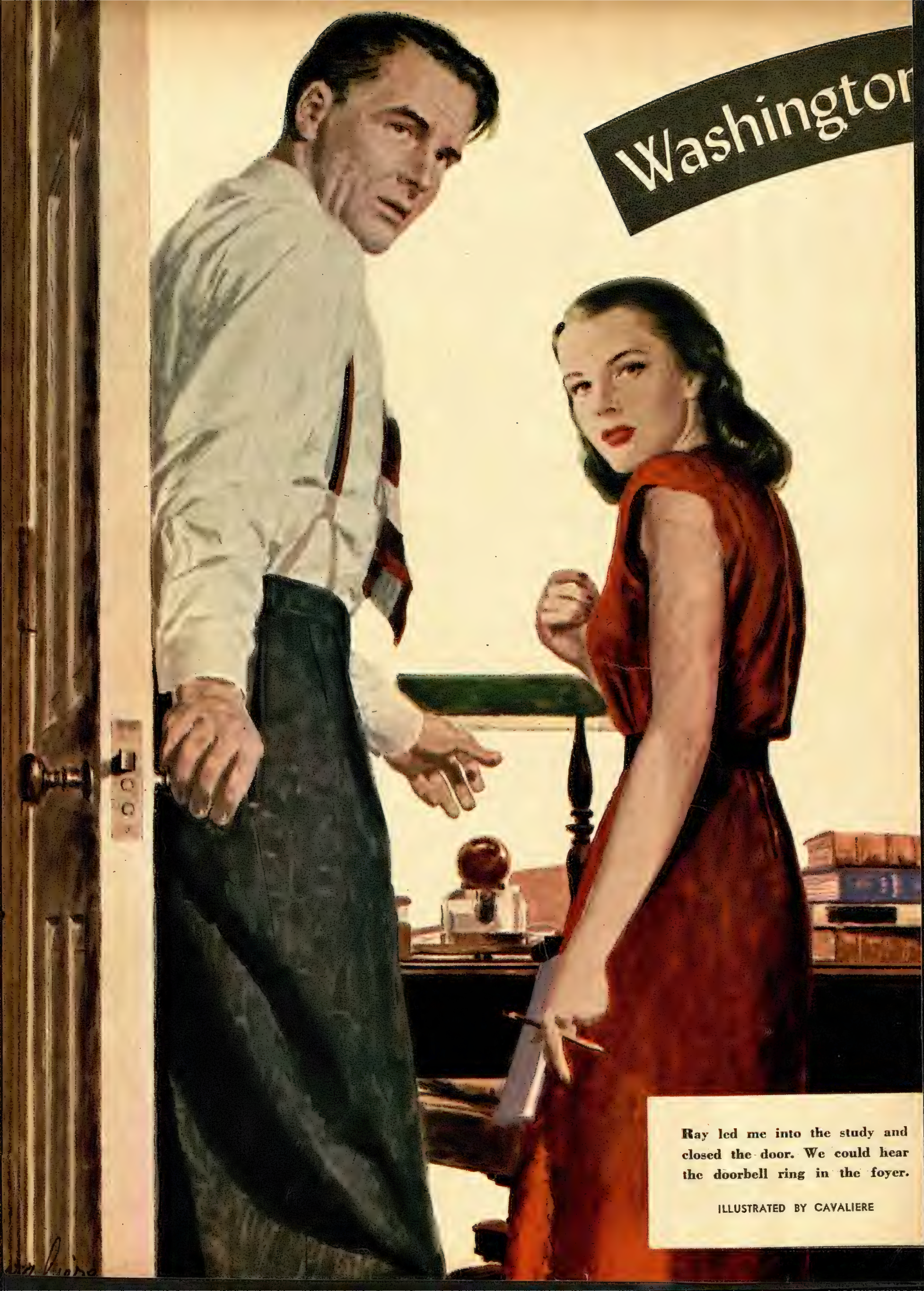
This made Mr. Thrumm very happy.

"I don't think," he said, "that I have to tell you that despite our short acquaintance, I feel—er—rather strongly about you." He blushed frighteningly, and without really knowing what he was saying, said, "Shall we have another old-fashioned, Miss Haven?"

"Why don't you call me Ann?" she said.

(Continued on page 97)

Washington



Ray led me into the study and closed the door. We could hear the doorbell ring in the foyer.

ILLUSTRATED BY CAVALIERE

Murder-Go-Round

The grim drama unfolds as Ray is questioned—Ray who loved the dead man's wife

By Oscar Schisgall

SYNOPSIS

FRAN HULL is working as secretary for her brother's friend, Ray Garret, Washington columnist. Ray has authorized one of his leg men, Eddie Lark, to buy certain evidence of dealings between Walter Evans Legrue, wealthy lawyer, and Luis Carazel, head of a Mexican beef syndicate. The name of Congressman Rashton has been mentioned in connection with $50,000, which is to be used to push a bill through Congress. But Rashton is Ray's friend and Ray cannot believe him guilty of accepting bribes. On his way to Ray's house Eddie is slugged by an unknown assailant and the letters, taken from Legrue's file, disappear.

Legrue questions his file clerk, Warren Bly, who confesses selling the letters to Lark. Legrue visits Garret and demands the papers, refusing to believe that they have vanished. Later he phones Carazel. Next morning, Legrue is found shot to death in his home. Fearing scandal, Carazel also tries to get the letters from Ray, who hints that Legrue may have diverted the bribe money to his own use. Meanwhile, Ray's cousin, Nick Dudley, and his wife have been begging Ray to finance them in a night club. He refuses.

Irene, Legrue's widow, warns Ray by phone that she has told the police of her husband's visit to him the night before and that they are on their way to question him.

READING TIME•28 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART THREE

TWO heavy men in civilian clothes were coming up the garden path. I felt a sudden pounding in my heart.

Ray said, "Get to my phone, Eddie!" He pushed Sam Ryker toward my desk. "Keep them waiting out here, Sam. Say I'm dictating the column, understand? Say it'll take me five minutes to finish and you don't interrupt my dictation for anything."

Sam nodded. "They'll wait."

Ray led me into the study, closed the door. Eddie had already started dialing. We could hear the doorbell ring in the foyer, where Solomon would be admitting the two detectives.

I whispered, "Eddie can be heard from my office!"

"I'll cover his voice." Ray waited with his ear close to the door, his eyes on Eddie. When we heard the police being greeted by Sam Ryker, he signaled to me and began to talk in a loud, clear tone. He stayed close to the door as he dictated, watching Eddie. And Eddie's first effort ended in frustration.

"Line's busy!" he whispered.

"'You hear talk these days,'" Ray dictated, and I took down every word with an unsteady pencil, "'to the effect that the United Nations is floundering as once the League of Nations floundered; that it is substituting debate for activity, argument for progress, bickering and self-interest for a genuine striving toward harmony. This isn't an isolated criticism you pick up here and there. Somebody has produced the figures of a national poll to show that a shockingly large number of Americans hold the same discouraged view.'"

Eddie began dialing again.

"'Because such an idea tends to undermine and disrupt the efforts of the United Nations,'" Ray dictated, "'it's more dangerous to mankind than a thousand atom bombs.'"

Eddie held the telephone to his ear.

"'Before we created the United Nations at San Francisco,'" Ray went on, "'there were some fifty centuries of recorded history to show that the story of mankind is largely a story of war. Until now, man seems to have found no other way to settle group arguments. War has been his credo, his habit, his policy. How, then, can we hope in one or two brief years to wipe out a human trait that has endured for more than five thousand years?'"

I lifted my head from the notebook to see that Eddie had at last reached Warren Bly. He was talking with a hand around his mouth to mute his voice.

AS HE watched Eddie, Ray spoke more loudly, with impassioned conviction: "'This world will be lucky if a real and lasting harmony is achieved in the days of our great-great-grandchildren. The only thing of which we in our generation can be proud is that we *started* seeking a way toward world unity. That is on the credit side of our ledger.'"

How he could concentrate on what he was saying while his eyes burned with the intensity they fixed on Eddie Lark, I couldn't understand. Yet he went on:

"'As for the bickering among statesmen, their very argument is proof that they're struggling to find a common road to follow. As long as they keep discussion alive, no matter how bitter it may be, they have a chance of finding such a road. I have little patience with those who say that we're getting nowhere and we may as well quit and go home. What do these cynics offer us, except a resumption of a world committed to war after war? For myself, I prefer to trail along with those who seek, day in and day out, at a conference table to find something better than war. We could do these men no greater harm than to scuttle the United Nations with discouragement before it has been able to find its balance.'"

Eddie put down the telephone.

"Bly hasn't been questioned yet!" Eddie whispered.

"Is he back at his office?"

"Sure. The way he sees it, he's in the clear, now that Legrue's dead. Unless Mrs. Legrue knows about the letters, there's nobody to charge him with theft."

Ray frowned. "He's right."

"If he's questioned," Eddie said, "he'll tell them he took some papers home to work on last night, and Legrue came over to have a look at them. Nothing illegal in that."

Ray considered. Then he went to the door, ready to admit the detectives. And I had a shocking idea. Could Warren Bly have killed Legrue in order to escape the threat of arrest?

As Ray asked the men to come into the study, he apologized for keeping them waiting. He waved to chairs. Lieutenant Greeve—a thickset figure with close-cut silver hair and a small flat nose—sat down in the same seat Walter Evans Legrue had occupied only ten hours ago. His assistant, whom he introduced as Balkin, stood near the door.

Perhaps it was natural that his interest should be caught first by the bandage around Eddie Lark's head. "What happened to *you?*" he asked.

"Slipped in the rain last night," Eddie said. "Banged my head."

"Lots of things seem to have happened last night."

"Yeah," Eddie said. "We call it Black Thursday."

The lieutenant didn't seem to find that funny. He gave his attention to Ray once more.

"We're here for two reasons, Mr. Garret," he said. "First, because we understand Walter Evans Legrue came here about eleven thirty last night."

"That's right."

"And second, because we understand that at about one thirty last night *you* went to Legrue's."

Probably I gasped. My whole body seemed to jerk. I looked wide-eyed from Lieutenant Greeve to Ray. The thing seemed impossible. Ray had driven me home, and afterward— He hadn't said a word about going to see Legrue! I could feel an icy sensation go through me. Eddie Lark and Sam Ryker looked astounded too. But I was probably the only one who thought, with an added sting of horror, of the gun I'd seen in Ray's chest of drawers.

Ray sat down on a corner of his desk. He reached for a cigarette. He was still pale, but nothing affected his calmness.

"That isn't quite true, lieutenant," he said. "I stopped at Legrue's door, yes. But I didn't go in."

"How's that?"

"Too late, I decided."

"You're starting at the end of the story, aren't you?"

Ray smiled a little, nodding as he lit the cigarette. Then he blew smoke out of his nostrils. "Yes," he said. "It begins with an item in Elliot Case's column that appeared last night. Did you read Case?"

"No," Lieutenant Greeve said.

"He hinted of a scandal that was about to break. The thing must have scared Legrue. It seems the only way Case could have got his information was from Legrue's files. So Legrue went to his file clerk, Warren Bly, to do some questioning. He learned that Bly had talked not only to Case but to one of my men, Eddie Lark here. Bly had let hints of a scandal slip out; not proof. It was too late for Legrue to do anything about Case's paragraph, but he came over here to see if *I* intended to print anything. Well, I don't run stuff I can't authenticate. So Legrue went off—maybe relieved, but not altogether reassured, I'm afraid. I don't think he believed me when I told him I had nothing on which to build a column."

What amazed me was that Ray could tell part of the truth, without adding any falsehoods, and make it sound convincing. He was telling just enough to clarify the case, not enough to endanger Eddie Lark or himself.

"When Legrue left, I drove Miss Hull, here, out to Chevy Chase," he said. "And on the way home I got to thinking about Legrue again. I thought a talk with him *might* lead to something big."

THE LAME LICKER

Such a strain I'm undergoing,
With my tongue in twists and cramps,
Licking at the ever-growing
Longer, wider postage stamps.
—Sprague O. Smith.

Lieutenant Greeve nodded.

"So I stopped my car at Legrue's door. When I stepped out, I looked at my watch. I hadn't realized it was quite so late. I hesitated, then decided to let it go until today. So I got into the car again and drove away."

"Mrs. Legrue corroborates all you say, all right," Lieutenant Greeve said. "She saw you from an upstairs window. It puzzled her to see you stop and go off again."

"Well, now you have the facts."

"Did you see anybody else around the house?"

"No."

"What time was it—would you remember exactly?"

"Sure. One forty-two."

Lieutenant Greeve glanced around at his big companion, Balkin. "In that case," he said to Ray, "when you stopped, Legrue must have been dead about twenty-five minutes."

That surprised all of us, especially Ray. He asked, "You mean you've fixed the exact time?"

"Well," Lieutenant Greeve said, "we know that at about one o'clock Legrue got a phone call. He was downstairs, and Mrs. Legrue was up in her bedroom. She doesn't know who called. Legrue told her he had work to do—he'd be up later."

Despite my anxiety—or maybe because of it—I couldn't help wondering why Lieutenant Greeve was giving us these details. Was it because he respected Ray Garret and didn't mind talking to him? Or did he have a purpose? Was this leading to something? I seemed to be suspecting everything, every motive and word.

"Mrs. Legrue," the lieutenant continued, "took a shower. That was at one fifteen. Then she read a while before shutting off the light. That was when she saw you step out of your car, Mr. Garret. There's a street lamp outside their place, so she couldn't mistake you."

Ray nodded.

"When you drove away, she lay wondering about it for quite some time, and then she fell asleep. At five thirty this morning she awoke, saw that her husband wasn't in his bed. She went down and found him dead on the living-room floor."

There was silence.

Sam Ryker asked, "Didn't she hear any shot?"

"Didn't hear a thing. That's how we fixed the time of the shooting. She's a light sleeper; a shot would have wakened her. So the only time there could have been a sound like that which she didn't hear was while she was taking her shower. With the bathroom door shut and the shower roaring, she could easily have missed it. The medical examiner put the death about that time, too."

"What about the servants?" Sam asked.

"Thursday is the couple's day off. They usually come in early Friday morning. So there was nobody else in the house."

Lieutenant Greeve sent his glance from one face to another, letting it rest at last on Ray's.

"It's queer the way the bullet went," he said. "Up through the throat, into the back of his head, as if he'd been shot from the floor."

"Sounds like maybe it happened in a tussle," Sam Ryker suggested, "with two men holding the gun between them."

"Yes, it could have happened that way, too."

"Find the gun?"

"No."

The telephone rang and I hurried out to my office to answer. It was a routine call: the Secretary of Agriculture would hold a press conference Monday morning to discuss America's capacity for exporting wheat. I set the notation down, taking a long time to do it. It gave me a chance to steady my nerves.

Perhaps it was intuition and all wrong, but I couldn't help feeling that Lieutenant Greeve wasn't accepting everything Ray had said at its face value. Behind the detective's quietness there was still suspicion. Maybe he was thinking—as I had for one dreadful second—that when

(Continued on page 93)

Every Old Timer Knows

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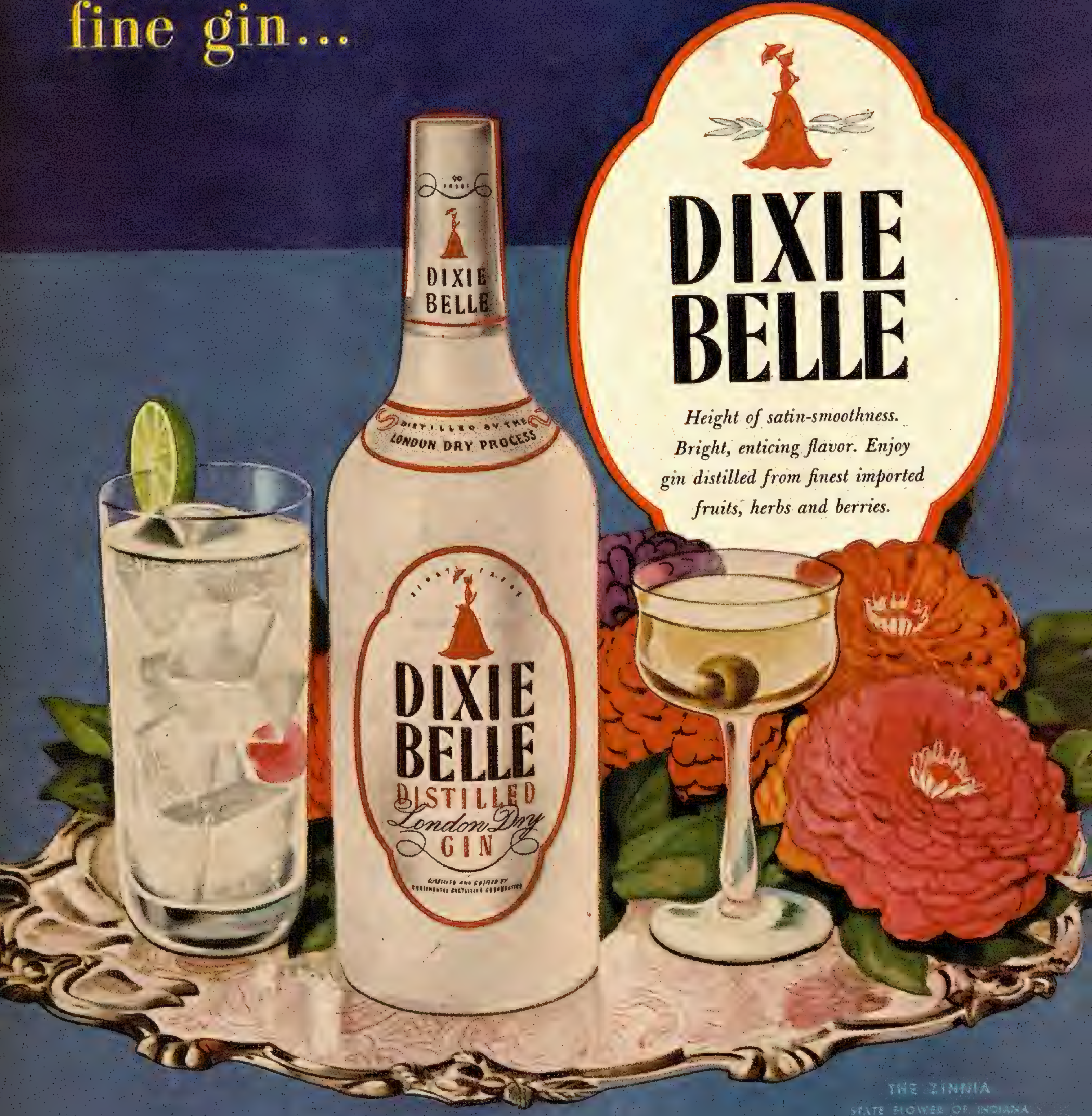
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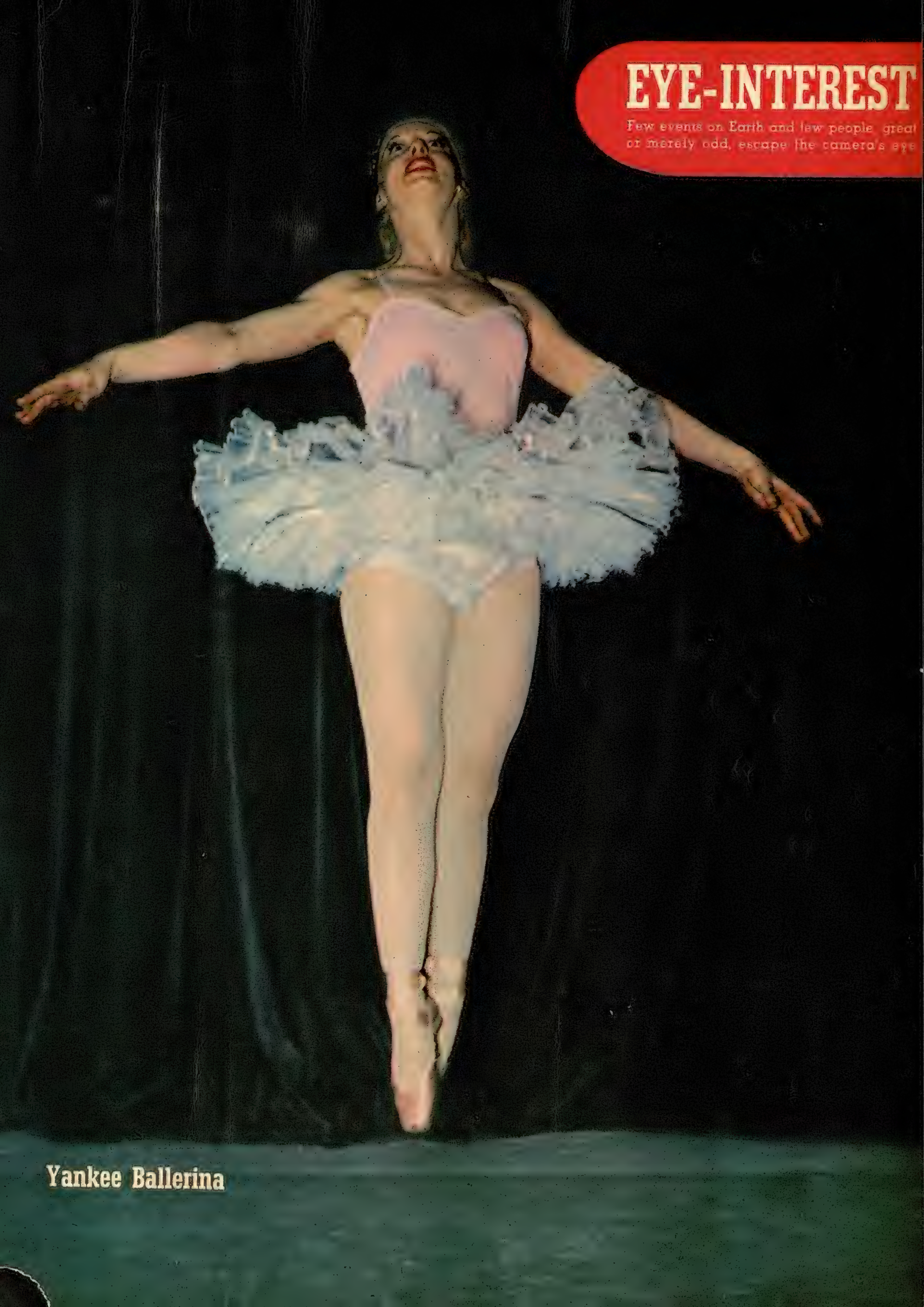
EYE-INTEREST

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye



Yankee Ballerina

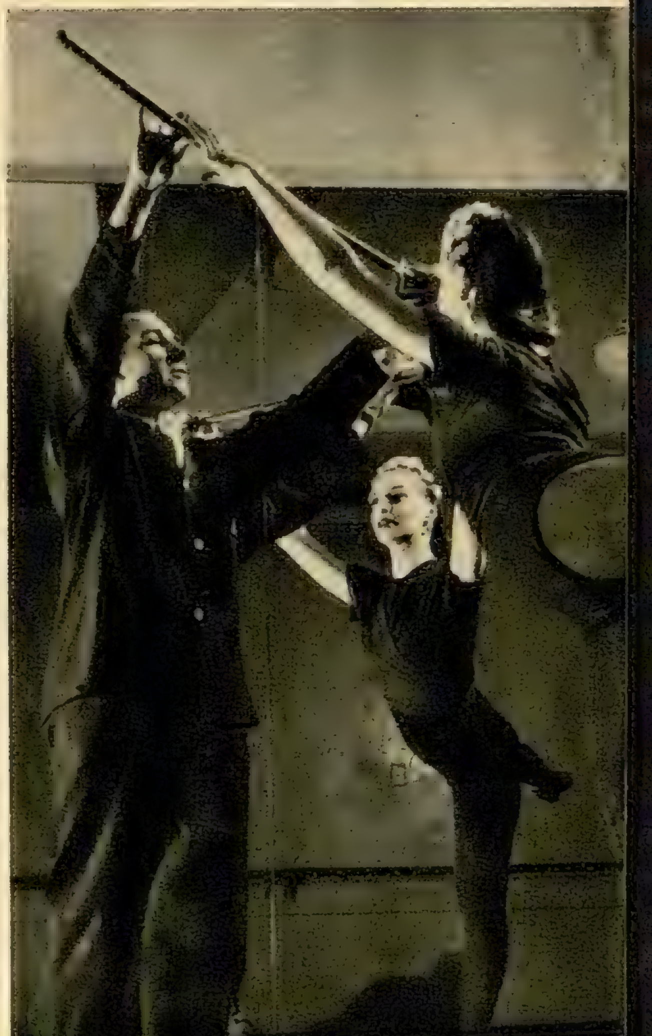
Yankee Ballerina

San Francisco's Irene Hawthorne, with a toe hold on the Met, still works 14 hours a day

LOOKING AT 5′ 5″, 120-pound, blonde Irene Hawthorne, one would never suppose that in the course of her day's work she expends as much physical energy as a major-league baseball player. As première danseuse of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Irene is a rising star in an exacting profession. The ballet demands long training, constant practice, and boundless energy. Miss Hawthorne spends more than four hours of her fourteen-hour working day actually on her toes—from rehearsal to performance to lessons. Dancer's life started for her at the age of 8. By the time she reached 15, she was dancing professionally. Now, at 24, she has a series of musical-comedy parts and solo recitals behind her. Ahead, the San Francisco-born girl faces more study, and more, she hopes, success.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY EILEEN DARBY

Rise and shine comes at an early hour for Irene. She teaches a ballet class composed of ex-G.I. student actors every morning at the Katharine Dunham School.



Teacher turns pupil in the afternoons. I
still studies under famed ballet master

Evening is theater time. It takes two hours for Irene to dress for a performance.

ssing-room duties before that final "on-stage" ude strengthening crucial costume straps.

On the Met stage at last! Irene was signed for one performance of Carmen originally; was such a sensation, they put her under contract immediately.

Ten-o'clock riser after regular eight hours, Irene says sound sleep, healthy appetite are ballet hopper's reward.

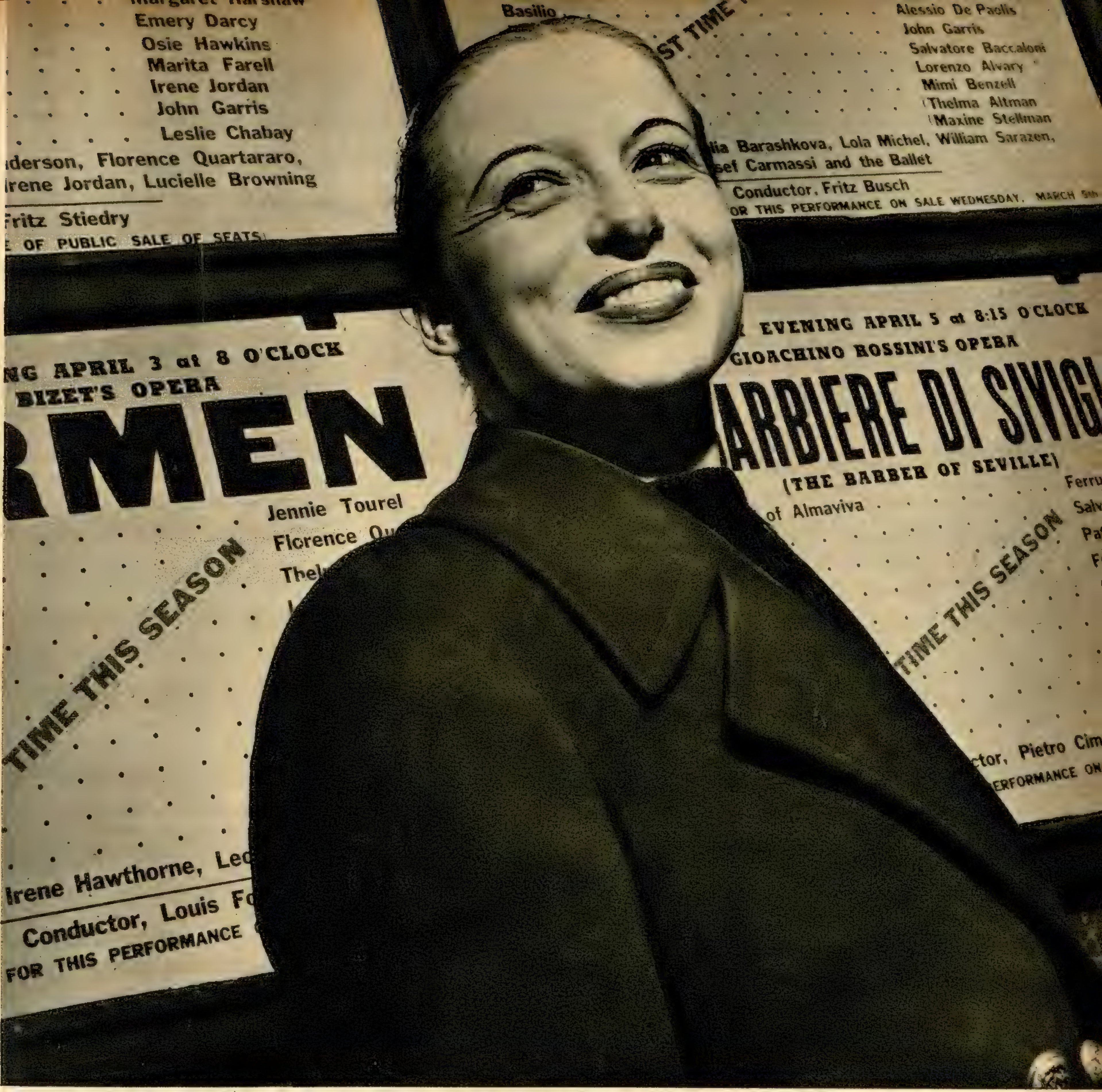
Fifth Avenue shop corrals the Met ballerina for fashion photos. She personally prefers dresses to suits, however.

Cooking is Irene's second art, practiced on free evenings. She enjoys marketing, selects a steak with a careful eye.

Publicity is part of a day's work. On John Powers' Charm School program, Irene discusses successful femininity.

Noon rehearsal partner is Leon Varkas, Met's Nebraska-born premier dancer. This is their famed Carmen number.

She buys her own ballet slippers, at $6 a pair, and they last only three performances. Tights are $5; last two weeks.

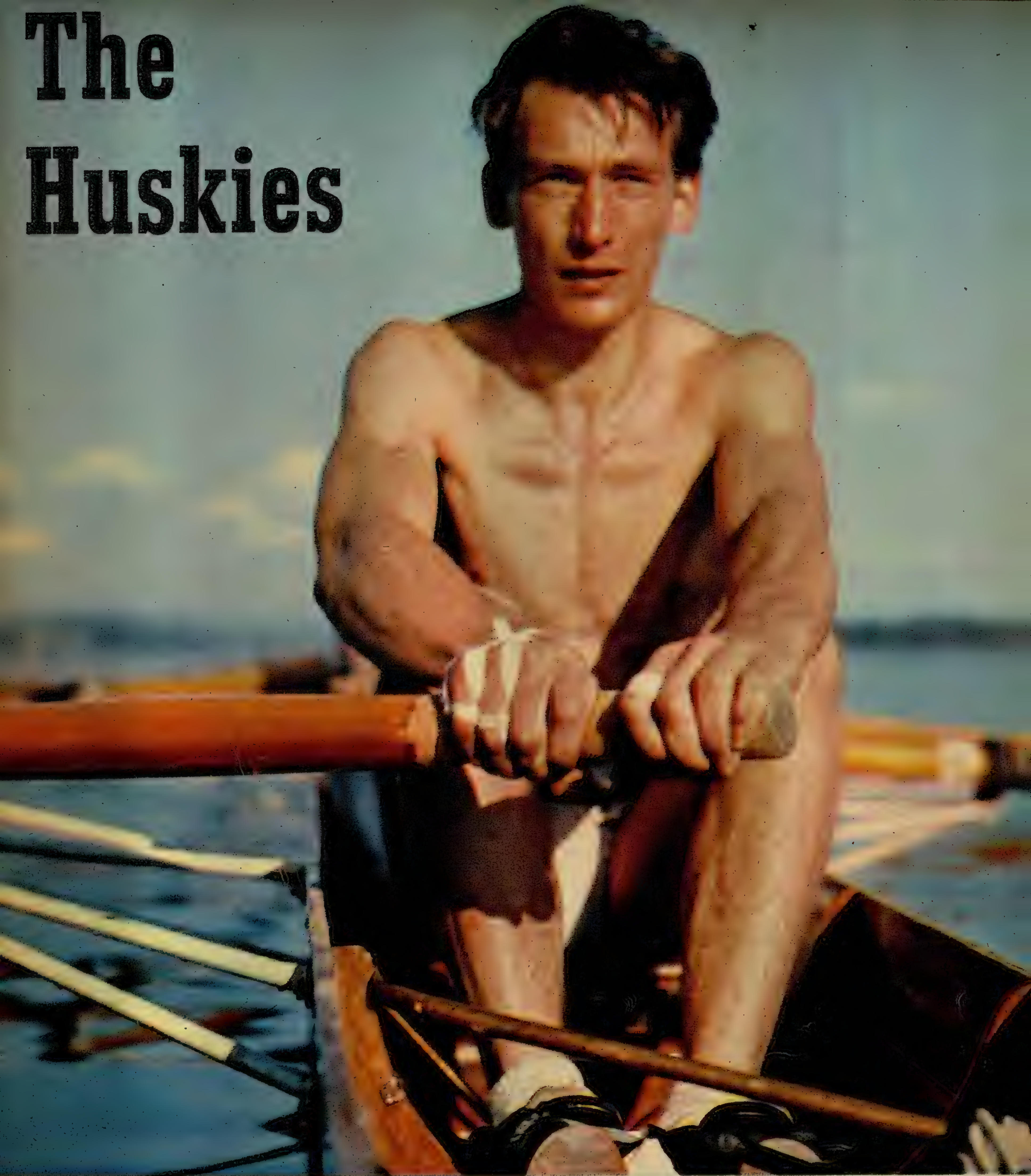

Emery Darcy
Osie Hawkins
Marita Farell
Irene Jordan
John Garris
Leslie Chabay
derson, Florence Quartararo,
Irene Jordan, Lucielle Browning
Fritz Stiedry
OF PUBLIC SALE OF SEATS
Basilio
Alessio De Paolis
John Garris
Salvatore Baccaloni
Lorenzo Alvary
Mimi Benzell
Thelma Altman
Maxine Stellman
lia Barashkova, Lola Michel, William Sarazen,
sef Carmassi and the Ballet
Conductor, Fritz Busch
OR THIS PERFORMANCE ON SALE WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5th
NG APRIL 3 at 8 O'CLOCK
BIZET'S OPERA
RMEN
Jennie Tourel
Florence Qu
TIME THIS SEASON
Irene Hawthorne, Leo
Conductor, Louis Fo
FOR THIS PERFORMANCE
EVENING APRIL 5 at 8:15 O'CLOCK
GIOACHINO ROSSINI'S OPERA
ARBIERE DI SIVIG
(THE BARBER OF SEVILLE)
of Almaviva
TIME THIS SEASON
ctor, Pietro Cim
ERFORMANCE ON

Posters proclaim her arrival at the Met. Irene is one of the few American girls ever to star with a classical ballet company.

No performance tonight, so Irene feeds dinner guests, including fiancé Edgar Peck (left), ex-Coast Guard officer.

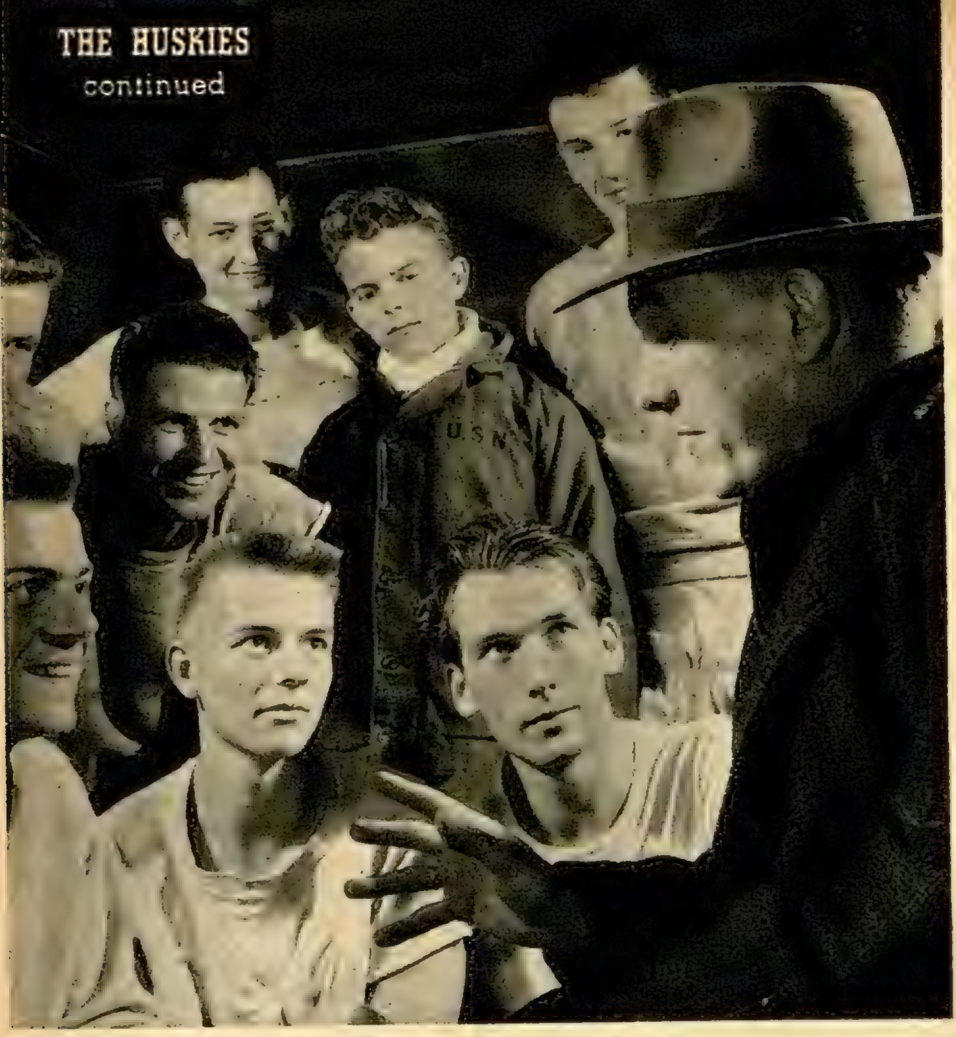
Lucky girl has to eat a bedtime éclair. Those calories will be danced off tomorrow during her long working day.

The Huskies



Outstanding candidate for key position of stroke is Grant Bishop, 180 lbs., 6' 1". Photo taken after stiff practice session.

The secret of Huskies' world rowing record is stroke technique. The crew pulls hardest on the first part



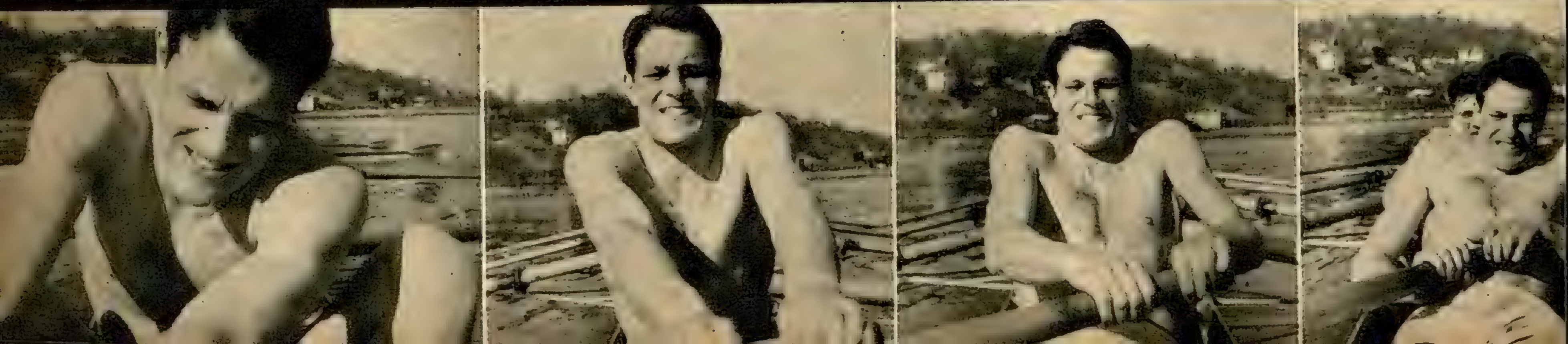
Husky coach Al Ulbrickson is sarcastic, gets results from his boys.

"Old Nero" is training barge for green frosh crews, holds 16 m

Crewman is dunked; he reneged carrying shell into boat-house.

Blisters like these are occupational hazards of early trainin

Columbia crew's "Eastern" technique uses the layback and applies most of the pull at the end of the str



Crew, directed by coxswain Bob Lee, lift 280-pound shell costing $1,200 off rack. Shells require careful handling.

THE Huskies of the University of Washington are this year's best bet to win the traditional Poughkeepsie Regatta. They've won the event more times than any other college—seven firsts since 1922. Their stroke technique has been almost universally adopted; fifteen former University of Washington crewmen are now the head coaches at various major colleges, and the shells used by practically every collegiate crew in the country are made in a shop adjoining the Huskies' shell-house on the U. of Washington Campus.

Photos by Pat Coffey, Bob and Ira Spring

On rough days, protected ship canal is used as practice spot.

Day's work over. The shells ship water, rarely swamp.

e stroke, eliminates exaggerated layback, and then makes a quick recovery back to the starting position

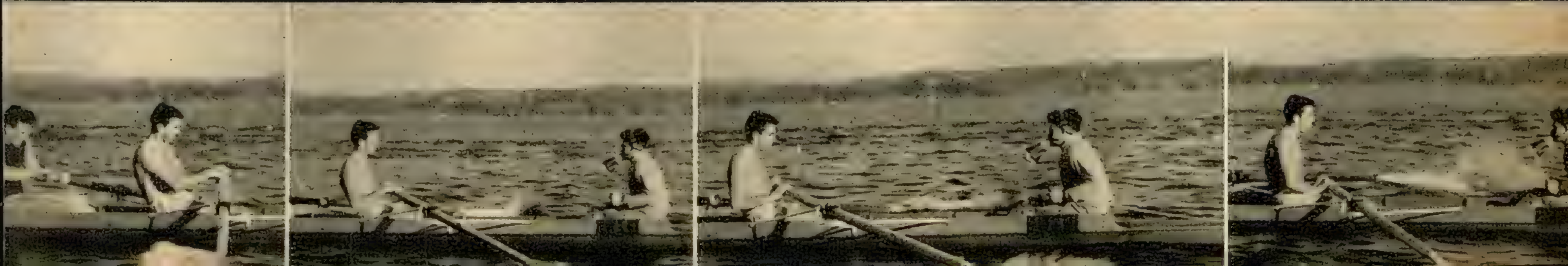


PHOTO BY VICTOR KAYFETZ

Everglades—World's Richest Farmland

WHILE farmers in less favored areas struggle to grow one crop a season, those who work the rich black muck of Florida's Everglades can market one a month. Owners of this fabulously fat land, which is so soft it is called "apple custard," have become millionaires. From November to June they ship produce to northern markets. A big money-maker such as celery grows to large size (like bunches exhibited here) in six weeks. Sugar (30,000 acres annually) flourishes in the semitropical climate and is the largest single crop. Newest enterprise in this lush land is cattle-fattening, which is making Florida the second most important beef-producing state in the country.

Lend-Lease Husband

An American G. I. finds a bride, a home, and a job in man-short Britain, where a dishwashing husband is a novelty

UNABLE to find the kind of civilian job in the States he had dreamed of while serving in the Army Air Forces in England, W. F. (Bill) Johnson, a radio-minded ex-G.I., has given a new fillip to lend-lease. He left his home town (Plymouth, Wis.; pop. 8,000) with his British bride and their American-born daughter and returned to Britain to study radio engineering and help run his in-laws' tobacco and confectionery shop in London. He's also proved that American husbands do wash dishes and walk the baby, tasks that most Englishmen consider strictly feminine.

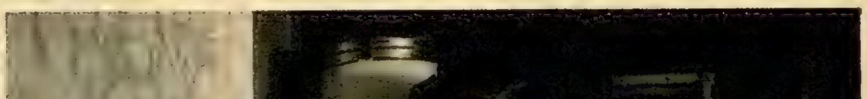
PHOTOS BY PIX

Job problems hadn't overtaken Bill and Paddy here. As a returning G.I., Bill had this Miami holiday paid for by U. S.

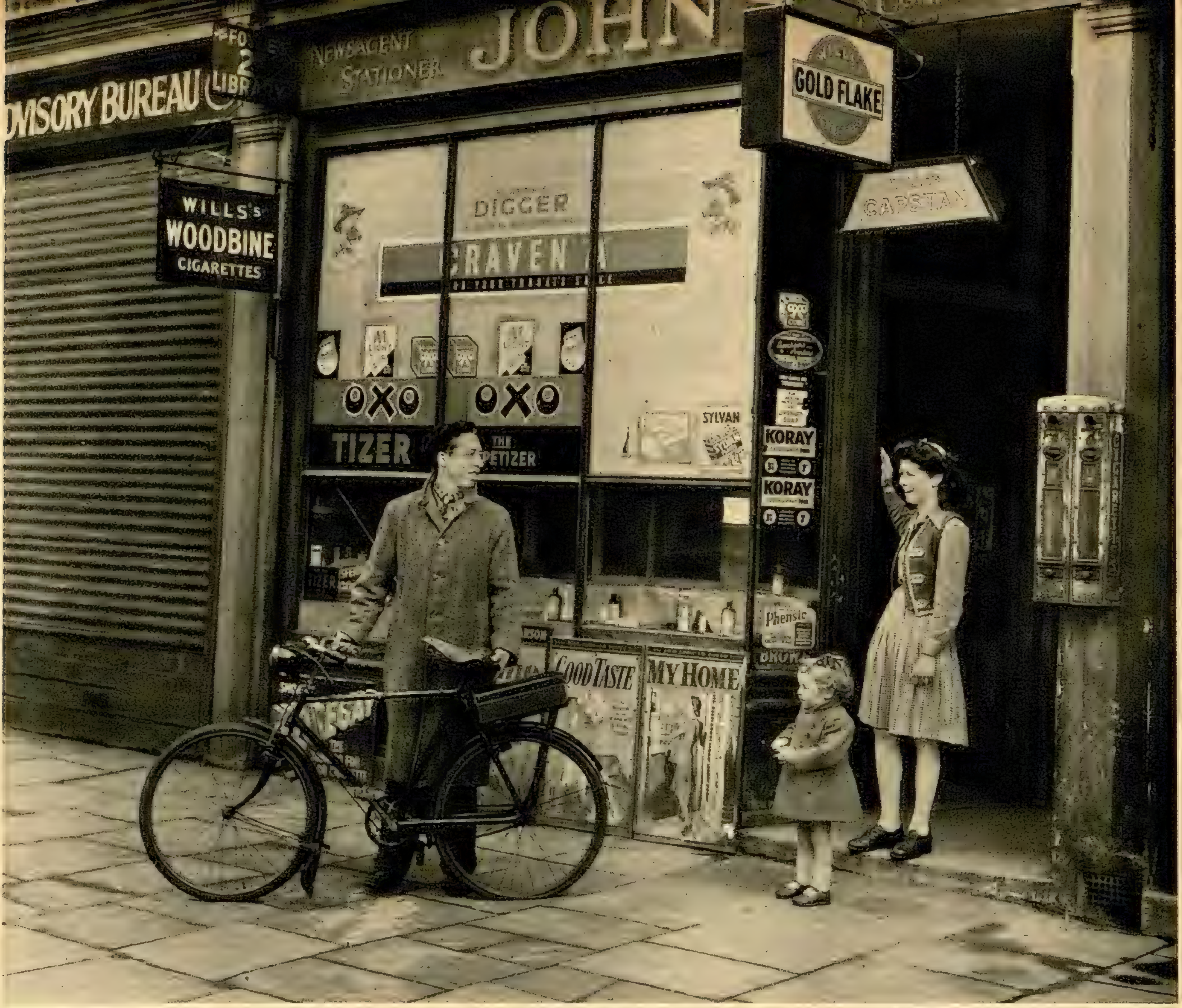
SORRY
NO
CIGARETTES

"Stoopies" (scarce items) are kept under the counter in shop Bill helps tend. He could sell four times cigarette quota.

Paddy rushed to the U. S. so daughter, Pat, could be born an American. Now in London, Pat gets a nightly tubbing.



Home from his radio-engineering studies at Northern Polytechnic, Bill amazes his English friends by doing the dishes.


ADVISORY BUREAU
NEWSAGENT STATIONER
JOHN
GOLD FLAKE
WILLS's WOODBINE CIGARETTES
DIGGER
CRAVEN A
CAPSTAN
OXO
OXO
TIZER
THE APPETIZER
SYLVAN
KORAY
KORAY
Phensic
GOOD TASTE
MY HOME

Bill has been up before dawn, helped Paddy open the shop and serve early-morning customers. Now his wife and daughter wave as he leaves for class, a ten-minute bike ride away. Before leaving, he told Paddy this was the day they'd see a movie.

Instructor examines radio set Bill has made. Though studying in Britain, Bill gets $90 a month under G.I. Bill.

Long hours (average 5 A.M. to 7 P.M.) don't daunt Bill (22) and Paddy (20). Bill, making like a banjo, amuses Pat.

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Gum Dipped
Firestone
BEST TODAY--
STILL BETTER
TOMORROW

HE SPEEDWAY FOR YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY

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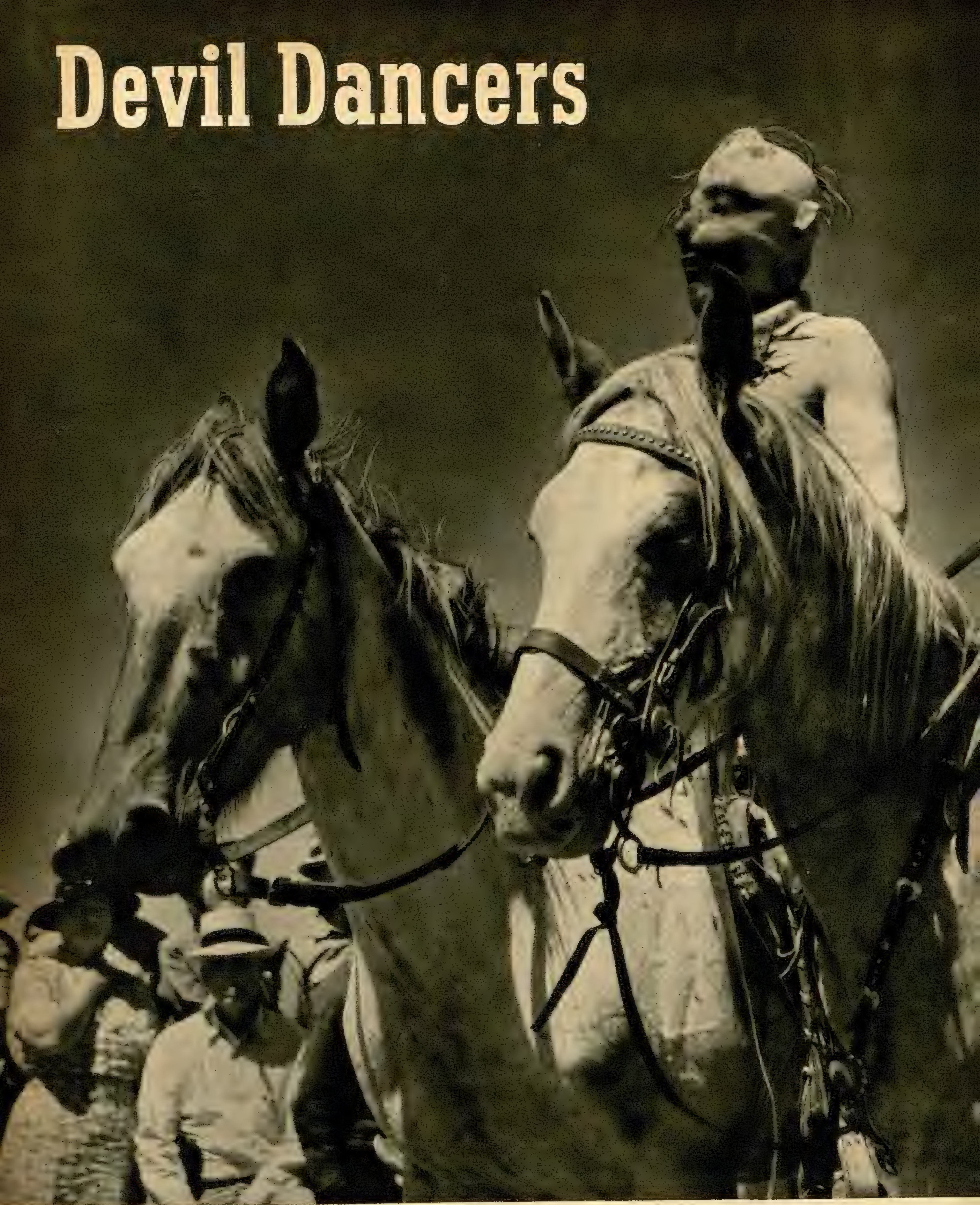
Devil Dancers



Original United Nations end disputes by dancing

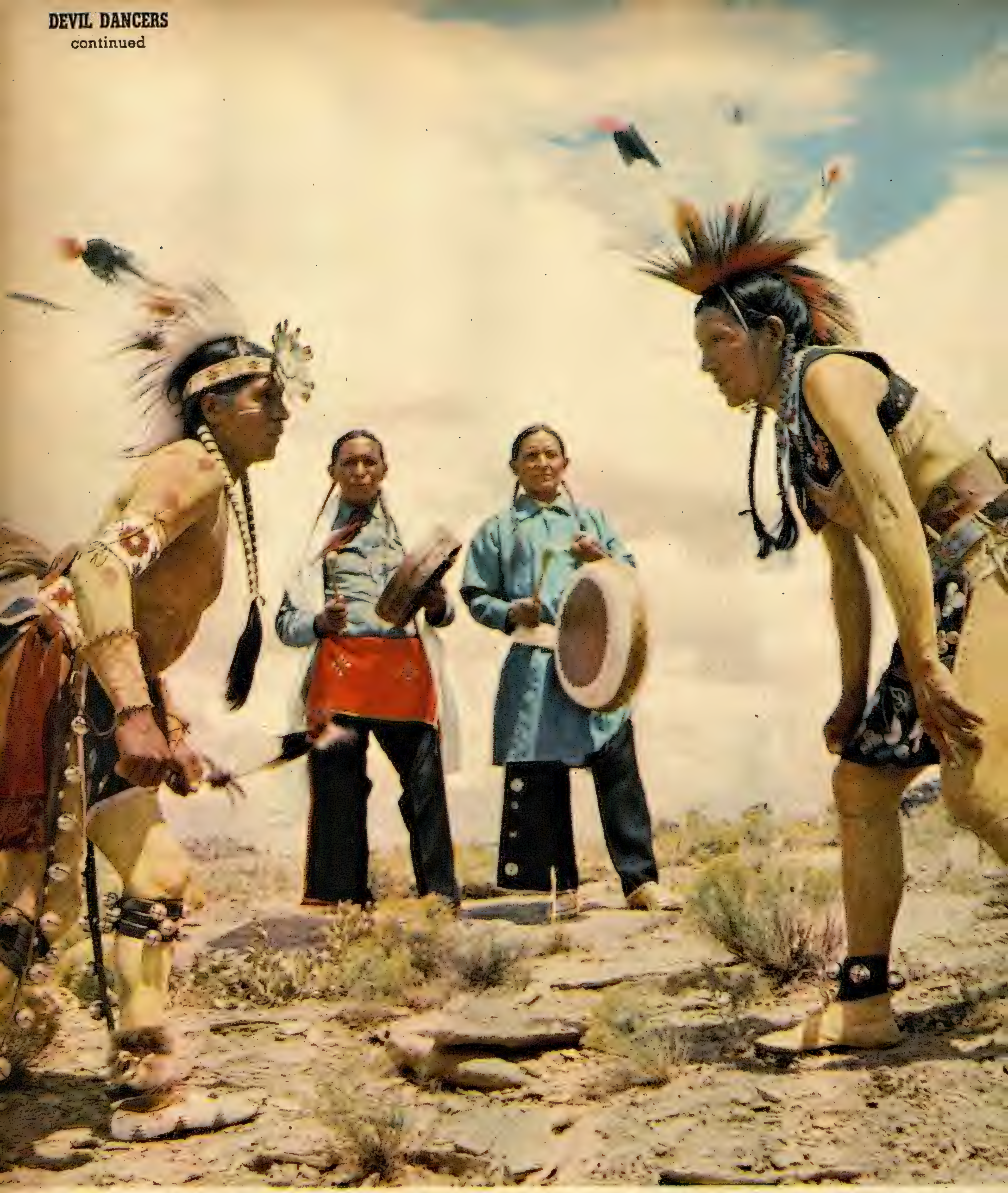
FOR 25 years Indian tribes known to be traditionally hostile have been demonstrating how to get along together. They dance away their differences at the Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial each August. The Ceremonial, held at Gallup, N. M., is a week-long holiday, attracting thousands of red men from all over the country. They come not to fight but to dance and sing their ancient Ceremonials—a program for peace.

Navaho country is this part of northern Arizona where plains tribesmen used to roam from Utah to New Mexico, hunting migrating buffalo for food.

War Dance by Santa Ana Pueblo Indians. In the old days, warriors sang and danced a whole day and night, getting steamed up for a full-scale fight.

Mud Dancers from a Navaho tribe (above) parade through town before their ceremonial dance. They're rejoicing that rain has come.

PHOTOS BY ANDRE DE DIENES



Taos Indians, doing the Horsetail Dance, are members of the most northerly Pueblo tribe on upper Rio Grande, N. M.

IN the old days, if a Kiowa Indian tribe needed some horses or women, they raided the nearest Navaho tribe. The Navahos did the same thing. If the young men were restless and had been sitting around too long, one or another of the tribes would decide to go to war. The red men expected these things of each other. They followed the buffalo around for food, and refused to farm because there was a superstition about interfering with nature. Today, Indians who still live on the reservations raise sheep for the most part, farm for their subsistence, and work at their ancient arts and crafts. They sell their wares at the trading posts. At the Inter-Tribal Ceremonial alone, they have managed to sell more than $50,000 worth in the past seven years.

The Ceremonial, started modestly in 1922 at Gallup, New Mexico, to perpetuate the customs and dances of Indian life, has become an institution subsidized by the State of New Mexico. It's the Red Men's reunion.

COLOR PHOTO BY FRED BOND

PUEBLO

NAVAHO

KIOWA

HOPI

TAOS

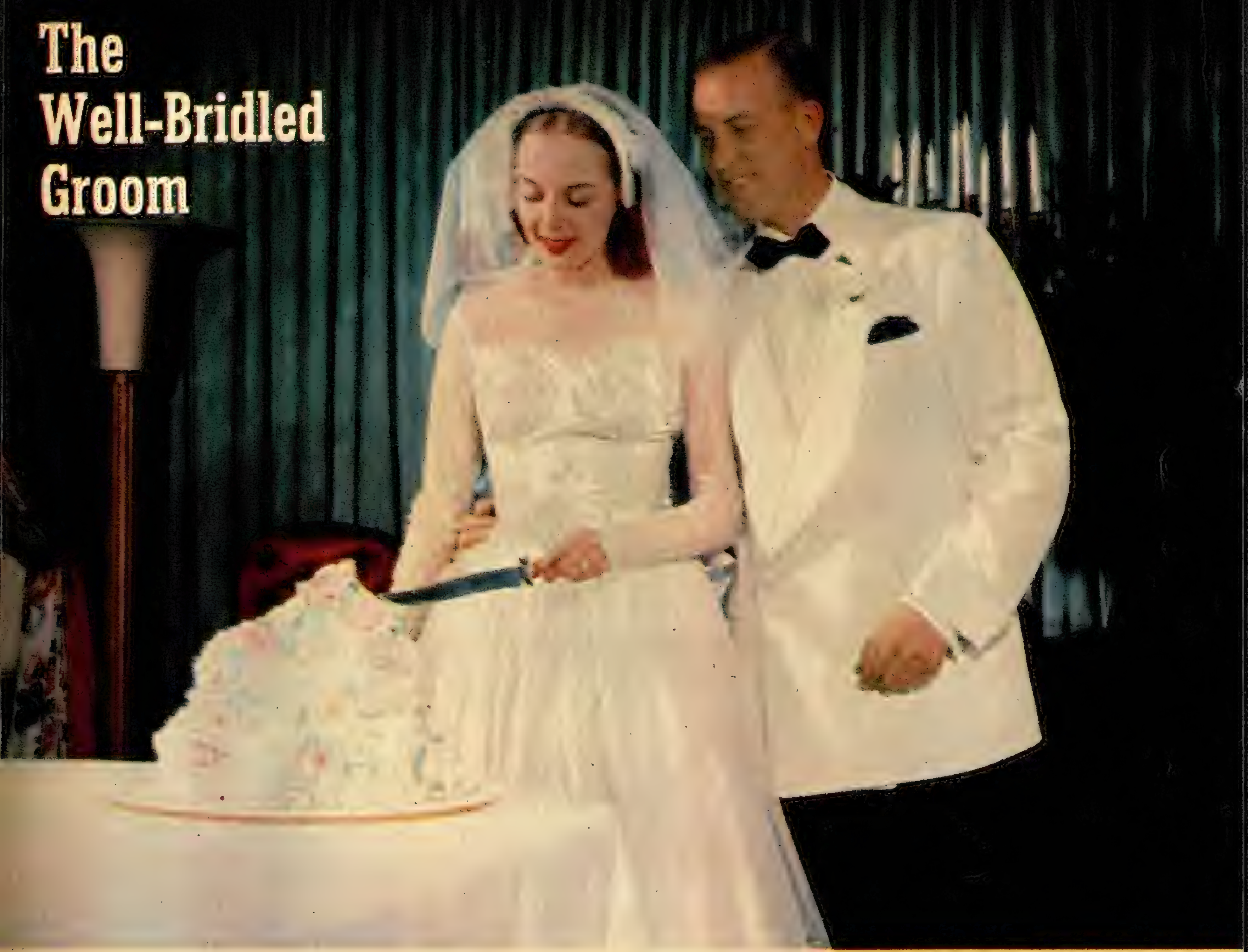
ZUNI

NAVAHO

OKLAHOMA

APACHE

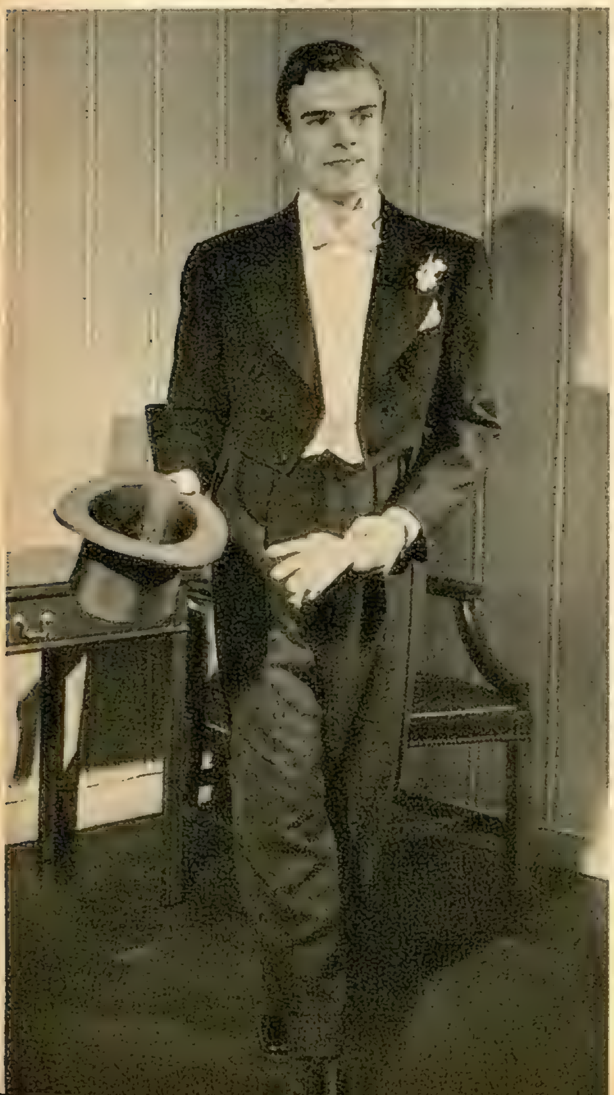
The Well-Bridled Groom

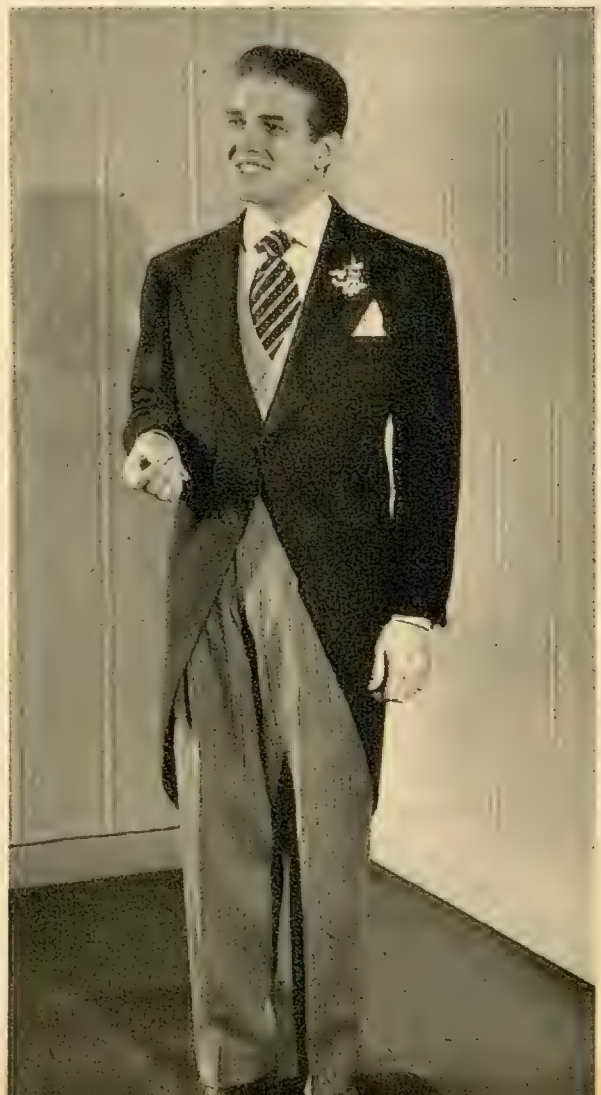


Cake-cutting at New York's Hampshire House, with groom in semiformal attire.

Strictly formal, either night (left) or day (right) version, helps gild the groom.

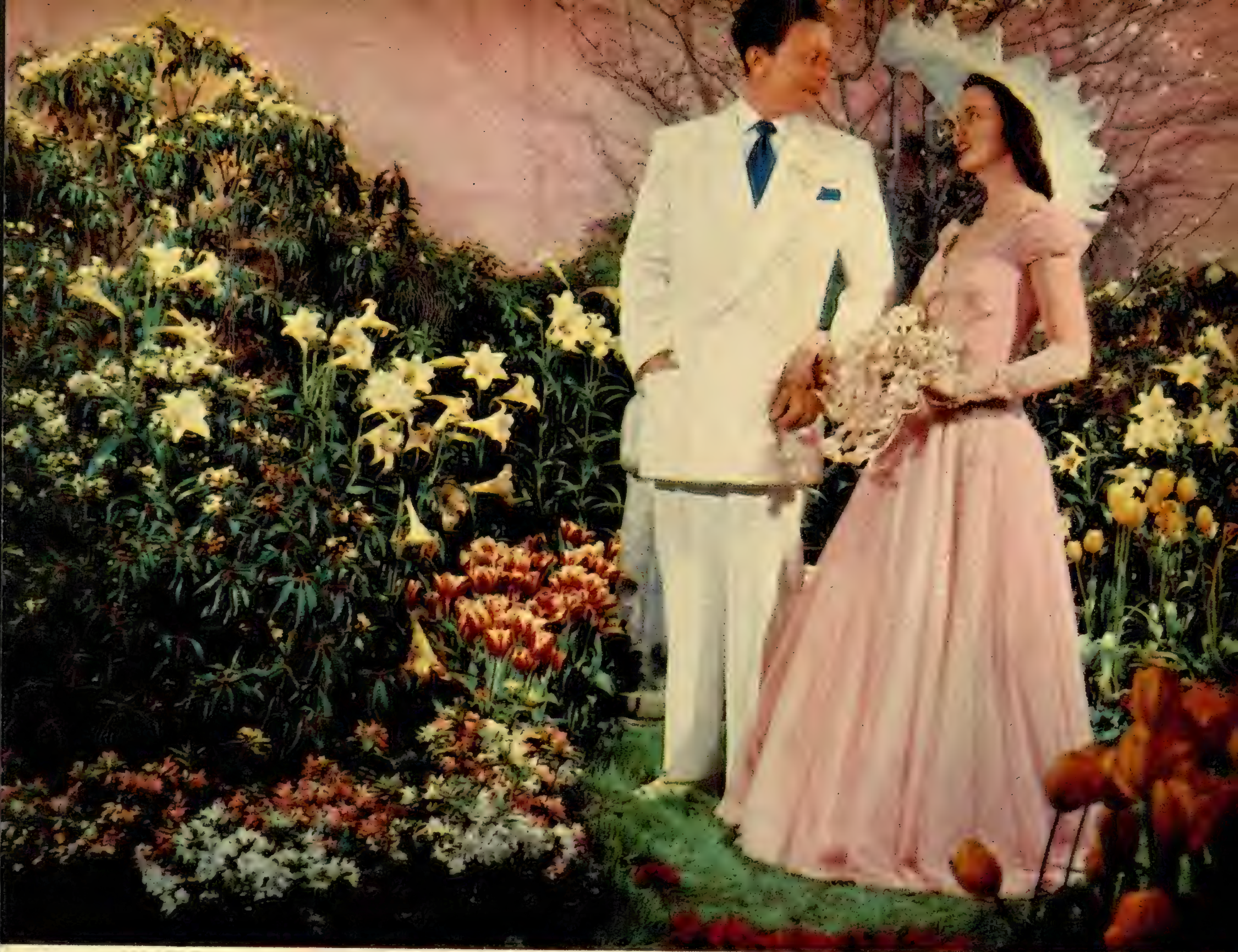
LIBERTY PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN
WEDDING GOWNS BY BARBARA BARRY-TAILORED WOMAN





Clothes Clinic

ORGANISTS are practicing Mendelssohn, sopranos are rehearsing I Love You Truly, and thousands of aspiring, perspiring young swains are working over their bended-knee routine. June has poked its lovely sun-filled self into our lives. All those long treks to the minister begin, and once more all eyes turn to the bride and groom. People do look at the groom too, contrary to general opinion, and it is important that he look his very best on his very first day as a husband. Once the date is set, the bride selects the kind of wedding. Whether it be formal, informal, or semiformal; day or night, the gentleman who has won her traditionally delicate hand chooses his clothes to fit the bride's selection. The ushers in turn match their clothes exactly with those of the groom, with the exception of their boutonnières, which vary slightly. Use the handy little box on the right for sartorial side lights.



Garden variety, perhaps the prettiest of all, puts the groom in white.

y P. B. Juster

Formal—Night (all year round):
White tie, top hat, and tails. White gloves, formal shirt with wing collar. Lilies of the valley in the lapel.

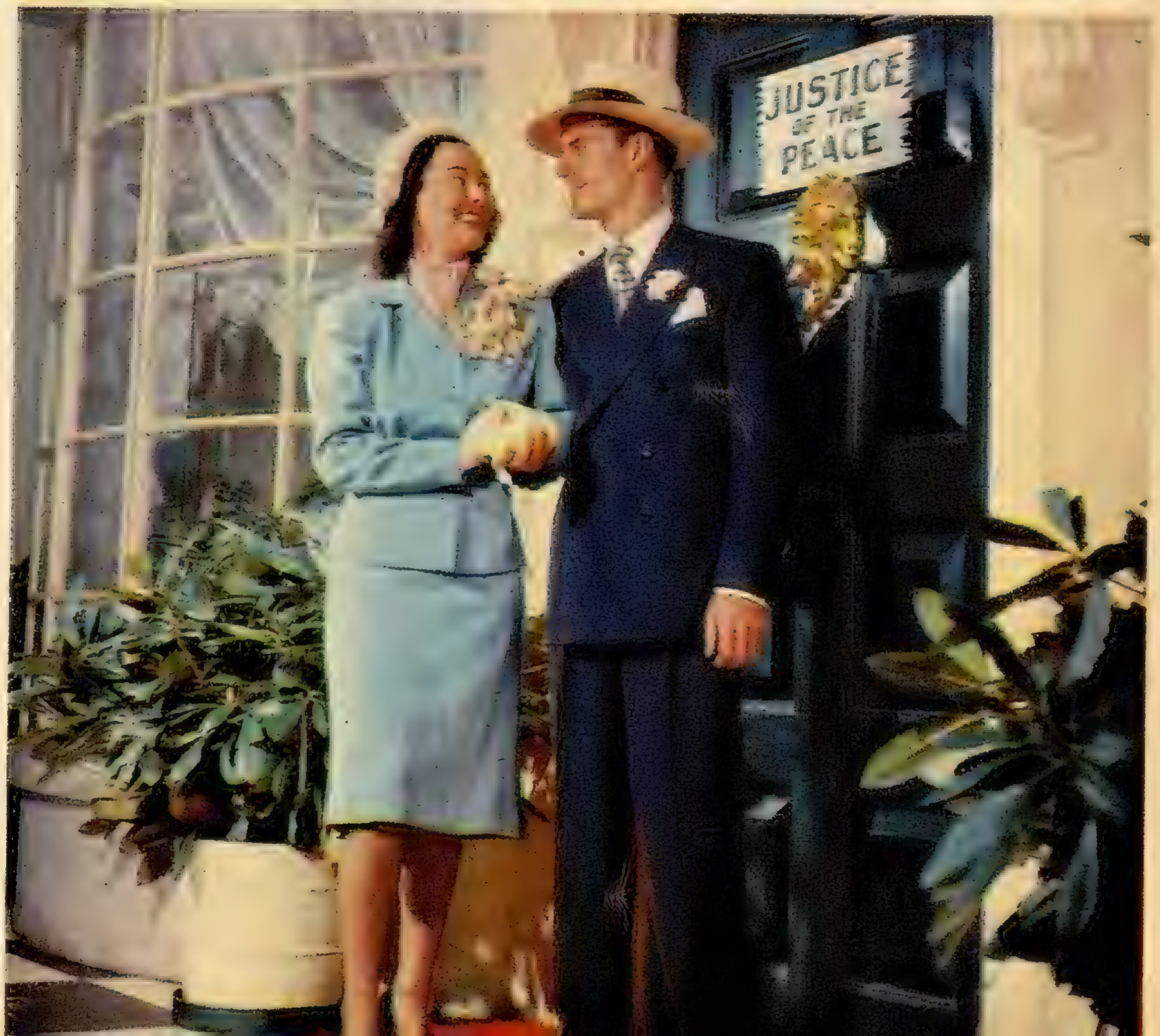
Formal—Day (all year round):
Oxford-gray cutaway coat and striped gray-worsted trousers. Pleated-bosom white shirt, starched wing or regular collar, black-and-white-figured Ascot-style tie. Black socks and shoes. Lilies of the valley.

Semiformal—Night (summer only):
White jacket, midnight-blue or black trousers, tuxedo shoes and shirt, pearl jewelry, and a gardenia.

Garden Wedding—Day or Night:
All-white Palm Beach suit, white shoes, socks, and shirt, solid blue four-in-hand tie with kerchief to match. Gardenia in your lapel.

Informal—Day or Night (all year round):
Solid blue business suit, white shirt and kerchief, black shoes and socks, neat figured four-in-hand tie, and a gardenia in your buttonhole.

Blues at your wedding, but only in your suit, for the quick informal ceremony.



Liberty picks a Movie eligible for top honors

Serious moment comes when Jim performs an emergency appendectomy on Doc with Trudy as his able but inexperienced assistant.

THERE is a heart-warming, honestly sentimental charm to the combination of Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald that is unique on the screen. The duo started doling out dividends in fine entertainment in Going My Way. Now their stamping grounds have changed from New York City streets to chill-filled Maine, and their robes have changed from black to white, but the charm, and even the story remain the same. It all starts when brash young Dr. Jim Pearson (Crosby, of course) is hired sight unseen to substitute for tired, irascible, old country Doc McRory (Fitzgerald of the Gaelic gaiety). They hate each other, then they love each other. As for Bing and the town schoolteacher (Joan Caulfield), they follow the same routine. There are four tunes for Bing to sing. On one of them he gets an assist from Fitzgerald in a hilarious scene. For the lively laugther and lump-in-your-throat feeling it brings, you're bound to welcome Welcome Stranger.

Welcome Stranger

Crosby and Fitzgerald change priestly robes for surgeons' gowns in a warm, human story that has all the charm of Going My Way

En route to new job at Fallsbridge, Maine, Jim has several unhappy, accidental meetings with his new superior, Doc McRory.

Correct diagnosis of children's ailment, thought to be serious, finally clears Jim with Doc. Fans will echo between-takes laughter (below) of Barry and picture's director Elliott Nugent.

Other Pictures Worth Seeing

THE SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK (UA.). No sin, but a miracle in entertainment is this wonderful Preston Sturges film. Harold Lloyd is back, still wearing his famous eyeglasses, still creating his own particular brand of fun.

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET (20th Century-Fox). So funny and so sweet is this gentle tale of a department-store Santa Claus and a not-so-trusting child. Huzzahs for Edmond Gwenn, Natalie Wood, and John Payne.

MISCELLANY

The sad story of a worm's last turning. He'll never get into that big apple now, the way things look.

DEVANEY

N. Y. Giants jamboree gives kids chance to meet baseball stars Cy Block, Frankie Frisch, Sid Gordon.

EMIL HERMAN

Charles Chaplin takes time out to cool off after releasing his new film, Monsieur Verdoux.

PAUL DORSEY

Ski-jumping champ Katy Turner shows to what heights some gals will go to stay out of water.

INP

BRITAIN'S BID FOR NEW EMPIRE

Continued from Page 26

size as a continent, and is probably richer in resources. Under its surface lie twenty-six of the twenty-seven principal minerals of the world, and the Congo holds the bulk of atomic energy's uranium. Its soil produces almost everything that can be grown anywhere, and African rivers, falling from plateaus, hold power three and a half times as great as all of North America's.

Its potentialities made Africa the richest jackpot of World War II. Germany had a fifty-year plan all ready if she won, but Britain—holder by right of occupation, or by trust, of all the choice areas from Cape Town to Cairo—survived to put her own plan into operation under the lash of urgency—the growing might of Russia.

In Africa there rises before Britain a grand, natural field for the replacement of prewar foreign investments, 70 per cent of which she lost as the price of holding off the Nazis and still others of which she will sacrifice in quitting India. In Africa, Britain also has a convenient geographical and political structure in which to build a defense of the new Empire in an age of atomic bombs and guided missiles.

Britain is not getting out of the Mediterranean entirely. But aviation and new weapons have reduced the importance of that inland sea in the British scheme of things, just as they have made the British Isles indefensible against a power holding the European continent.

Nevertheless, she must do something to protect her vital interests in the Middle East—chiefly oil—and in this she counts on the United States, whose interests in that region are equally important. Britain has no intention of giving up historic Gibraltar, nor the powerful fortress of Aden at the southern end of the Red Sea. She will cling also to Malta and Cyprus, and even create new bases on the North African coast to compensate for her progressing evacuation of Egypt. One in particular is planned for Cyrenaica, to help in the defense of the Suez Canal.

BUT all these strategic points and their installations she is prepared to place at the disposal of the United States on some basis which would not carry the imprint of formal alliance, something apparently not desired by either country for a variety of reasons, chiefly diplomatic. In relation to her own defense plan, however, the Mediterranean forts and bases are blueprinted as air and sea outposts of an elaborately conceived triangle embracing the "belly" of equatorial Africa.

It was worked out last August at a conference of "high brass" in London, called by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, chief of staff, and attended by thirty generals, including military leaders of the Dominions. The outline is now gradually coming to light in the process of application.

"Darling, I bought you a little present!"
LIBERTY

The "defense in depth" triangle, consisting of new highways and stretches of the rapidly developing trunk road from Cape Town to Algiers, is based on a line running from British Nigeria on the west coast to Mombasa in Kenya, directly across the continental waist. Absorbing a number of World War II bases, it cuts through French Equatorial Africa, slices the top of the Belgian Congo, and penetrates the heart of the Uganda jungle where, just to the southeast, begin the slopes of Kilimanjaro.

THE two sides of the broad triangle strike north to a junction in the heart of the Sudan—control of which Britain has no thought of yielding to Egypt despite the Cairo clamor. Between these lines, in a wilderness of bush, rock, and desert, Britain is plotting her modern rocket batteries which, backed by Kilimanjaro's "Buck Rogers" power, could slam the gates of Suez on any aggressor and rake an enemy as far distant as the Iranian oil fields.

Britain's African defense plan carries no "Maginot Line" complex; neither does it carry any threat to the Soviet Union. On the other hand, it is designed as a potent barrier to any Russian expansion across the Middle East to India—the classic invasion route of Alexander the Great. True, an enemy could hit back and Britain herself might be pounded to pulp; but huge Africa could absorb thousands and still keep shooting.

Such is the essence of the military plan, of which there are without doubt many "top secret" facets and phases. Lord Inverchapel would not discuss it beyond remarking, "It is a very live project."

That American leaders are fully aware of its scope and details may be taken for granted, as the Anglo-American Combined Chiefs of Staff are still functioning in Washington and an agreement exists on standardization of arms and equipment. Moreover, in view of the parlous condition of British industry and shortage of materials, much of what it takes to put the British military power in shape must come from this country.

It is equally sure that the French know the African score, because their strength there runs a close second to the British. Their cooperation is essential, and just recently the two countries signed a fifty-year alliance.

THE role of the Union of South Africa, Field Marshal Jan Smuts' domain, in the British scheme of African defense and economy is especially important because the Union is the most advanced political unit in the whole African continent. Smuts is a champion of a Pan-Africa doctrine based on a benevolent British hegemony, and he swung the African dominion behind Britain in both World Wars in support of that conception. And recently, at Johannesburg, he openly hailed the British move to give it realistic effect.

"The peoples of Africa must understand the ideal of solidarity," he said, "and the strength that would come to all if this huge land mass could somehow or other co-ordinate its large policies and especially its economic interests into a comprehensive scheme."

The British Labor regime is worried about Smuts; he is the last of the Rudyard Kipling imperialists—save possibly Churchill—and he has warped London's efforts to convince American public opinion that Britain's interest in Africa is strictly on the democratic up-and-up.

Realization is sharp in London that Britain will get nowhere with any African blueprint without American support and material aid, and that this means a blueprint built on the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter, with its stipulation of free access by all nations to natural resources. The basic yardstick must be the interests, not of about four million Europeans and outside exploiting corporations, but of the vast, teeming native population now sunk in mass poverty, ignorance, and paralyzing superstition.

The Union of South Africa holds a vital place in the future African setup—which envisages among other things a great "black dominion" in East Africa, fully self-governed—and it was only because of the need to placate Cape Town while Britain's plan takes form that the Attlee government gave grudging support to Smuts in his recent trouble in the United Nations Assembly. It supported his bid to annex the Southwest African mandate—which failed—only to keep the Cape government in line on the broad pattern; it followed a similar course when Smuts tried unsuccessfully to defend his policy of discrimination against Hindu settlers.

In short, London does not accept Smuts' doctrine of "white supremacy." It prefers what Colonial Secretary Arthur Creech Jones called "white guidance." Indeed, the British government has managed, by use of that subtle and complex institution, the royal family, to give the South African Prime Minister the sharpest kind of rebuke. And black Africa—which learns of things by some mysterious underground grapevine that seems to outspeed the telegraph—is thrilled.

THE incident occurred just outside the border of South Africa itself, in Basutoland—a native protectorate under direct British rule. Two choirs sang for George VI and Queen Elizabeth during their visit—one white, one black. The dusky children sang with all the African's inborn sense of harmony and rhythm; the white youngsters sang well, but nothing more.

At the end, the white mayor ushered the King and Queen among the European guests and officials. Suddenly the British royalty left him flat and, hand in hand, moved slowly, impressively, into the center of the black choir. The King grasped the hand of the native conductor and Elizabeth flashed her famous "diamond smile." Black cheers rent the sky; tears began to roll down black cheeks.

The incident was simple; the impact terrific. It made headlines from Cape to Cairo. The royal pair had found the stage they sought and used it. Every intelligent native in the Dark Continent knew what it meant, that it was another symbol of the African revolution, an upsurge with implications hard to get in full perspective. It means, of course, that if Africa is to be made fit to fight in, it must be made fit to fight for. The military plan is tied in with the economic picture so definitely that the success of Britain's hope of creating a defense bastion in tropical Africa depends on an aggressive campaign of social and political elevation throughout the continent.

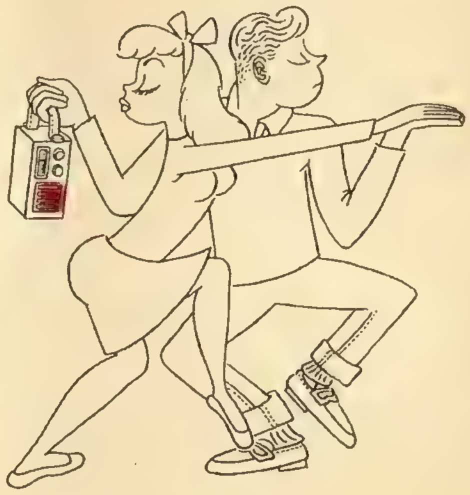
At bottom, Africa's trouble is that even rich soil cannot, when worked only by the primitive wooden hand hoe, yield funds for the building of a progressive life—education, social services, decent housing. Yet without such services, the population must remain ignorant, diseased, and ill-equipped.

Now arises the great peanut plan, inspired by the grim specter of a third World War.

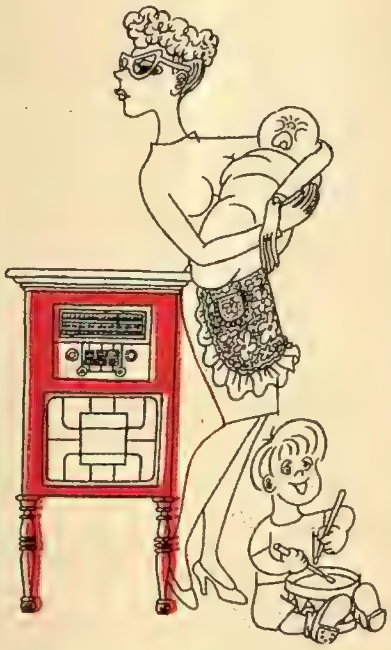
It is a hundred-million-dollar gamble, with the fate and future of an Empire as its stake.

THE END

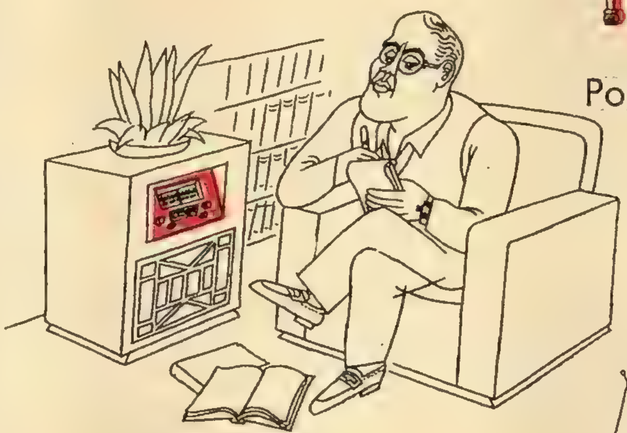
Stop, Look, and Listen



Jive Session



Poetry in the Afternoon



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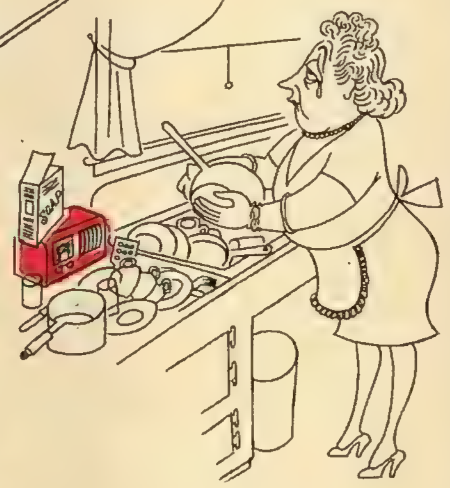
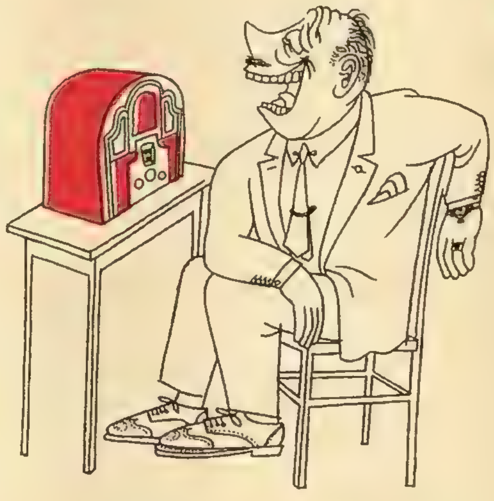
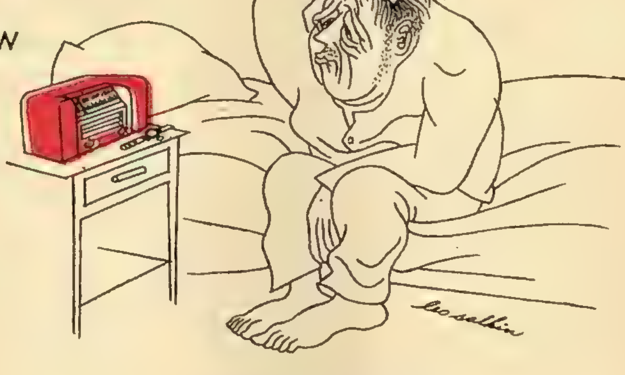


Soap Opera



Comedy Show



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EIGHTEENTH HOLE

Continued from Page 21

hole was like a long green pond framed by cool woods.

He didn't bother, and he didn't mention his mania for the game itself. For Danny, golf had a soul; and if this is a lofty phrase to attribute to an eleven-year-old, put it down to lack of lesser words.

So Danny grew with the feel of a club coming early to his small hands. He was not quite thirteen when he broke ninety with his four old clubs, playing almost at dawn to be out of the members' way; but that wasn't as important as the slight disillusionment he suffered at the same time.

He was caddying for Dr. Mace, a neophyte. The doctor was playing old Mr. Widener. It wasn't going so good, and at the eleventh, where he was three down, Dr. Mace was being kidded heavily by Mr. Widener. The doctor swung mightily and landed in the rough. He reached his ball before Danny did, since Danny had taken his advance station where the doctor should have gone. Danny, hurrying up, saw Mace staring at his ball's bad lie, and then he saw the doctor's club head furtively nudge the ball to a better position.

Any other caddie would have come on, dead pan, with the clubs. Danny stopped and stared, his mouth hanging open and horror in his eyes. Under that stare, Mace grew red, but he stared belligerently back at Danny and played from the new lie. And Danny, with the fanatic righteousness of the very young, never caddied for him again.

BUT this could be ignored in time. It didn't hurt the integrity of the game itself to have a few rookie dubs depart from sportsmanship. It didn't give Danny the dirty, crawly feeling he got when he saw some big kid on the streets trip up a little one, or when he heard the older caddies tell what they did with girls. Golf was apart from that sort of thing and nothing much wrong could happen, ever, on a links.

In this fair world Danny naturally had his heroes. One was young Clint Mason, who won the club championship year after year. Another was Mr. Ramspaw, past his best golf but a classic sport about the game. These were his small deities, almost understandable because of their proximity. The far-off gods, the great ones, were the Joneses and Hagens, the Armours, Sarazens, and McQuires, about whom he read. Especially McQuire.

Chick McQuire, professional at Chicago's Sweetbriar Club, was one of the best golfers, and perhaps the best showman, in the business. A big, red, laughing man, he made more eagles than any other player.

Danny raved about McQuire to his brother Ed. "He can drive a ball two hundred yards off the face of a watch."

"I'd like to see him the day he misses," sniggered Ed, nineteen now.

"He never would. He can pile up three balls with wet sand and drive out the center one without touching the other two."

"So that makes him a great man?" scoffed Eddie.

"He's the greatest in golf," said Danny.

So Danny worshiped from afar, never dreaming of close contact. And then the stunning, the incredible bulletin was posted that on September 10, Chick McQuire and Con Porter would play the Charlesville course, with all members and their friends invited to attend.

Chick would be here, at Danny's own club, September 10. Only one thing more wonderful could possibly happen. That would be if by some impossible good fortune Danny could caddie for the great man. Danny wondered if it would be blasphemous to pray for this.

THE day was fair and clear, hot, but with a tangy hint of fall. Although the match wasn't to start till two, Danny got there at nine in the morning, making himself scarce when members wanted boys, but much in evidence with doglike pleading in his eyes whenever Bill Syme turned around. Every boy who'd ever lugged a bag was hopefully there by half past one, when Chick McQuire and Con Porter arrived in Sig Merriman's car. Danny, very nearly the smallest, stood on tiptoe with his shoulders straight and his arms bowed to show how strong he was.

Bill may have tipped Chick off, or it may have been just sound showmanship that led Chick to choose the smallest and most wistful boy. At any rate, a grin came to McQuire's big red weather-beaten face and he said, "You. The little fellow. What's your name?"

"D-Danny," Dan said, stepping forward.

"Think you could carry this around the course?" This was the biggest, most heavily loaded bag that Danny'd ever seen.

"Oh, yes!" This was almost too wonderful to take. "Oh, yes!" And McQuire's big grin followed as Dan marched to the first tee with the bag's strap cutting deeply into his small shoulder.

There must have been six hundred people crowded around the first tee and up on the veranda and on Danny's bank. This was more than just an exhibition match. Charlesville was the sixth course the two had played on this tour, and rumors were that a rivalry had developed. They were out for blood—Porter the old-timer, and McQuire the younger and more brilliant figure.

The two seemed to have been born to rivalry: Porter was a lean, dark, dour man; Chick was tall and burly, with that great grin of his and a fine boyish impulsiveness that endeared him to spectators. They flipped for the honor and Porter won. Even then you could see that the crowd was already a little prejudiced in Chick's favor. Porter stepped up to drive.

"Are you trying to make my acquaintance?"

LIBERTY

Now, the difference between good minor-club golf and the brand played by the golfing greats is profound. The first hole at the Charlesville Club demonstrated the difference that day. The hole is two hundred and seventy-four yards long. In summer, when the ground was hard, Clint Mason and a few other long drivers could occasionally make it. But these men played the distance as a matter of routine.

An "Ah!" went up as Porter sent his ball hole-high, though a bit to the left of the green. The crowd stared at McQuire, who grinned and swung.

The ball started low and slowly climbed. When it passed the point where average good drives stop rolling, it was still going up. It reached a lazy peak a few yards from the green, dropped, rolled on within ten feet of the pin.

THE crowd cheered Chick, and he laughed with his infectious gaiety and clapped the dour Porter on the back. Near by, young Mrs. Kannin held her three-year-old son by the hand. Chick beamed at the toddler, caught him up, and tossed him crowing to his shoulder. With him riding blissfully there, Chick strode, a laughing bright-haired conqueror, down the fairway.

From the green, Danny watched the big man approach. He hugged the big leather bag to his thin body while he kept his ecstasy down to a sort of squealing whisper: M-m-m-m-m. M-m-m-m-m.

Porter unsmilingly back-spun his ball to within inches of the hole. Chick McQuire restored young Master Kannin to his pleased mother, grinned, and sank his putt, taking the first hole with an eagle two.

The second at Charlesville is a dog-leg, four hundred and forty yards. Porter was on in two and took an easy four. Chick overreached with his second and ruefully took a par. The third, a short hole over a ravine, is a hundred and sixty. Porter made it conservatively with a five iron. Chick sent the ball to heaven in an endless but precise ascent with a number six. Both men got twos. The gallery filled the countryside with sound and crowded along the fairway.

In the midst of this, Danny was in a sort of devotional delirium. Golf was the finest, cleanest, most beautiful thing in the world, and Chick McQuire was its finest high priest. To be actually carrying his famous clubs and in his small way helping his god, was something Danny could live on all the rest of his days. And when on the tenth Chick got a bird, to win, and with a great laugh threw his arm around Dan's shoulder before the crowd and said, "We did all right on that one, eh, kid?" Danny's heart shook him with its pounding.

ON the twelfth, even up, you could see the increase of tension between the two professionals. Their care with every shot increased. On the tenth the whisper had begun to spread; with the twelfth all had heard it: McQuire and Porter had four hundred dollars on this game. Side bets began to be made.

"Chick'll take it," breathed Danny. "He's better than Con Porter. He's better'n any one." But there was luck to be considered.

The luck came with the seventeenth, which is five hundred and ten yards, across a creek ten yards from the green. Still even up, the two men boomed their drives along the fairway. Dan's adoring eyes had watched Chick outdrive the older man consistently. This time he had twenty yards on Porter; had enough so that after a moment of consideration he told Danny to give him a spoon. He eyed the distance while the gallery shook its collective head. Two hundred and forty-five yards and it must be all carry because of the creek. Few men can wring such distance from a spoon.

Chick took his time. He swung, and Danny's moan was audible, because at Chick's feet appeared a scraped patch larger than it should have been. Reaching for loft, he'd cut too deep and so his swing had lost a fraction of its force. The ball, white dot against the distance, came down on the near side of the creek, leaped once and dribbled over. Porter took it easier, and was on and close in three.

Danny turned to Chick a small face full of tragedy. Chick's great laugh sounded. "Forget it, kid," he said. "There's still another hole."

It was fine sportsmanship and Chick had the gallery's heart as well as Danny's, but the spectators were not fooled. This lost the hole for McQuire and, considering the evenness of the two, most probably the match. Then those by the creek began yelling something. The others saw why when they reached the spot.

McQUIRE'S ball was not in the water. It lay in rank grass on the downward slope. Technically it was playable, though few members of that club would have tried it if much depended on the outcome. It became apparent that perhaps Chick would!

Sig Merriman was near; throughout the match he'd stayed almost as close as Danny had. Chick looked at him and Merriman shook his head.

"Impossible, eh?" said Chick.

Merriman had seen big-league golf before. "Let's say improbable." Just beyond him Mr. Grace, owner of the Charlesville Hardware Store, said, "Lift it out, man. Lose your stroke."

"And the hole," McQuire said dryly. "What would you say the odds were against me?"

"Two to one you can't even get it out. Five to one you couldn't reach the green."

McQuire's big head went back and his teeth flashed. "At odds like five to one I'd bet I could take the hole."

"You don't mean that."

"A hundred says I do."

"You're crazy," Grace replied, "but I'll take half." He looked at Merriman, who nodded that he'd take the other half.

"The eight," said Chick. Danny stroked the polished leather grip of the eight iron with urgent fingers, and the hush of the watchers was intense.

A crazy thing to try. Chick's left foot was in the water and his right up higher than his left knee. A perfect shot would barely clear the opposite creek bank, with the pin some twenty yards beyond. He said, "Here goes nothing," and he swung with sure, machinelike power.

The ball tore loose among a swath of grass and seemed to float toward the flag. It stopped four yards beyond the pin.

"It isn't possible!" Grace exclaimed. "I never saw it."

"Good, but not enough," said Merriman. "Porter's an easy six feet from the pin to your twelve, and you both lie three. The best you can do is halve the hole, which loses you the bet."

"You wait," said Chick. "I think I know Porter by now."

Saying this, he stepped up, winked at the worshiping Danny, and sank his putt. And it became apparent then that golf like this had finally done something to the older man. He must have counted confidently on the hole, after which, by merely holding his own on the eighteenth, he would win the match. Now he was unexpectedly confronted with the necessity of sinking his putt merely to halve the hole.

No one could say he didn't try. He studied the roll of the green as if he had twenty feet to go instead of six. He stepped back twice to stoop and look again. Spectators glanced at one another. No putt that short was worth such anxiety; it told a tale of upset nerves.

With a muscle flickering in his lean cheek, Porter finally played. The ball curled around the rim of the cup, hesitated on the back edge—and went four inches onward. He had missed.

Chick halved the short eighteenth and won the match, and Danny didn't know why he didn't just die from ecstasy and hero worship. The crowd streamed toward the clubhouse talking back and forth about the phenomenal round—Charlesville has a relatively easy course and Chick McQuire had come in with a sixty-five to Porter's sixty-six. They all but carried the laughing winner on their shoulders, leaving Porter to trudge along almost unnoticed.

At the locker-room door, on the lower level, Chick clapped Danny on the back and handed him two dollars. It hurt—to be paid for the great privilege of lugging Chick's clubs, to have this put on the plane of an ordinary business deal. Perhaps it showed in Danny's worshipful face, for Chick said genially, "Take it. Couldn't have won without you, kid." So Danny took it.

THAT should have been all of it. Danny should have gone home, leaving his idol to his shower and a locker-room drink or two, and after to a gala dinner. But Danny couldn't just go home.

He mooned unseeingly around, moving in a dream he couldn't bear to end. He'd had the great afternoon of his life. He was sure he'd never have another quite so great. He couldn't just go home and eat supper as if nothing had happened. He could not, in fact, bear to leave his heaven as long as his personal god was still in it.

"Easy does it, Louis—just play him in!"
LIBERTY

Danny hung around through dusk and gathering night for nearly six hours, fed only by occasional glimpses of Chick McQuire through window or screen door. Sounds from the locker room were loud before dinner and louder after. Chick and Porter were to be Sig Merriman's overnight guests. Cars began leaving, one or two at a time, till it was nearly eleven and only Sig Merriman's car and Mr. Grace's car and Mr. Kannin's small coupé were left. Finally a table slid inside the locker room as someone lurched against it, and Danny, just outside the door in the darkness of the lower porch, heard McQuire: "Want some air. You, Con?"

He was coming out. Chick was coming out. Danny stiffened to attention in his forbidden corner of the lower porch and he saw the screen door bang open, and then he saw McQuire's face in the light.

Red, it was, with a puffed and drunken redness now. He was laughing, but the laughter snapped off as he stepped unsteadily outside with Porter. And in his blue eyes there was a bleared anger. His eyes were hard and flat as blue stones. He turned on Porter.

"You!" he rumbled. "So damn smart. Rimmin' the cup! If it had dropped in that grandstand play, we'd have been out five hundred—"

"Shut up, you fool!" hissed Porter.

And then the two saw Danny.

Danny couldn't stir, even when Chick took a stumbling, dangerous stride toward him. His ears could hardly take in the big man's savage words. "Beat it, you homely little runt. You damned skinny little pest, get out of there."

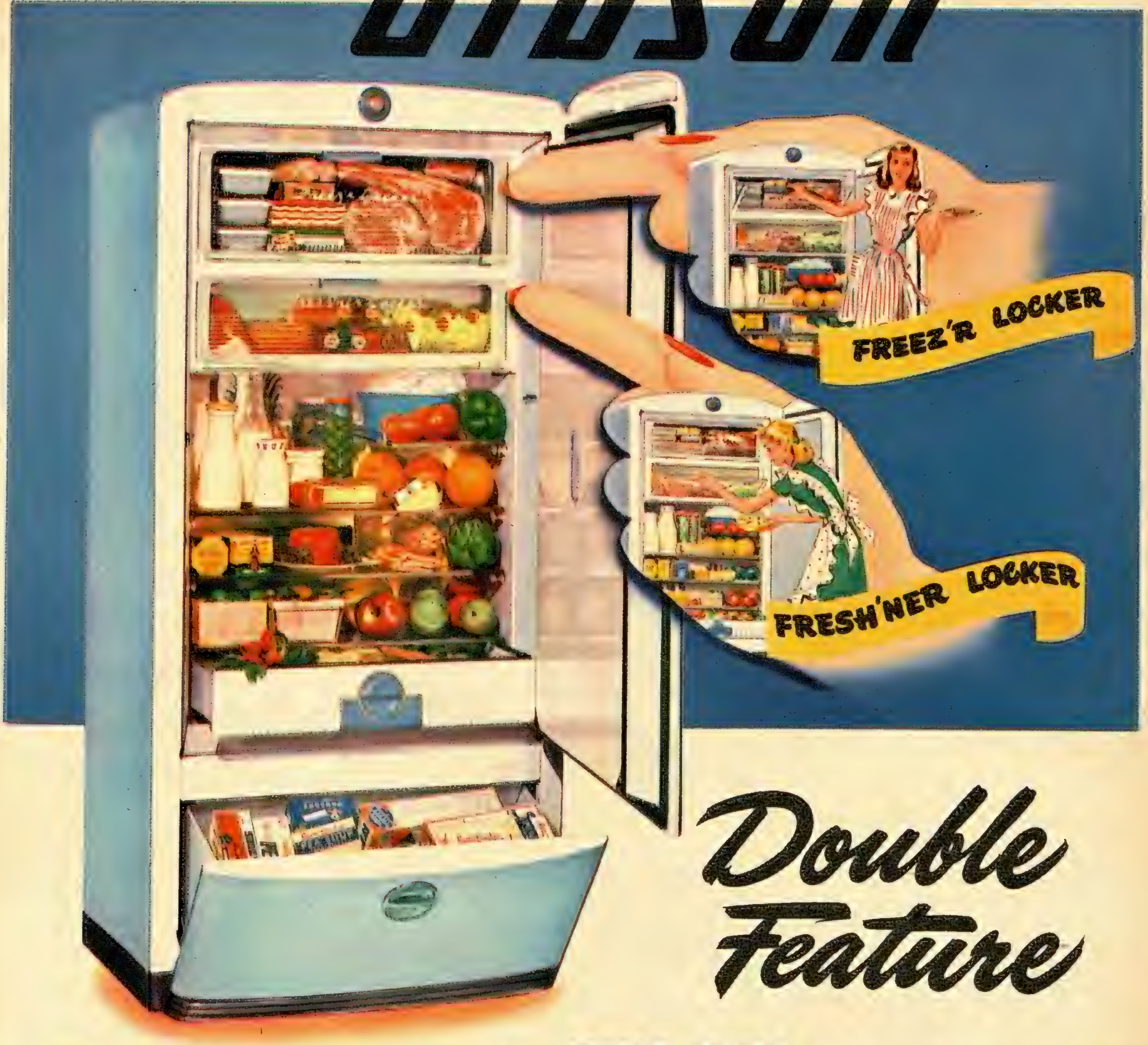
Danny could move then. He could get around the back of the clubhouse, bumping into some of the trees, and he could grope down the club drive to the highway.

TEN years it stayed with him. Then, as has been said, there occurred one of the big golf upsets. Chick McQuire, getting along now but still superb, aspired to win the U. S. Open and retire. He had an excellent chance of winning, and indeed, till the very end, the gallery thought he had won. Then, playing with icily machined precision, this raw and hitherto unheard-from youngster cut him down. It was as if he dallied with the mighty Chick, allowing him almost to win and then breaking his heart and, to a large extent, his pocketbook by just nosing him out at the end.

That couldn't be the case, of course. Pure luck, the sports writers all said; the young man was just fortunate; and it was odd that he did not take more visible joy in his lucky victory. A curiously poker-faced player, this Dan Burrel, they remarked.

THE END

Gibson



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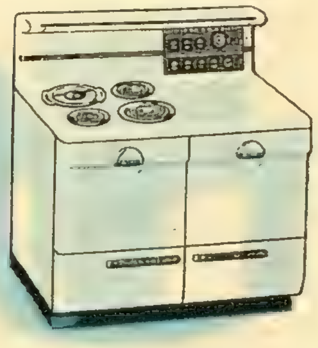

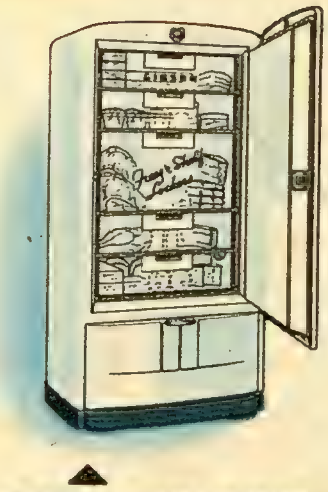

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GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN

LOW MAN ON THE LINKS

Continued from Page 35

himself with the rather tricky social problems which are always confronting British professionals in Britain. In South Africa the golf professional stands in the same light as the American professional, which is the way it should be. Though Bobby does financially better in exhibition matches in his own country, the purses for the chief events there are only about a quarter of what they are in the United States.

Last year he competed in the British tournaments, but found that the prize money was small. Besides, he could not take it out of the country. Sam Snead, having won the British Open Championship last year, gave all his winnings to his caddie. So Bobby has decided this time he will have a try at the American market, where, if he makes it pay, he can at least take his dollars with him.

"But," he says, "playing golf in the States is a very different matter from playing it at home." Sam Snead will testify to that. In South Africa, Snead played well enough, but he just could not putt. Nor could he accustom himself to the tremendous distances the ball traveled. The grass down there grows at a slant, with the result that when one plays with the grain of the grass, the ball rolls exceptionally far. Consequently the players try, as we do in Britain, to keep the ball low and to put as much top spin into the stroke as they can. In America, the top players get their distance by height and carry.

THE ball, too, is different. Like the one we use in Britain, it is smaller than the American ball. Locke likes the American ball better on the fairways, but prefers the smaller ball on the greens. He thinks it is easier to put into the cup. I agree with him that one tries to steer the larger ball into the hole instead of hitting it firmly, which is, of course, absolutely necessary. In any event, he couldn't seem to make his old-fashioned wooden-shafted putter behave on the greens in the Masters' Tournament, and he averaged 33 putts a round. This despite the fact that Snead calls him the best putter he has ever seen.

When I asked Locke to rate the American players, he answered cautiously: "I think Sam Snead is the best striker of the ball in the States, Ben Hogan the most methodical and consistent; but, all things considered, I would put my money on Byron Nelson. He has the best temperament of any of them."

In this connection it is news, at least at this writing, that Erleigh, Locke's millionaire backer, has invited Nelson, former U. S. Open, Masters, and PGA champion, to tour South Africa next winter, and the maestro has agreed to go.

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"I got a hunch he's a light tipper."
LIBERTY

Locke was an officer in the Royal South African Air Force. During hostilities he was a bomber pilot, stationed in England, Italy, and Germany, and had many missions to his credit. Now his mission is to become the best golfer in the world and each year divide his time between his own country, America, and Britain. The tournament schedule is so arranged that with air travel he can partake in all the tournaments of each country each year.

He is here not only for his own good but also as an ambassador. He would like to see an invitation championship held in his country, with all the finest golfers of the world competing. He hopes to see it take the form of two separate championships, the amateurs and the professionals.

They will find conditions much different from those which confronted a team of British amateurs who visited South Africa in the late 1920s. On one occasion a match was called a draw after fifteen holes when the rain dissolved the remaining three greens. They literally disappeared. The courses were comparatively new then, and few. Now there are 500 or 600 courses in and around the large towns. And the visitors will find plenty of competition. Sid Brews, for example, is a name second only to Locke in South Africa today.

As for himself, Locke says he has learned much about golf during his visit to the United States. He is convinced that the American professional has the best shots in the bag. He dismisses his own game as unspectacular. Perhaps he is right. But, as Jimmy Demaret, Masters champion, remarked, "He is too damned straight and too damned consistent."

THE END

LOVE TAKES A BOUGH

Continued from Page 25

a loud protest of brakes, followed by the more subdued protest of Fawcett, the butler: "Sorry, but Mr. Drake cannot be disturbed."

This Mr. Drake immediately refuted by hurrying into the drawing room to confront the intruder. It was Jane. Her hair-do was in disarray, her pumps scuffed, and her temper more so. Mr. Drake was not intimidated.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"A room," said Jane. "A large one. I can't find one in town. There's a housing shortage. Remember?"

Mr. Drake shrugged, and Jane's brow clouded. Then into the room bounded a huge St. Bernard dog. Aboard his back was a little girl of eight, with copper hair and wiry frame.

"Contact!" she shrieked.

THE dog flew around the room. Chairs toppled, vases crashed, and bric-a-brac spattered the rug.

"Stop, Bruno!" commanded Jane.

Bruno stopped. But too suddenly for his young pilot. Over his head she soared, directly at the astonished Mr. Drake. She hit him at knee level. He landed on the rug.

"What's this?" he finally gasped.

"Meet my orphaned niece, Angela," said Jane.

"How do you do," said Angela, rising from her seat on Mr. Drake's chest. She pointed to the dog. "And that's Bruno, my DC-4."

Jane helped Mr. Drake to his feet.

"Get out!" Mr. Drake sputtered.

"Nasty man," said Angela.

"Be quiet, Angela." Jane smiled pleasantly. "You see now, Mr. Drake, why we require a large room?"

"Try the zoo!"

"Then you won't take us in?"

"No!"

Jane extended a casual hand, which he ignored. "Good-by, Mr. Drake." And meaningfully she added, "I said *good-by*. Not *good night*."

He caught the distinction slowly. "You mean—"

"I'm leaving Westville—*now*."

"But your job?"

"You can have it!"

Mr. Drake thought of his competitors, his unfilled orders, and his pride. He swallowed the last.

"Fawcett," he muttered, "show these people into the East Room."

After they had gone, Mr. Drake slumped into a chair and gazed out at Doric Manor's rolling lawn. His eyes kept roaming to the ugly picket fence at the far left. And his wounded self-esteem shied at the obstacle. The scraggly plot it enclosed was owned by Homer Boswell, his former business partner. Homer had moved to New York after a bitter disagreement.

If only his son, Captain Roger, were home, things would not be so complex, mused Mr. Drake. But although he had written he expected a ninety-day leave, nothing had come of it. Life was full of frustrations, reflected Mr. Drake.

It was also full of disagreeable surprises, he soon discovered. Such as Jane and Angela making themselves at home everywhere.

Most shocking of all, however, was Mr. Drake's discovery that Angela did not go to school.

"Didn't you *ever* go to school?"

"Not since I went to live with Aunt Jane," said Angela. "Before that I tried a couple. But they were a waste of time. Very stupid, with books and homework and old-fashioned rubbish like that."

"Old-fashioned!" said Mr. Drake severely. "Is it old-fashioned to learn?"

"I learn plenty," said Angela. "Aunt Jane helps me."

He turned to Jane. "Without textbooks or formal instruction? What sort of silliness is that?"

"It's called progressive education."

"Never heard of it," said Mr. Drake.

DURING the next few weeks he did, theory and practice. The theory, as Jane explained, was to make learning a by-product of activity. All she had to do was to interest Angela in a topic. Any topic. Thereafter Angela was on her own.

The activity was slightly spectacular. Especially Angela's experiments in botany, aerodynamics, and social relationships. The first found her watering the rubber plants with ink. The second found her swinging on the crystal chandelier. And the third found a litter of underprivileged kittens in Mr. Drake's bathrobe.

"Can't you discipline that child?" Mr. Drake snarled at Jane.

"Children need free expression," she retorted. "Discipline makes them neurotic."

The following evening Angela caught up with anthropology and her host's prize rooster. Abetted by some of the fowl's plumage, she was now a skulking Iroquois brave, intent on scalping a paleface. The opportunity came after dinner. Armed with a kitchen knife, Angela silently wriggled into the library, where Mr. Drake napped uneasily in his chair before the fireplace. Then, rising from behind, she seized him by a tuft he could ill spare, sliced it off, and whooped.

Mr. Drake whooped louder.

By the time Jane rushed into the library, his whoop had become chortles of glee. With one hand he held the squirming Angela by a pigtail, and with the other he spanked her vigorously.

Jane rescued Angela and faced Mr. Drake wrathfully. "How dare you!"

Jane was outraged. She had dedicated herself to rearing Angela scientifically. No repressions, inhibitions, or psychoses.

Jane kept Angela and Bruno upstairs the next evening. And she herself appeared only at dinner. It was obvious she was still angry. But it was equally obvious that Mr. Drake had put her in her place. He savored his triumph with his creamed turkey. He was leaving on a month's business trip. Things would be different when he came back.

They were. Just how different was borne on him shortly after he swung his car onto the private highway leading to Doric Manor.

There, in Homer Boswell's pasture, stood a bungalow. But although the bungalow was in the pasture, it was not on it. By quick estimate it was fourteen feet off the ground. Solidly built among the lower reaches of a towering horse-chestnut tree.

Mr. Drake closed his eyes in disbelief. When he opened them, the bungalow was still there. Squat and aggressive, with green-shingled roof and leering red paint. Smoke curled from the chimney. And along the tree trunk water pipes stemmed to a gasoline pump at the brook fifty yards away. Facing the road was a flight of wooden stairs that led to the bungalow's entrance. And facing Doric Manor was a porch that led to near apoplexy. For, seated on wicker chairs behind an enamel table, were Jane and Angela, dining al fresco.

Mr. Drake stepped on the gas, and sought his butler for confirmation.

"Fawcett, how long have these monkeyshines been going on?" he demanded.

"They moved into the tree last night, sir."

Mr. Drake insisted on details. Fawcett furnished them. The construction job had taken exactly twenty-one days. The lumber was secondhand, hauled by Jane in her station wagon. Everything else was secondhand, too, except the pump. This was a wreck. But Jane had managed to get it going.

"What of manpower? Where did she get help?" Mr. Drake persisted.

"Two dozen girls from your plant, sir," said Fawcett.

"My workers—on company time!"

"Oh, no, sir. On their own. After hours."

Clearly the situation called for decisive action. Mr. Drake took it by striding recklessly across his flower beds to the pasture. As he approached, Jane ceased tinkering with the pump, which had stopped. Angela, astride Bruno, galloped to her side.

"Young woman," he snapped, "I'll be the laughingstock of Westville. Are you trying to make a fool of me?"

Jane wiped her hands on a piece of cotton waste. "That would be a superfluous effort, Mr. Drake!"

"I suppose I have Homer Boswell to thank for this?"

"Not at all. You may thank yourself."

"Come back at once! Or do you prefer this crow's-nest to a civilized home?"

"I prefer it to that of an uncivilized boor. Like you."

"Me!" bellowed Mr. Drake.

"Yes, you. Only a barbarian would treat Angela as you did. Now get out!"

"I'll go when I'm good and ready, young woman."

Jane turned to her niece, who was still astride Bruno. "Angela, show this man out!"

"Contact!" squealed Angela. Bruno whirled his tail, backed up, then charged forward. Mr. Drake retreated through a hole in the fence.

HE found his son, Captain Roger Drake, awaiting him in the library. "Finally got that leave, dad," grinned Roger.

"My boy!" Mr. Drake embraced him fervently. Heaven had delivered his instrument of retribution. Big, blond, dependable Roger.

Mr. Drake restrained himself until after lunch. Then he explained for an hour and a half while Roger suffered unaccountable choking spasms over a brandy-and-soda. "And so," he concluded, "it's up to you now, son."

"To impersonate a field mouse or a woodpecker?"

"Don't be facetious, Roger. To take over as chief architect at the plant. You could finish our big order in two months. And that would rid me of this vixen and her menagerie."

Roger shook his head sympathetically. "Sorry, dad, I can't. Army regulations. Private employment is barred. Even with you."

Mr. Drake shriveled. "Wait till you see this woman. Maybe then—"

"I saw her, dad, while coming up the road. Very nifty, too, in a stubborn sort of way."

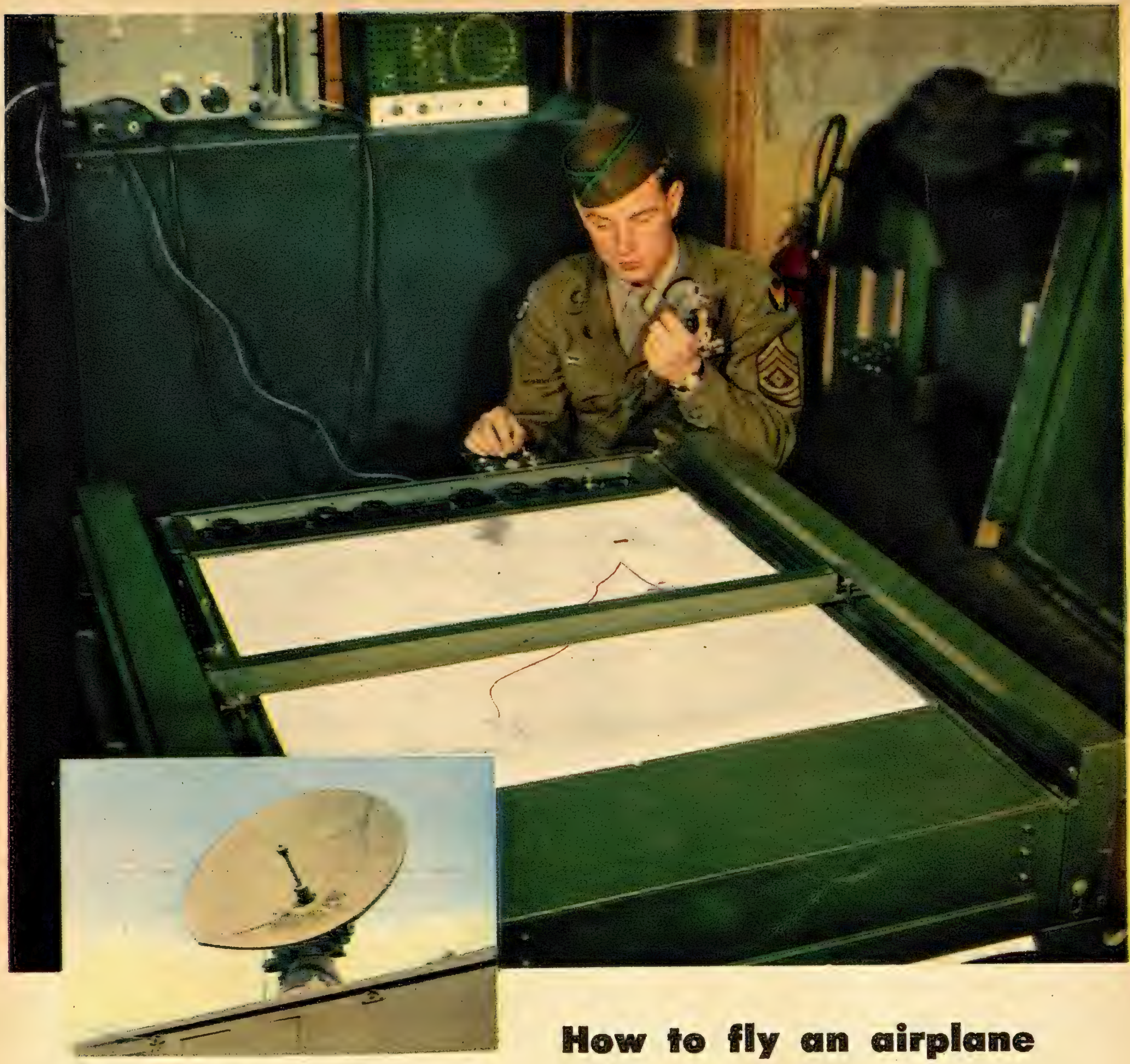
"Stubborn indeed," said Mr. Drake hopelessly. "Maybe if I went to see Homer Boswell myself—"

"It would be embarrassing, dad. I stopped off to visit Homer in New York on my way here."

(*Continued on page 77*)

"Pretend you don't see him!"

LIBERTY



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(Continued from page 75)

"Then I guess there's nothing to do."

"I'll think of something," said Roger.

He had been thinking of it, in fact, from the moment he had first beheld Jane from an emplacement behind the hedge as she disputed with his father. The flash of her eyes, even at fifty yards, had set off an explosive charge between his throat and chest. The reverberation left him dizzy, breathless, and thoughtful.

Jane was still tinkering with the pump when Roger strolled over several hours later. He had changed to a pair of old slacks, and carried the tool kit from his father's car. "I'm the plumber," he announced.

Jane looked him up and down. "Your uniform's more becoming, captain."

"Uh—what uniform, madam?"

"The one you wore in the photograph on the piano. Now, what is it you want, Captain Drake?"

"Not a thing. It's this pump that wants something. A new spark plug, I believe. Sounds like one of them is fouled." He opened the tool kit. "Strange coincidence. I have one."

"Very strange. I'll buy it."

Roger drew himself up with mock dignity. "I'm a plumber, madam, not an artist. My inspirations are not for sale."

ROGER unscrewed the fouled plug, replaced it with another, and the pump snorted rhythmically. "There you are," he said. "It's yours."

"Thank you," said Jane coolly.

"However," continued Roger, "there's a slight service charge. One cup of coffee."

Jane hesitated. Then, shrugging, she led him up the stairs to the combination living room-kitchen. She fussed at the kerosene stove while Roger sat on the love seat. Quick reconnaissance was discouraging. Jane undoubtedly was very comfortable here. There was a linoleum rug on the floor, several armchairs, and an extension table. The walls were neatly papered and hung with some excellent reproductions. Off to the left was the doorway leading to the bedroom. From where he sat he could see curtains, part of a twin bed, and even a vanity.

Suddenly there was a whoop in the bedroom and Angela came crawling out, followed by Bruno. Draped only in a blanket and a sinister expression, she carried a pair of shears for a scalping knife and a broom handle for a war club. "Paleface, you die!" she hissed at Roger.

"You'd better leave without your coffee, captain," said Jane evenly.

"Not when I'm up a tree and so much closer to heaven." Roger turned a solemn face to Angela. "Death to the dandruff, Pocahontas."

With a shriek, Angela was upon him, jabbing him in the ribs with the broom handle. Roger fell to the floor. Laughing louder than necessary, he lay there as Bruno's tongue lathered his skull and Angela trimmed away a sizable patch of hair. Then he arose and calmly seated himself at the table.

"Phew! What's that you're smoking?"
LIBERTY

Pouring the coffee, Jane reflected that, for a Drake, Roger's behavior was unusual. "Apparently you like children, captain," she said.

"Absolutely," said Roger. "Children are nature's noblemen."

"A very intelligent sentiment, captain. Your father shares it, of course," Jane added acidly.

"Fully. Dad's really mad about children. His only regret is that he didn't have a dozen."

Obviously Roger was spoofing her, and Jane knew she should be angry. Instead, she knew she wasn't. His missing patch of hair made him forlornly attractive, like an unkempt hedge. She burst out laughing. "You look slightly ridiculous, captain."

"The name is Roger, if you insist on getting personal."

"He does not look ridiculous!" squealed Angela, climbing up in his lap. "He looks very handsome, like Bruno."

"Thank you, Angela. And you're very beautiful, like your aunt."

"Kiss me, then," commanded Angela.

Roger did.

"Now kiss my aunt."

"That won't be necessary," said Jane. She gave Roger her hand and a hint. "Good-by. It was nice of you to fix the pump."

He accepted only her hand. "It was very nice of the pump. I hope it needs me again."

"I'm sure it will," said Jane, eying him steadily, "because the plug you put in is partially carbonized. It should be completely fouled by tomorrow evening."

"Or sooner," grinned Roger. "I'll be back to service it."

He was back not only the next day, which was Monday; but by Wednesday he was arriving before breakfast to see her off in the station wagon. On Thursday he was at the pasture both morning and evening, presenting Angela with a four-foot Indian doll on the second visit. By Friday, at Angela's insistence, he was kissing Jane good-by and hello. But only on the forehead.

By Sunday, the perplexed Mr. Drake inquired plaintively, "Have you thought of anything yet?"

"No, dad. And you?"

"I'm too embarrassed to think, Roger. We're going to be awarded the new state housing contract."

"Congratulations. Because of Jane's work?"

Mr. Drake nodded gloomily. "Dammit, she's good. And a girl like that, permanently on my staff— But why does she have to live in a tree?"

"I'll have to ask her," said Roger.

On Monday he arrived early at the pasture and was invited for breakfast. Jane was unusually preoccupied. She scorched the toast and hard-boiled the eggs. When she left, she offered Roger her cheek to kiss, then absently forgot her lunch.

Returning at noon for her sandwich, she found Roger and Angela doing a war dance around the Indian doll. Roger followed Jane up the stairs to the kitchen.

"It's very sweet of you to play with Angela," she said.

"My father's suggestion."

Jane's eyes widened. "Your father's?"

"Yes. A child with Angela's imagination should not be left alone all day. Anything's liable to happen. Why, she might even become introverted."

"I know," said Jane, "but what can I—"

"And living in a tree—a child's entire personality stems mainly from its home life. Would you have Angela behaving like a squirrel or reasoning like a crow?"

"THAT'S ridiculous," said Jane, descending the stairs and getting into her station wagon.

"No more ridiculous than building in this tree just to spite my father."

"I did nothing of the sort," said Jane. "This was the only available property. And Mr. Boswell would only rent it to me on condition that I didn't build on it. He said he expected to dispose of it soon and didn't want any changes."

Roger got into the seat beside Jane. "Mr. Boswell's a peculiar man."

"Extremely. But I decided that living in a tent would be a hardship for Angela. So, being forbidden to build on the property"—she pointed to the tree and her grin matched Roger's—"I obeyed the contract and built above the property."

"And when Mr. Boswell found out?"

"He sent me a telegram. Ten words: 'The new owner won't mind a bit. Madam, you're wonderful.'"

"Madam, you are," said Roger.

Then suddenly he kissed her squarely on the lips. She closed her eyes. He kissed her again, sensing quick triumph. He was wrong, for a moment later he was also sensing Jane's two palms in his chest as she pushed him firmly out of the car.

He jumped up resolutely on the front bumper. "Jane, I love you." She started the engine. "And, Jane, you love me."

"So what?"

"So say you'll marry me."

"Never!" The station wagon sprang forward.

He strode off quite content. Jane's defiant "Never!" in view of her flight, certainly could not last beyond evening. But ten days later she was still repeating it.

He asked her again one afternoon when she returned for her lunch.

"Jane," he said, following her to the station wagon, "if you love me, why won't you marry me? You must tell me why."

"It's because I love you that I must not. I don't want to hurt you, Roger."

He saw a dent in her armor. "Hurt me?" he retorted heroically. "Nothing you say can hurt more than what you are leaving unsaid."

"Very well, then. I won't marry you because your name is Drake. Just like your father's."

"Is that all!"

"And any man who would spank a child—"

"Omigosh! Dad really loves children. He simply lost his temper. I told you that before, you little fool!"

"Rational people don't lose their tempers—and the way you're shouting at me now—Roger, I'm afraid you'll turn out like your father."

"I'd be flattered."

"There, that proves it," said Jane, getting into the car.

"Of all the cockeyed notions!—Jane, in the name of common sense, if not in the name of Drake, you need the things I can give you."

"You're thinking of security," she said, "not love. And for such things I have no need of a Drake"—she indicated the house in the tree—"as is quite obvious."

HE spent the rest of the afternoon playing with Angela. The game consisted of tormenting the Indian doll, to whose other agonies had been added the name Chief Pain-in-the-Neck. The savage manner in which Roger now assaulted him alarmed even the bloodthirsty Angela.

"What awful faces you're making," she said. "Have you got cramps?"

Roger sat down on the steps. "No, Angela. I have a pain higher up. Your Aunt Jane gave it to me."

"When she shoved you out of the car that time?" asked Angela sympathetically, climbing into his lap.

"Well, yes, in a way. But it's because I love your Aunt Jane, and I don't know what to do."

"You don't?" Angela gazed up at him. "Why, marry her, of course!"

Roger was surprised at such understanding. And gratified. "There's just one trouble, Angela—Jane won't have me."

"Why not?"

"Because she says she doesn't need me. She has so much—the word is security, Angela." She looked puzzled, and Roger tried to explain. "This house gives Jane independence, and also—"

"Bugs and caterpillars," said Angela scornfully. "Phooey!"

"Nevertheless, your Aunt Jane—" Roger's voice trailed off.

"Let's play Indian some more," Angela said.

Roger picked up his broom handle.

Angela snatched the weapon. "Oh, no," she announced firmly. "This time you are my prisoner, too. Like the chief. You're his brother, Chief Wishy-Washy. Get over by the pump."

Roger wearily carried out her command while Angela hurried up the stairs. A moment later she was back, carrying a clothesline. "Going to burn you at the stake," she said.

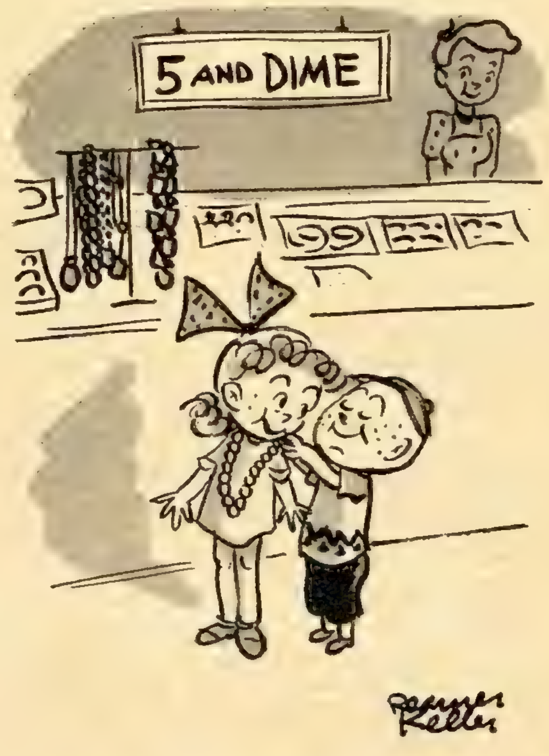
Tying him firmly hand and foot, she secured the rope to the base of the pump and piled leaves and twigs around his shoes. Then she tossed dry earth in the air to simulate smoke.

"That takes care of you," she finally decided. "And now for your brother, Chief Pain-in-the-Neck."

Angela spent at least five minutes preparing the chief's pyre. She piled leaves and twigs not only at his feet, but on each of the wooden stairs behind his back. And to this she added large branches and tufts of dry grass. Then, as Roger watched in horror, she took a match from her pocket, struck it, and ignited the pile.

Roger tugged frantically at his bonds. "Untie me!" he yelled.

"Shut up. You're dead," Angela told him as she vanished.



"Honest, Edwin, I'm not worth it."
LIBERTY

Roger roared. But not as wildly as the flames. Swiftly climbing the chief's shoulders, they raced up the stairs, set fire to the foundation of the house, then darted over the roof. Soon house, tree, and horse chestnuts were fused in devastation.

Roger burst his bonds as the foundation collapsed and Jane arrived.

"An accident," said Roger.

Suspicion flared in Jane's eyes, then blazed to a white heat as she spied Mr. Drake hurrying across the pasture. "Accidental arson?" she said, barely repressing her fury.

"Jane, I was smoking and I dropped a match—" Roger began lamely. Suddenly Angela popped out behind them. "Isn't that so, Angela?"

"It is not!"

"Hypocrite," Jane stormed at Roger. "You purposely set the fire!"

"He did nothing of the kind," said Angela. "I did."

"You—you!" Jane's rage and bafflement left her inarticulate.

Angela snickered.

This was more than Jane could stand. Her reaction was unprecedented, unpremeditated, and unconscious. She turned Angela over her knee. Explosive shrieks followed.

MR. DRAKE came puffing up. "Shame on you!" he bellowed at Jane. "Shame on you for striking a defenseless child."

Jane stood rooted in astonishment, principally at herself. A tear of contrition rolled down her cheek. "I'm sorry, Angela," she murmured.

"Didn't hurt a bit," Angela grinned.

Jane shook her head. "Why did you set our house on fire, Angela?"

"To get the bugs and caterpillars out. And to get you out, too, Aunt Jane." She winked at Roger. "Did I do all right, captain?"

Roger gasped, and it breathed new life into Jane's fury. "You put Angela up to it!" she cried. "Because this man—your father—wants to get rid of me. And so do you." Suddenly her rage collapsed under an avalanche of tears. "And you said you loved me," she sobbed.

"He did not put me up to it," said Angela indignantly. "I thought of it myself. I even tied him up so he couldn't stop me."

Jane wiped her eyes. "Now where will we live? And what will I do?"

"Stay right on the job," suggested Mr. Drake loudly.

"And marry me," suggested his son softly.

"You'll have to," said Angela. "That's why I burned the house."

Roger put his arms around Jane and she hid her confusion on his shoulder. He added to it by kissing her. Then, pulling a legal document from his back pocket, he unfolded it. "Our first wedding present, Jane."

She stared in disbelief. "The deed to his pasture!"

"Got it from Homer Boswell. He recommended that you go with it."

"Darling," said Jane.

"Hallelujah!" said Mr. Drake.

THE END

HEADY HEDY

Continued from Page 23

would be a long shot. Hedy had yet to learn about the telescopic lens!

Humiliated and hurt, Hedy felt that she had had quite enough of the cinema after this unpleasant incident. She went to Vienna to appear in the stage productions of Cissy, and later Elizabeth of Austria. One evening, a huge basket of flowers was delivered to her dressing room. It bore the card of the millionaire munitions manufacturer, Fritz Mandl. Shortly afterward they were married and Hedy went to live on Mandl's huge estate.

BUT Hedy soon discovered that life in a castle can be pretty dull. Mandl's jealousy became a sort of hysteria. When guests came, he would say, "Hedy, go to your room." When she told him that she was tired of being a prisoner and would like to be an actress again, he only laughed. Late one night in 1937, while Mandl was hunting in Hungary, Hedy packed her jewelry and fled to Paris, then London.

By the time her husband reached London, Hedy was on a liner bound for New York. Louis B. Mayer of Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer and Mrs. Mayer were aboard. Hedy hastily explained to them what the big rush was all about and how she had gambled everything on coming to Hollywood. "You have courage," Mayer told her. "I like that. I will see that you get your chance." A temporary contract was drawn up, giving Hedy Kiesler (it was Mrs. Mayer who changed her name to Lamarr) six months to make good in the new country. After Algiers, she was given a new contract, with a jump in salary.

Along with Hedy, Mr. Mayer brought back from Europe that year the French picture, Pepe le Moko. No producer at Metro wanted to remake it. And no producer, believe it or not, recognized possibilities in the heavily accented Hedy Lamarr. She walked around the lot for months almost unnoticed. Then one day Walter Wanger bought Pepe le Moko for Charles Boyer. He met Hedy at a party while he was casting it, was fascinated by her mysterious beauty, and borrowed her from Metro. With the release of Algiers (Pepe le Moko), Hedy became a household word overnight.

In 1941 she married Gene Markey, popular producer, now married to Myrna Loy. The marriage didn't last.

On Christmas Day, 1942, at the Hollywood Canteen (where Hedy put in long hours during the war years), she was introduced to handsome English actor John Loder. The following May they were married.

The Loders live in a roomy house in Beverly Hills. Besides seven-year-old Jamesie, whom she adopted while she was married to Markey, Hedy now has a little girl, Denise Hedwig Loder, born in May, 1945,

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and her young son, Anthony John. Her mother lives near by.

Hedy is often impatient with the director or player who does not see eye to eye with her. But she insists, "I'm not difficult, just definite." When they were shooting The Strange Woman, George Sanders suggested to the director that the scene where Miss Lamarr embraces him would be much more effective if he embraced Miss Lamarr. The director said he would take it up with Miss Lamarr. Half an hour later he returned. "Miss Lamarr," he said, "embraces you." Yes, Miss Lamarr is definite.

Hollywood's most photogenic star —cameramen say she can be photographed from any angle—has no interest in being one of the country's best-dressed women. When she first came to Hollywood she shocked the Metro publicity department by walking about the town wearing overalls and sandals. Later she switched to plain silk shirts and handsomely tailored gray slacks. During the past few years she has been more or less faithful to peasant dirndls. On those rare occasions when she goes out for a gala evening, she gets out the Lamarr jewels and wears a dress that would cause a censor to squirm. She can pile on the glamor when she wants to.

She loves food, especially sweets. She shops for the children, the house and herself, and is frequently seen in Beverly Hills markets. One of her friends ran into her at the Farmers' Market last February 14. She was carrying a huge red heart full of chocolates. "I guess I'm the only star in Hollywood who has to buy her own valentine," said Hedy.

She insists upon making her own bed. Claims she can't sleep unless she fixes it herself. She believes that a woman should look her best in bed. No cold cream and curlers. Now that she has become an independent producer, she expects to choose her stories. Her big ambition is to give an Academy Award performance in an Academy Award picture. "So far," she says with a sigh, "I have had no Academy Award pictures. But at least mine make money."

That they do.

THE END

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THE WOMAN WITH A SCAR

Continued from Page 16

drinking tea, Major Whitney," she explained, and smiled. "It is easy to be afraid then, don't you think? So many inhibitions one cannot lose with tea."

He was at once relieved, inquiring hastily, "Would you prefer a drink instead?"

"Oh, no." Her tone was light. "I do not drink any more." She spoke with a faint accent. Brandeis had said she was Swiss. A neutral, he had said, married to a Nazi. Her hair was black, her skin browned evenly by the sun, and her lashes were black also, slanted down.

"WE'VE rather taken over your place, I'm afraid," Whitney said.

She seemed amused. "I've known Nick Brandeis for years," she said—"since before the war. He's always been this way, and I love having my house 'taken over,' as you say. It's been a long time."

"You've been most kind, letting us barge in on you like this."

"But I am so glad to do it, Major Whitney!" she exclaimed with evident sincerity. "Believe me when I say that; it is true. Nick should have brought you up from Tokyo before."

"I haven't been here long enough this time."

"This time?"

"I don't know why I said that," he retracted. "Actually, I've never been in Japan before. Although I've flown over it plenty."

"You were in the Pacific, then?"

"During the war, yes. Afterward they sent me to the States."

"And now you're back out here again."

It was not so much a question as a statement. He said nothing because he had just noticed the long spiral scar on her arm. It had been left by a burn, he knew. It ran from her wrist up the inside of her arm and was lost in the sleeve of her dress.

"Why did you come here?" she asked presently. "Surely it would be more interesting to go to Kyoto or Shimoda. Nikko particularly, if you like the mountains."

"It's hard to get around," he said evasively, "transportation being what it is. And Brandeis was coming up here by jeep, so I thought I'd tag along. He talked about this place all the way over, anyway."

"Nick used to come here in the summers," she said, "before the war. It was nice in those days."

"And what did you do?"

"Nothing much. Played tennis, swam, bicycled. It was very simple, really, but nice to get away from Tokyo in the heat."

"Now you don't like it so much. Is that it?"

Instantly he regretted having said it. He knew that most of the Germans in Japan had escaped to the Karuizawa summer resort when the war began to hit the cities more directly from the air. Now, most of them had been interned there by the Americans and couldn't have gotten away if they wanted to. He had gathered from Brandeis that this was the case with her also. Not that it was internment in the strictest sense. She could go wherever she wanted to in Karuizawa—down to the village, or up into the mountains, or along the road to the larger town. But she was under surveillance.

"No," she said. "I am not tired of it, yet. It is still better than the Tokyo heat." There was a small pulse beating in her throat which he had not noticed before. For no reason, he saw also the clouds of smoke swelling upward from the city, the flames edging along a dark unbroken line of roofs; and he thought, *The Tokyo heat, the Tokyo heat,* her words spinning unbelievably in his mind.

"You see," she was continuing carefully, "my husband and I did not leave Tokyo during the war. I came up here at the end only."

"I'm sorry," he said stiffly.

"You needn't be," her voice was low, honest. "Nick told me you had flown in B-29s, you know. I thought at first that it would make for embarrassment between us; but I find it does not matter, after all."

He wished abruptly that she had not told him this. It meant she'd been there during the incendiaries. Since they had landed in Japan, he had put all of it out of his mind. Seeing the desolation, the miles of ruined streets, houses burned to their foundations, people scraping tirelessly in the ashes and the dust, he had put it purposely out of his mind, not wanting to think of what it must have meant to them on the ground.

FOR the first time he turned and looked at her directly.

"Have I said the wrong thing?"

"No." He shook his head. "Why do you ask?"

"You looked"—she hesitated—"surprised; angry, perhaps. I don't know. Just for a moment—"

"That's not true," he said.

As he watched, he saw her face change. "Here's Nick," she said in a different voice, and she looked beyond him and down across the lawn. "He's coming to join us. You see?"

Turning, he saw Brandeis coming toward them up the wide sloping lawn that led to the terrace. Brandeis, massive and huge, carrying four empty highball glasses hooked in the fingers of one hand.

He raised the glasses by way of salute. "You managed a drink, Jake, I see," he called out. "Where the hell have you been?"

"Around. Seeing country."

"Nice country, eh?" Brandeis reached the terrace and stretched out beside them in a chair, sighing luxuriously.

"I'm up for a refill," he said, regarding the empty glasses in his

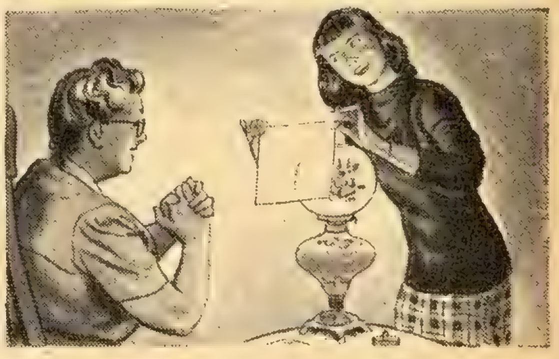
Why didn't somebody tell me - *All tissues aren't Kleenex ?*

Not on your life they aren't! bellowed Uncle Mayhew. Fine thing!—I'm sneezing my head off and my sister brings me plain *tissues*. If you think *all* tissues are Kleenex, I wish you had this sniffle-sore nose! It says there's *only one* Kleenex!

Bess, you alarm me—snapped Cousin Cynthia. Surely you know better than to confuse Kleenex with other tissues. Very unfunny—when I *depend* on Kleenex so. Listen. My *skin* knows there's not a tissue on earth just like angel-soft Kleenex!

KLEENEX TISSUES

Buck up, Auntie! said Teena. Bend an eye at the real McCoy—the one and only Kleenex! See that box, how different it is? How it gives with the tissues—one at a time? Neat feat! Only Kleenex can do it! What's more . . .



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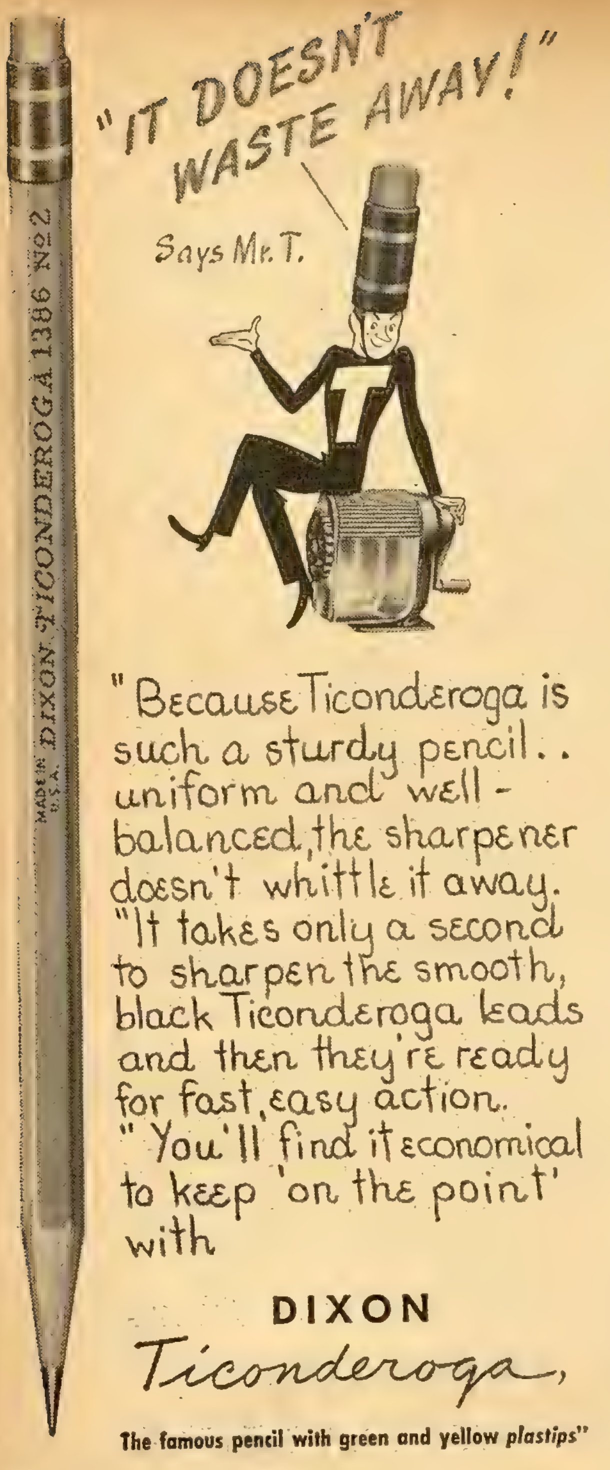

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hand. "Ran into a couple of correspondents down in the village. They went in with us on Leyte and I haven't seen them since. Nice guys. You might wander down, you two."

Jacqueline smiled. "No, thanks," she said. "I'll see them at dinner. You will have them stay for dinner, won't you, Nick?" she added charmingly. She was standing now, looking down at him, and Brandeis rose too.

"Food, Jacki?" he demurred. "You have enough food?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I'll check with Matsu-San to make sure, but I know it will be all right. I do want them to stay. Really, Nick, this should be a celebration, don't you think? A sort of reunion?"

He put an arm around her shoulders. There was something in his eyes that Whitney couldn't read. A kind of sadness perhaps; or pity. He couldn't tell. "Right," Brandeis said, "a reunion it is."

When she had gone, however, he shrugged. "They won't stay," he said, "I'll see to that. Food's a problem and, no matter what she says, I know she doesn't have enough. No use feeding the American Army over week-ends and starving herself during the week.

"Where'd you leave the whisky?" he asked, pausing in the doorway.

"In the room," Whitney said.

They had brought the whisky up with them the ninety miles from Tokyo. "For this alone," Brandeis had remarked, "jeeps should have springs." It was good whisky—in spite of the fact that it was Japanese.

WHITNEY did not stay long on the terrace. He made himself another highball, smoked three cigarettes, and by that time decided to ask Brandeis for more of the story. Ordinarily he would have left him alone, knowing that he was in Army Intelligence with CIC. But he no longer liked the idea of coming up here with Brandeis and being accepted as a guest, when Brandeis himself was doing a stiff job of checking on their hostess. He wondered, too, if the girl were aware of this. On the other hand, he thought, if she'd gone over to the Fascists during the war, she deserved everything she got; but he was not sure that she had.

There was something about Jacqueline von Helde that had tied him up. He conceded the point even to himself. He thought of her mouth, of the sharp curve of her shoulder when she turned, and of her laughter, which was rare. And he knew that for a long time he would not be able to get her out of his mind.

Brandeis did not appear until dinner. The three of them ate alone, waited on by a small wizened countrywoman who was remarkably deft.

The meal was a simple one, eaten in a rough, unfinished, pine-paneled dining room that had obviously been conceived for summer meals on the way to and from swimming or tennis or golf. They ate by candlelight.

"We have saved these for a celebration," Jacqueline explained demurely. She was dressed as though for a celebration also, wearing a long-skirted black gown with a single rhinestone strap that ran diagonally from above her left breast across her throat, to fasten in the back. Whitney found that he could not look at her without a strange tightness in his throat.

Perhaps this was because the scar was now completely visible. It ran up her arm in a flaming narrow swirl, and from her arm across her back, startling against her tan; yet she seemed not to be aware of it.

AFTERWARD Brandeis left them alone. They walked out onto the wide sweep of lawn and down toward the sound of a brook. Above them the stars shone high and clear, but the mountains hemmed them in.

"You don't mind the mountains?" he asked, breaking silence.

"No. No, I do not mind."

"Some people—" he began, and paused. "Some people don't care too much for them," he finished lamely.

"It would be too bad," she said, "if I were afraid of mountains, since I seem doomed to live among them for a much longer time."

"What—" and he hesitated now. "Exactly what do they have on you?"

"They think I am a Fascist," she said simply. She turned toward him on the path. "And you?" she said. "Would you believe this, too?"

"I don't know," he said. "How can I tell?" He placed his hand gently over her fingers, which tightened on his arm, and he hoped that somehow that would make the words less blunt, less direct.

"I have told them," she said, "that I am not a Fascist, but they do not believe me. I have told them also—and it is true—that my husband is dead. This, too, they do not believe. I cannot tell them how I know or why I know, but it is true."

"You mustn't keep anything back. It does no good to protect someone else."

"I protect only myself."

"You're not protecting yourself if it makes you appear guilty."

"Ah—" she returned, "but you do not know."

"I know this," he said slowly. He turned her toward him gently, his hands firm on her bare shoulders, and under his hands he felt the roughness of the scar that crossed her back—the scar that had been left by a burn.

"I know this," he said again, and he bent his head, and her mouth was there, soft, yielding, warm, under his. But it was only her mouth that yielded to him; her body was stiff and unrelaxed.

"Jacki—" he whispered with urgency. He wanted her to move, to put her arms tight around his neck. He wanted to hold her close so that the other things which pressed around her—like the mountains, raising their black heads, jagged and harsh against the night—could no longer touch her.

Her voice, when she spoke at last, was cool, guarded. “It solves nothing,” she said.

He shook his head. “It solves everything,” he said. He did not know why this was true, nor how long he had known it.

“It is of the utmost importance,” he said. He could not see her smile in the dark, but that she was smiling he was certain.

“It is all very strange,” she said. “When Nick told me he would bring you, I wanted him to tell you not to come. I did not think that I could see you, or know you, and not remember the war and your beautiful planes over Tokyo and the terror because of them. Perhaps it is wrong,” she went on, “to be so afraid for yourself when there is so much death around you. But you do not know, you cannot guess, the way it was with the incendiaries.”

She had moved away from him and spoke now still quietly, still with intimacy, but as if to herself. “And then you came,” she said, “and you sat in the room with Nick and me; you listened to us talk and you said nothing. And after a while you got up and said you were going to look around, to see the country, and I knew then that seeing you had not reminded me of the war at all.”

“And the scar?” he asked. “The burn on your arm?”

“That, too,” she agreed. “But you must not mind. It does not matter to me any more. Tonight, for the first time, I have worn a dress in which it shows wholly. And it seems to me unimportant. Like a burn I might have from an iron or from boiling water or by falling into a fireplace by mistake. Only more inevitable than these.”

“Inevitable?”

“Yes, as earthquakes or a tidal wave—that is the way the war seemed to me. Even though I was supposed to be neutral—because of Switzerland, you see—I knew that the Americans had to win the war. I felt that they must, and I hoped very much that they would, that they would defeat the Japanese as Germany, also, had been defeated. But to do this, I knew that there must be the bombings and the air-raid sirens in the night and the great stretches of fire throughout the city, and that nothing else but these could stop the war.”

HE came nearer to her now, but she stood tense, poised as if for flight. In the dark his hand found her wrist, his fingers moving slightly along the scar.

“Which raid?” he asked. He could hear his heart pounding as he waited for her reply, and this was the hardest question of all.

“You must know?” she asked.

“Yes,” he said.

“It was in May.”

There had been no more than two mass incendiary raids on Tokyo in May and he remembered them well. They had dropped almost nine thousand tons of fire bombs altogether, and they had lost thirty-one planes in just these two raids. He had gone on the first only, the one on the Shinagawa area.

“Shinagawa,” he said; he knew already what her answer would be.

“Yes,” she said; and again, “You mustn’t mind.”

BUT he did mind. He minded very much. God, he thought, there must have been five hundred and fifty planes, at least, on that raid; nevertheless the idea would not leave him. They walked back to the house in silence and he did not want to touch her any longer or to be too close to her. He was glad that it was dark, so that he could not see her face, her eyes. At the house, holding the door open, he saw there was something else she meant to say.

“Jake,” she said, “I do not want to seem to take anything for granted.”

“You’re not taking anything for granted,” he returned wearily.

“Then”—she seemed to hold her breath—“then I will say this to you.” She spoke haltingly, with difficulty. “There can be nothing that is truly good between us, or right, or even natural, because you do not know about me. And perhaps, if you knew, you would not wish for there to be anything. Perhaps,” she said helplessly, spreading her fingers in a gesture of futility before her, “you do not mean for there to be anything, in any case. I do not wish to seem presumptuous,” she added, looking up at him anxiously.

“Go on,” he said.

“Only that you must see there can be nothing—that it is impractical—but you must not think it is because of the war or the incendiaries. You could not help that. I could not help being on the ground nor you in the air. It was inevitable, as I have said.”

“Yes,” he agreed shortly, “it was inevitable.”

“So then we are friends?” she asked doubtfully. But he did not answer. He followed her, instead, into the hall and up the dim stairs without speaking. He felt the anger tight and sharp within him, and on the landing he put his hand on her arm, drawing her back.

“You think we could be successful as friends?” he asked lightly. Her eyes were troubled, lifted to his. Seeing them, the forced lightness, the banter left him. “Don’t worry,” he said. “Don’t be anxious, Jacki.”

“No. No, I will not,” she said and, turning, moved quickly away from him up the remainder of the stairs.

He followed slowly, feeling suddenly wonderfully happy and relaxed. Brandeis was already in their bedroom sitting by the window, reading—waiting for him when he came in.

“Lord, but it’s hot in here!” Whitney said.

“Not much wind,” Brandeis said.

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"How's for a little nightcap, Jake?"

"Fine," Whitney said. Now was as good a time as any to tap old Brandeis.

"No ice."

"Straight, then." He looked at Brandeis measuringly over the rim of his glass.

"What about it, Jake?"

"Most of the things I want to ask, you probably can't answer, or won't; but what d'you think, Nick—you think they should keep her here?"

"Jacki?" Brandeis raised his glass, looking into it reflectively. "It's questionable," he admitted; then, "but they're after bigger game."

"Bigger game?"

"The lad she married is a hell of a sight bigger game, Jake."

"He's dead."

"So she says."

"What do you mean by that?" He fumbled through his pockets, searching for cigarettes.

"I mean that this, too, is a questionable point."

He found the cigarettes and held them out to Brandeis.

"They don't think he's dead?" he asked.

"They're not sure. She says he is—says it happened in an incendiary raid. They lost their house—everything—one night, and she says that's when it happened." He shrugged.

"They don't believe her?"

"It isn't that so much, as it is that her story's vague. They're suspicious, you see, because she was in the house, too, when it happened, and they have a feeling she knows more than she's telling them."

"How did she get out?"

"That part's legitimate, all right. She was there. The Japs got her out—fire fighters in the block; but later, we checked with them and that's where her story started to fade. Because apparently she gained consciousness in time, and when they asked her if anybody else was with her in the house, she said no, that she'd been alone. So, naturally, they didn't try any more."

"Yet, now, she says he died in there, is that it?"

"Insists that he was there, that she doesn't remember telling the Japs he wasn't; and says, too, that he didn't get out, that she's sure of that."

"What the hell, Nick? Why so much bother about this one guy anyway? What was he? German Embassy?"

"No," Brandeis shook his head, "just a businessman, and therefore difficult to pin anything onto. I knew him, as a matter of fact, before the war. Went skiing with him once. Funny thing about Fascists," he said and laughed, "they always look so damn good on skis. He was a natural, all right—the original Golden Boy. Very presentable," he added dryly, "a most presentable lad."

"But a Nazi?"

"Well, yes. That's the consensus of opinion, although, as I say, at first it was difficult to be sure. No question, he was a smart operator. It's been fairly well proven, however, that he was one of the really big boys, even though he didn't come out into the open until the very end. We never had anything on him at all until after the war in Germany was crossed off."

"May 8," Jake mused, "until May 24. Because that was the raid that got him, Nick. He must have worked fast."

"He had to. The idea was, you see, for him to pick up the stuff they were sending out of Germany to Japan and then to get the hell out of Japan himself and into neutral territory. Or, better still, into some country that wasn't going to look too askance on the beginnings of the new German State."

"Held in reserve, so to speak."

"That's it," Brandeis agreed, "and nobody could have pinned anything on him before V-E Day. A German, sure; but a business man and not political in any way—even had Jews to dinner. That sort of thing. And married to a neutral. What more could they ask?"

"Only, he didn't make it," Jake said. "We hit Tokyo on the 24th and he didn't get out."

"A great solution," Brandeis returned sardonically. "Unfortunately," he said, "the doubt remains."

"How do you mean?"

"Nothing concrete to go on, but there's a rumor that a lad wandered into Formosa near the end of 1945. A German. Blond. Answering the general description."

"How many Germans do you think wouldn't answer that description?"

"Take it easy," Brandeis said. "We don't count much on it; nevertheless the rumor's there. And he'd be an important man to get—if he's alive, that is. There again we're hitting in the dark, because he got away."

"I see," Jake said. "You think that eventually he'll try to get in touch with her?" he asked. "Is that it?"

"Partially," Brandeis admitted; he did not mention the other alternative. That she herself might, perhaps, break down and tell the real story of what happened on the night of the May 24 raid.

"How long had they been married?"

"Long enough," Brandeis said; "since 1939 anyway."

There it is, Whitney thought. He lit another cigarette. There it is, all nicely labeled for you. You don't fall in love with someone whose husband was killed because of a raid that you were on; and if he wasn't killed, that made it even prettier.

"I give her credit for this," Brandeis said, interrupting his thoughts. "I don't think she knew about his being a Nazi."

THE morning was a return to fall weather. Whitney walked up behind the house on the path which veered sharply above, twisting and turning until it was lost in fog.

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Three woodcutters passed him, coming down from above with firewood strapped on their backs, smiling and nodding as they went by. Later, he himself passed a water carrier, resting his buckets of spring water by the side of the road.

He thought that he would go back to Tokyo that night and not stay over for Brandeis with the jeep. As he came down out of the mist, however, he saw her waiting for him.

"Jake," she said, "you are annoyed?"

"Not annoyed," he said. "Only convinced. You've convinced me, you see, and I agree. It is impractical. Although that's not the word to have used," he added bitterly.

"It was not important for you," she returned, "even in the beginning. For me, it has been different."

"Why different?"

"Because you did not come here to watch me or to build unpleasantness out of things I might say. Because you came to look at the mountains and to be quiet and listen to the wind. That is nice to know, Jake; and also because you have faith. You have faith in me, I think."

"I wouldn't count on that," he said. Her hair was wet and sparkling with the mist and clung to her face damply. She must have waited for him, standing alone like that on the edge of the garden, for a long time. He put his hands up on either side of her face. He knew that he was angry and that he should not touch her now, that he would regret it later. Yet he could not keep himself from touching her, and he felt that he would never believe in her again.

He said, "The hell with it, Jacki." And bent her head back, bringing his mouth down deliberately and without tenderness on hers. For an instant only he knew that her eyes remained open, staring wide with bewilderment at something behind them—at the dull sky perhaps, or the mountains which one could not see. And then he forgot this, knowing it was no longer true, because her arms came up tight around his neck and her fingers dug into his shoulders with a strength that held despair. He felt the hard-soft line of her body against him—and the shape of her mouth was definite, warm with passion beneath his. When he released her, they stood in silence, their eyes blank, incredulous, before they looked away. Yet when she spoke, her voice was slow with weariness.

"You should not have done that, Jake," she said. Her face was haggard and drawn. "You should not make fun of me in such ways."

HE put his arm around her shoulders, knowing that the anger had gone. He could feel her trembling. "Jacki," he said, "you mustn't be afraid any longer. Not of me or of any of us. No one will hurt you; they only want to find out what it is you know."

"And I will not tell," she said flatly. "In time, they will find out for themselves; in time, they will believe me. They will know, then, that I was right to say that Karl is dead."

"Karl?"

"My husband," she said. "You must not concern yourself with this, Jake. Please—it would be so much better if—"

"I am concerned in it," he said thickly. "I'm more concerned than any of them. I love you, Jacki."

"No," she said. She seemed dismayed. "Last night I told you that it could not be."

"To hell with last night. I wish I hadn't listened to you last night."

LISTEN to me!" she cried desperately. "Listen to me, Jake. This is not such a simple thing. It is not simple, like saying, 'Look, it is raining,' or, 'See, above you are the stars,' or even, 'Darling, I love you—' " Her eyes begged him to believe her now. "You do not know," she said. "I cannot tell you how bad a thing this is."

"But you must, Jacki. You must tell me what it is. This alone is important."

"Important?" she repeated dully and her lips were dry. Without warning then, her head came up. Her eyes blazed into his, sharp with pain, brightly green. "All right, you shall know. You shall see what it can mean to you, Jake. And you will leave me; you will not look at me again nor wish to be with me." She took a deep breath and the silence of the wood seemed to close in upon them. Her voice, when she spoke again, was low, hesitant and forced.

"I did not tell," she said. "I have not wished to tell what it is I know of Karl, because I am aware of what it means. It makes of me an outcast, Jake. It draws a circle which I cannot break. If you knew—if you knew what it is like to wake in the night to the knowledge of this, and to remember—you would know, then, why it is I tell you now, why now I must tell someone and why it must be you. Because I do not care about the others," she said and stopped, brushing her hair back from her forehead wearily with her wrist. "Yet I cannot tell you this way," she went on more quietly. "I will explain it to you simply, so you will know, yourself."

"Yes," he said, "so I will know."

"Then" —she said— "you will know that I killed him. I—myself; I —Jacqueline—by turning a key in the door only, and shutting him away." Now, for the first time, she seemed to lose control. There was hysteria in her voice and in the hard strength of her fists beating against his chest. "Do you know what I am saying, Jake? Do you know what it means to say that I have killed him? That I have left him to burn in a room that is small —so small, Jake—and he could not escape. The top floor it was, and I locked him in so that he could not get away."

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"Wait!" he broke in harshly. "Wait, Jacki! Take it slow!" His hands gripped her wrists. "Take it from the beginning," he said.

"Not from the beginning." She shook her head numbly. "The beginning was not clear. You will think it strange that I could live with him so long, not knowing what he was. But in the beginning this was true; I did not know. We were very gay together and in love. I did not guess that he was political, nor that he was a Nazi, since he insisted, always, that he was not, and sneered at them openly. We had no Nazi friends. And then," she said more calmly, "I discovered that it was not true. After the invasion—the Allied invasion of Normandy—I learned that none of this was true. It was important for him, then, to contact all the highest people, and he did not have much time. He could not hide it from me any longer because they came constantly to the house—Japanese staff officers and Cabinet officials and Nazis from the embassy—and they talked late into the night, making plans. And I saw that he was worse, much worse than the others, because he was more powerful than they, and therefore more important."

HER words were slow, deliberate. "It was not until after Germany surrendered," she went on, "that I knew how really dangerous he was. The Germans had a secret weapon, you see, perfected too late to help them there, but not too late for Japan. And it was the formula for this which was sent to him. This was what they counted on; this was the important thing. But he did not give it to the Japanese at once," she said, "and this was not so strange, after all. They did not wish to give it up until absolutely necessary. And so he hesitated, keeping it to himself, and brooding over it until the moment came when he could no longer wait. Yet before that time had come," she added with irony, "he had made one small mistake; he had boasted of it to me. Knowing how I felt, he had boasted of this thing to me—telling me that now, certainly, America could not hope to win the war. Of course," she said, shrugging, "he did not know then about the atom bomb. Nor did I."

"Jacki—" he began.

"No, let me finish," she said. "I must tell it all now, Jake. You cannot stop me." Her eyes seemed to focus, to sharpen on his face. "It was late at night," she said, and he knew now that it was not his face she saw, "so late, I did not know what time it was, waking to the sirens out of sleep. In the study there was a light, and through the window I saw his head bent over the desk, and the light was bright on his hair. Then I saw that it was light from the outside and I could see the flames rising high across the street.

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"I do not know how long I stood, watching him, but there was a moment when the smoke was all around me, coming upward from below, so then I realized that it was our house, also, that was on fire and that it, too, would go. There was that instant only. I could see him very busy at the desk, taking papers from a drawer, but so quickly that much in the drawer had spilled out onto the rug; and without thinking, without knowing what I did, I had turned the key in the lock and left him there. He could not get away.

"I heard him call," she said. "I heard him try the door and call to me, calling again and again, and I did not answer. I, Jake—I did that, without thinking, only knowing that he must not live because of the horror he could bring. There was a great heat everywhere in the house and I went back along the hall to my room. I closed the door that I might not hear him any more; and I thought that I, too, would not escape, that I would not try to leave.

I SAT in my room, Jake, and waited and waited for the flames to come. But they did not. I heard the planes up above; low, coming over the house one after the other and fast. Flat, they sounded; but the flames did not come. There was only the smoke, thicker now, with no way to breathe; and I knew then that I could not do this thing. I felt that I must go to him, that I must reach the door and let him out and tell him that I could not do this thing, that I had not known how bad a thing it was until waiting in my room for the flames to come—when they did not come at once.

"But in the hall, the smoke was like a bag over my head, cloth on my mouth; and when I tried to walk, I fell. I crawled then along the hall, trying to reach the study in time; but there was no time left. It was too late. They found me halfway down the hall—our groceryman found me; he was a fire fighter in the block—and they carried me out because I was unconscious then. I remember nothing. Only the awakening on a black street, streaming with water that reflected flames. And people running all around me, running and shouting in hoarse voices to one another and to me. And they were asking me if I had been alone. I knew that much; but there was a great pain in my arm and along my back, and I thought, at first, that perhaps I could not speak for pain. And then I looked up and saw our house. There was no smoke now. From the bottom to the roof it was filled with flames. At every window there were the flames and the heat pouring out. And I knew that it was no use, that they could not save him now. I said no, that there had been no one there, that I had been alone; but—"

"Jacki," he said, "don't, please don't say any more." He put his arms hard around her, holding her close; but her body was tense.

"You do not understand," she said. "I have done this thing."

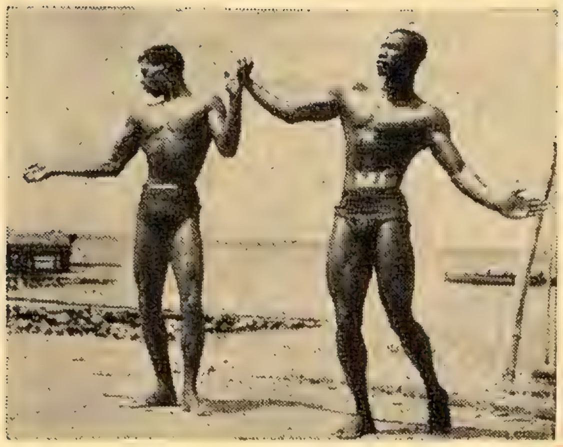
"Darling," he said into the dampness of her hair, "Don't talk about it any longer. Everything will be all right."

SHE shook her head. "No," she said, "It cannot be; it can never be right again. I will not tell them these things, Jake. I will not have them look at me and say that it was right—that I have done the right thing, and have them say of me later that I have killed a man—the man I married and had loved. I could not bear that, Jake. Particularly," she added bitterly, "I did not want for you to know."

"Jacki—" he said. He felt in that instant, with his arms tightening around her, that perhaps the numbness would never leave him, nor the horror, nor the pain. And he wondered, too, whether Brandeis would believe this, whether it would be sufficient; or whether, as now, they would have to wait still, until they had caught up with the blond German on Formosa—wherever he might be. But he knew that it did not matter any more, that nothing mattered for him now except for her.

"Jacki," he said again. "Jacki," he said, "I love you. It doesn't change; you will know that it can never change." And he thought, seeing her face lift to his, her eyes that had been blank with pain, grow deeper, clearer now with hope, yet still held somewhat by disbelief; he thought, It has to be. There is no other way, because she had told him this, because within himself there was the same guilt, although remote, perhaps, and indistinct. Yet he knew that they could never quite forget. There is a price for peace, he thought, which we have paid.

THE END



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SO BABIES CAN LIVE

Continued from Page 19

unbalanced and didn't press the issue.

When she told him she would be allowed to go home the next day, he said that their baby also was well enough to leave Children's Hospital and that the whole family would be together when she returned.

The wife tried to smile, but she was thinking. *He's waiting until I get home to tell me the baby died.*

When she found the baby waiting for her, well and happy, she was unable to speak. She sat silently beside the crib, staring, for a long time before confessing that she hadn't believed him—had been sure he was only trying to soften the blow.

By now, such control has been achieved over erythroblastosis that medical scientists closest to the subject feel that an authoritative article on it should be published.

First, erythroblastosis is chiefly an ailment of the white race. A scant 1 per cent of Chinese and Indian races have Rh negative type blood; and little more than 5 per cent of Negroes. But, roughly, 15 per cent of all white people are of the Rh negative type, and this results in 13 per cent of all white marriages being between an Rh negative woman and an Rh positive man—the endangering combination.

According to available statistics, one child out of every 140 born suffers from erythroblastosis fetalis; and in the 13-per-cent marriage group mentioned, one out of every 20 mothers becomes sensitized.

"But," you may say, "even in the most endangered group, the odds are 20 to 1 against the mother having a baby with erythroblastosis fetalis. And any gambler will take 20-to-1 odds on about anything."

But when the stakes are life or death for babies, the odds must be bettered. And that is what the medical research scientists have done.

On a national scale, the toll of hemolytic anemia in the new-born makes grim reading: One or two babies are born with it every hour in the United States, a total of between 9,000 and 18,000 a year. Before the Rh factor in human blood was discovered, it is estimated that 50 per cent or more of these affected infants died each year.

Now, with the new blood-replacement method, medical experts feel there shouldn't be more than a 20-per-cent mortality rate, or a possible 1,800 to 2,600 deaths and stillbirths annually. (Actual experience in Boston at the time of writing has shown failure to save life in only 10 per cent of such cases.)

As far back as 1928, Children's Hospital doctors began trying to do something about this strange malady. By 1932 they had collected data on a score of cases from all parts of the country, and they published an article asking for aid and information from the world's medical scientists.

Discovery of the Rh factor in human blood, through laboratory work with rhesus monkeys in 1940, and subsequent discovery of the reaction of blood lacking the Rh factor (Rh negative type) to blood containing it (Rh positive), led to recognition of the cause of erythroblastosis fetalis and the opportunity to do something about it.

What happens, substantially, is that Rh negative blood becomes sensitized on first contact with Rh positive blood. The reaction is similar to that which occurs when a disease vaccine is introduced—the blood builds up antibodies to immunize it against the disease. Thus the Rh negative mother can be immunized to the positive blood by her first Rh positive child, if the blood of the fetus enters her blood stream. And, although this first child escapes attack from the mother's antibodies, the lives of any subsequent Rh positive babies she may have are endangered. Also, the mother's life itself, particularly during pregnancy, would be gravely endangered if she were given a transfusion of positive blood. Sensitization of the Rh negative blood lasts for life, and once the antibodies are present in an Rh negative person, they react violently to the introduction of positive blood, attacking it and causing it to agglutinate so that it cannot do its necessary work to sustain life.

The sole method of testing blood to determine the Rh type is with blood serum, obtained from Rh negative persons whose blood has already formed antibodies due to exposure to positive blood. The first necessary step was to obtain stocks of such blood.

In the memory of one Children's Hospital doctor, there had been over 100 cases of erythroblastosis fetalis at the hospital prior to 1940. From hospital files, the mothers were located and called back, and each generously gave a pint of her blood. Each pint averaged enough serum to make 5,000 typing tests.

Recognizing the importance and need of these tests, four major Boston hospitals—Children's, Lying-In, Massachusetts Memorial, and Massachusetts General—banded together early in 1942 to sponsor at Children's Hospital the world's first blood-grouping laboratory. Thus the stage was set for development of the new blood-replacement method for new-born infants, and for the research work which was to benefit adults as well.

Blood transfusions in efforts to save babies' lives were given as far back as 20 years before the discovery of the Rh blood factor. Exsanguination—draining off diseased or damaged blood by opening one vein while transfusing new blood through another vein—was practiced in emergencies. But the traumatic effect (shock) was often severe, and results were discouraging.

By using Rh negative blood in old-style transfusion methods, physicians were able to cut down from 50 per cent to perhaps 30 per cent the mortality rate among infants suffering from erythroblastosis fetalis. Many were still being lost due to shock, however, and pediatricians sought a new method.

Additional medical discoveries, meanwhile, were bettering the odds for affected infants. Doctors learned that damage to the baby's blood by the mother's antibodies did not begin until the last three months of pregnancy, and that most serious damage was done in the last few weeks.

So the first thing to do was to induce delivery of the infant from two to four weeks prematurely. And the second thing was to be prepared to help the infant with transfusions of enough Rh negative blood to give the child a fighting chance for life. Under the then obtaining system, 4 to 12 transfusions were required during the first two to four weeks of life; and the infant faced months of hospitalization before it was definitely out of danger.

IF only some non-traumatic method could be devised to remove the larger part of the damaged blood in one operation, and to replace it with a normally functioning blood, there would be a much better chance of full recovery.

As far back as early 1945 the Boston specialists hit upon the key to their problem. The natural route for such an operation, they decided, must be the umbilical vein through which the infant was accustomed to receiving blood and sustenance from its mother.

Doctors must act fast, preferably within an hour or two of birth, because the umbilical vein remains open only four or five hours after the child is severed from its mother—and then closes forever.

But hitting on the key did not solve the problem of how to make use of this natural route. Another 18 months of often disheartening experimental work lay ahead.

First, the specialists tried inserting an inch-long hollow needle into the end of the umbilical vein. But when suction was begun to draw off the baby's blood, the vein collapsed and the route was destroyed.

Next, they tried long rubber tubes in an effort to reach and tap the main vein of the body through the umbilical vein. But the walls of the tubes were so heavy that the inside bore was too small, and the blood clotted. Also, the rubber was extremely irritating to the infant.

Finally they thought of trying the delicate, non-irritating plastic catheters used by brain surgeons. Here, they thought, might be a substance so fine that its bore would be large enough for the free passage of the baby's blood cells, while its outer circumference remained small enough for threading through the tiny umbilical vein.

They tried various catheters until they found exactly the right size (about one eighth inch in diameter); they determined that the material was as non-irritating to the infant as to delicate brain tissue. And then they performed the first blood replacement at Children's Hospital at the end of last summer.

The next six replacements were done at Boston Lying-In Hospital, and within less than six months the Blood Grouping Laboratory experts had tried the method on 20 newborn infants suffering from erythroblastosis fetalis. They lost only two, and both were described as being practically dead when they reached the hospital.

Now, these medical scientists feel, results are sufficiently satisfactory so that it can be announced through this article that the new method has lowered mortality in the first 48 hours for such affected children from 30 to 10 per cent. Also, the method results in a healthy baby which, instead of requiring many transfusions and long hospitalization, can go home in a week or ten days.

Exactly what does the blood replacement do for the baby? Four things: 1. It washes out 80 per cent of the damaged Rh positive blood which has been attacked by the mother's antibodies. 2. It gives the baby's system a chance to recuperate, because it has to handle only 20 per cent of the damaged blood. 3. It takes out of the infant some of the mother's antibodies which have not yet had time to harm the baby's blood cells. 4. It gives the baby Rh negative blood cells that are functionally perfect, that cannot be destroyed by the antibodies (they attack only Rh positive cells), and on which the baby can live until such time as it has built back its own functionally perfect Rh positive cells.

By the end of eight weeks the baby has worn out the Rh negative blood, which was put in to give him a lift over the threshold into life, and has become a normal Rh positive youngster.

Last November, after about a dozen replacements, a pediatrician from the Boston Blood Grouping Laboratory reported on the work at a medical conference. Doctors carried the word home with them, and patients began coming to Boston from considerable distances.

ONE of these was a young Florida woman whose Rh negative blood had become sensitized through a transfusion of Rh positive blood given while she was serving in the armed forces. She had lost her first baby through erythroblastosis fetalis. Now her second was due to be born within two months of the time she arrived in Boston.

Arrangements were made to bring her to the hospital for premature induction of delivery of the child, but before this time arrived she began to bleed profusely and was rushed to Children's Hospital in a state of partial collapse. Doctors gave her six pints of blood in two hours' time, before the bleeding could be controlled, drawing on their supply of Rh negative type, Group O (the universal donor, which most maternity hospitals now keep on hand for emergencies, because a woman can bleed to death in 20 minutes after giving birth to a child, and it takes 20 to 30 minutes to make a blood test).

The doctors then induced delivery of her infant within four hours and,

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finding it had all the signs of the blood disease, performed a blood replacement. Both mother and child recovered without further trouble and flew home to Florida three weeks after the baby was born.

Another result of the November announcement was a stream of requests from hospitals for catheters. Within a month, scores of pediatricians from all parts of the country came to Boston to study the blood-replacement procedure. One of them returned home in the nick of time to use the new method successfully with the baby of a woman patient who already had lost three infants through erythroblastosis fetalis.

Similar dramatic cases of saving infants' lives are due to occur in many other parts of the country in the months to come. As to this blood-replacement method being applicable in other diseases, it is definitely not helpful in leukemia, which originates in the marrow of the bones and not in the blood stream. But it will be of value in any blood poisoning which occurs suddenly after birth, such as when infants come in contact with dyes that are absorbed into their blood.

SINCE the establishment of the Boston Blood Grouping Laboratory in early 1942, more than 40 such laboratories have been organized throughout the United States. A disturbing transfusion accident, late in 1941, forewarned Boston specialists that not only must the blood of prospective mothers and fathers be tested, but also that of every other man, woman, or child who is to receive a transfusion. Repeated transfusions of positive blood can harm—even cost the lives of—Rh negative persons. Particularly endangered, unless they are warned and have their blood tested, are the many veterans of World War II whose Rh negative blood will be forever sensitized, due to Rh positive transfusions they received in war emergencies. The blood-grouping laboratories, with their growing supplies of serum for Rh typing of blood, offer them the protection of knowledge.

Recently state health departments have been setting up special laboratories in an attempt to make sure that every woman has her blood grouped and Rh-typed at the start of her pregnancy. If she proves to be Rh positive, there is nothing to fear; but if she is Rh negative, her husband's blood must be tested. If he is also Rh negative, again there is nothing to fear; but if he is positive, a close watch must be kept on her blood in the final months of her pregnancy. Although only one out of 20 such mothers is affected by the factors which produce erythroblastosis fetalis, and even though the first-born usually escapes harm, these are the women over whom the top men in the field of obstetrics must keep careful watch.

THE END

REDS IN OUR ATOM-BOMB PLANTS

Continued from Page 15

parently been more successful at Oak Ridge than at Hanford, Los Alamos, or the other atomic-energy installations. The morale of the whole organization has, however, suffered from the confusion marking transfer of control from army to civilian hands. On my unannounced call at Oak Ridge I noticed, for one thing, the absence of elementary security precautions.

The Oak Ridge area of 59,000 acres is surrounded by a fence, which during the war was patrolled by soldiers. This perimeter guard had been withdrawn at the time of my visit, and indeed very few M.P.s were on duty anywhere at Oak Ridge. Guards, of course, question any stranger at the gates, and they also patrol connecting roads. But there is nothing to stop anyone climbing the fence, even in daylight, and approaching within perhaps 75 yards of one of the three widely separated plants. Each of these is fenced, and patrolled by civilian guards. If anyone were bent on sabotage, it would be possible to do considerable damage at 75 yards, even with hand weapons.

CHARACTER ANALYSIS

People who have the least to say usually take the most time to say it.—*Richard J. Bennett.*

On my return to Washington, the deputy general counsel of the Atomic Energy Commission, who also was its acting director of security, called on me. It later developed that he has a brother who is a member of the Communist Party. I am not so much disturbed by this fact—because he himself has a record of loyal service and the two are estranged—as by the fact that he seemed to be unfamiliar with security conditions at Oak Ridge. He thought, for instance, that there was still a perimeter guard of military police.

Besides the danger from sabotage or the physical penetration by actual Soviet agents, there is another danger which lies in the susceptibility of gullible American scientists employed by the Atomic Energy Commission, or the contractors who operate its plants and laboratories. Our scientists, it seems, are well schooled in their specialties but not in the history of Communist tactics and designs. They have a weakness for attending meetings, signing petitions, sponsoring committees, and joining organizations labeled "liberal" or "progressive" but which are actually often Communist fronts.

Thus the dossiers that I examined at Oak Ridge showed memberships in many organizations which have been classified by various investigating bodies as Communist fronts. One is called the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. This is an innocent enough title. What harm in joining it? Only that it has been initiated and manipulated by the Communist Party behind a façade of loosely organized Southern liberals. Earl Browder testified that it was a "transmission belt" of his party.

Among the politically naïve, one front leads to another, and finally to action. Communism is not a disease of the poor but an affliction of the academic and professional classes. Dr. X, for instance, has a wife who is an active party member. This, say his friends, makes no difference in his loyalty. But the party's 1938 constitution provides that "no party member shall have personal or political relationship with known enemies of the party and the working class." Under Communist usage, a pro-Communist wife could not properly live with an anti-Communist husband.

There are a number of cases paralleling that of Dr. and Mrs. X. One couple, both on the suspect list and both employed daytimes in one of the plants, give the security officers uneasy moments by staying there evenings.

Relatives of staff members come and go at Oak Ridge. It is a town of some 40,000, and in a year the turnover may be several times that figure. Only strict security regulation under expert military personnel could control the contacts with American Communist relatives and even espionage agents.

There are minor signs of Soviet sympathies, including distribution of the Communist Daily Worker. The wife of one Oak Ridge employee was found to be employed at the Soviet Embassy in Washington. There is no active Communist cell at Knoxville, twenty-six miles from Oak Ridge. More alarming is the case of Professor Y, on the staff of one of the Oak Ridge plants, who spent most of one summer vacation in Canada visiting his friend, Dr. Alan Nunn May, since committed to ten years' penal servitude for betraying British government secrets.

Among the scientific societies at Oak Ridge there is much advocacy of free interchange of scientific information. This sounds plausible enough until it involves national safety. In his curious confession, Dr. May wrote: "I gave and had given very careful consideration to correctness of making sure that development of atomic energy was not confined to U. S. A. I took the very painful decision that it was necessary to convey general information on atomic energy and make sure it was taken seriously." So he gave away secrets to a Russian agent, influenced no doubt by ideology but accepting $700 and two bottles of whisky.

That Americans can be equally generous is shown by the case of Z, a scientist working on the bomb project at Chicago in 1943. The F.B.I.

saw him hand a package to a Russian agent. The package proved to contain valuable information. The American was speedily inducted and sent to the Pacific, but his wife used their home in Brooklyn as a mail drop for the Russian agent. The latter's movements were followed by the F.B.I.

Each of hundreds of scientists has knowledge that could shorten an enemy's time in perfecting the bomb. If five key men could be subverted, years could be saved. It is fortunate that the wartime operations were compartmentalized, so that dupes can give away bits and pieces but not the whole story.

One high government scientist—let us call him Dr. V—was preparing to fly to a Moscow congress of scientists, and the army was jittery about what he might say overseas. The Russian plane which was to take him to Moscow was serviced by American Army mechanics at New York. First it had engine trouble and then a military truck accidentally backed into it. But after word came that the scientist's passport had been canceled, the mechanics speedily had it ready for the take-off.

IN their efforts to pry loose information, Communists make every effort to use the cluster of associations set up by the atomic scientists themselves. The Federation of American Scientists (formerly the Federation of Atomic Scientists) ostensibly includes most of those who worked on the atom-bomb project in our many plants and laboratories. With it are affiliated the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists, Inc., the big-name money-raising group, and the educational or propaganda branch, the National Committee on Atomic Information.

From its office on Nassau Street in Princeton the Emergency Committee sent out solicitations for a $1,000,000 educational fund over the signature of Dr. Albert Einstein as chairman. The letterhead carried the names of half a dozen other top-flight scientists on various college faculties. I do not characterize the committee as a Communist front, nor Dr. Einstein as a Communist, but it is notable that Communist fronts energetically cultivate him. They welcome him as a sponsor, and he has lent his name to a score of organizations classified as fronts by the Committee on Un-American Activities.

The Committee on Atomic Information, which, like the Federation, has offices in Washington, grew out of atomic scientists' efforts to shape atomic legislation. Robert K. Lamb of the C.I.O. United Steelworkers has always been active in the committee. He was chairman of a meeting of the National Student League at Harvard in 1934 after a disturbance had been started at the Charlestown Navy Yard by students and members of the Young Communist League. The National Student League has been cited in four government reports as a Communist front. Lamb

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Wages are up more than 50%.

But the average revenue which the railroads receive for hauling a ton of freight one mile is less than 15% higher now than it was in 1939, before the war. And it's nearly 20% *lower* than it was in 1921.

The result is that, even if the record-breaking peacetime traffic continues, the railroads in 1947 will earn only about 3%. That's only half of the 6% which nine people out of ten think would be no more than a fair profit, and which is necessary if railroads are to keep on investing in better plant and equipment for better service to you. *Association of American Railroads, Washington 6, D.C.*

AMERICAN RAILROADS
THE NATION'S BASIC TRANSPORTATION

was a contributor to the Communist New Masses in 1938.

From February to July of last year, Mrs. Edith Marzani, employed through Lamb, worked in the committee's offices. She is the wife of Carl A. Marzani, a card-carrying Communist Party member who was for years in positions of confidence with the Office of Strategic Services and later with the State Department. He is now under multiple indictments in federal court.

A former director of the National Committee on Atomic Information was discharged after various complaints, including the allegation that he had been meticulously following the party line. On the N.C.A.I. stationery have appeared the names of various persons with long records of Communist-front affiliations, and they have made effective use of their N.C.A.I. connection. I do not charge that the committee is a Communist front, but merely point to the danger.

The Communists' usual method of infiltrating a society is to hide their party affiliation, volunteer for the hard detail work that others are likely to shirk, and eventually make themselves indispensable. Finally there are a Communist executive secretary and several Communist executive committee members, controlling funds and directing policies.

The American-Soviet Science Society recently solicited memberships among the staff of the National Bureau of Standards, citing the membership on its executive committee of Dr. Edward U. Condon, director of the bureau. The letterhead showed affiliation with the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, Inc., a known Communist front. Dr. Condon's is indeed a name to conjure with, as he was made scientific adviser to the special Senate Committee on Atomic Energy in the last Congress about the time Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace appointed him to his post in the Bureau of Standards. He has also been a sponsor of the Washington committee of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare.

SCIENCE groups inside our bomb fences, including Oak Ridge Engineers and Scientists and the Association of Oak Ridge Scientists, were extraordinarily active last summer in opposing military control of the atomic project. The House at that time was considering amendments to the bill creating the Atomic Energy Commission which would have assured membership on the Commission to at least one man from the armed forces. Those of us on the Military Affairs Committee were flooded with letters, telegrams, and telephone calls from all parts of the country urging adoption of the original Senate bill with its all-civilian commission. These were in such volume as obviously to have been planted by professional lobbyists. In addition to the honest protests, many bore the Communist stamp.

LIBERTY

One wire from inside the fence was signed by the executive committee of the Association of Los Alamos Scientists. Referring to the proposed amendments, it said, "We particularly deprecate the increased emphasis on secrecy and the inclusion of military personnel on the commission, since both are contrary to the spirit and interest of any sound solution of the problem of international control of atomic energy." This came, mind you, from the very center of our bomb manufacture.

This is reminiscent of the satirical complaint of the New Leader, an American Socialist (and anti-Communist) paper, that by our indecision and criminal weakness we have forced the Soviet Union to steal the atomic bomb before we could give it to them.

Revelations of the Canadian scandal came while the bill was before Congress, and were dismissed by advocates of civilian control as "hysteria" over a spy scare. The sober report of the Royal Commission, with its 700 pages of evidence, is anything but hysterical, and gains strength from its understatement.

In Canada, the Soviet military spy ring got control of the Canadian Association of Scientific Workers. The corresponding society in this country, the American Association of Scientific Workers, has been lauded by the Daily Worker, in which nothing appears without design.

Chapter 25 of the International Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists & Technicians, C.I.O., conducted a special membership campaign in the atomic-research laboratories of the University of California at Berkeley. A state legislative committee, after investigation, concluded that the F.A.E.C.T. and its West Coast chapters were Communist organized. Minutes of 1943 meetings of Chapter 25's executive committee disclosed a surreptitious plan to obtain lists of the laboratory personnel, to infiltrate the entire project, and to propagandize and organize the scientists there, meanwhile avoiding detection by the F.B.I. Scientists engaged in atomic research at Berkeley were at the same time lecturing on scientific matters at the Communist California Labor School in San Francisco.

ONE of the unions at Oak Ridge recognized by the Atomic Energy Commission is the Atomic Workers Organizing Council of the United Gas, Coke & Chemical Workers, C.I.O. The union is known to have been deeply penetrated by Communists.

Russia, for obvious reasons, welcomes international meetings and societies of scientific workers. The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, copies of which are distributed by the National Committee on Atomic Information, has described the organization in England last summer of a world-wide federation of national associations of scientific workers. Two scientists attended as observers for the Federation of American Scientists. Professor Frederic Joliot-Curie, a French Communist, was elected president of the provisional executive council. Norman Veall was made regional representative for the British Commonwealth. Veall has been examined by the Royal Commission in Canada, which concluded from the evidence "that Veall did not communicate information with respect to atomic work for the reason that the Russians designedly did not ask him."

The international federation was of "trade-union-type organizations of academic and industrial scientists, teachers and related professional workers," according to the account in the Bulletin. Among those in attendance was listed a representative of the "Engineers and Architects Association, Pasadena."

One American also attended, as representative of the Federation of American Scientists, an international conference of atomic scientists held a few days later at Oxford. This was called by the (British) Atomic Scientists Association, a limited group of highly qualified scientists.

Naturally Professor Joliot-Curie is all for getting whatever information he can out of the United States. The Sunday magazine published by the New York Daily Worker recently carried an article signed by him as director of the French Government Atomic Energy Commission. "I consider as very dangerous," says the article, "the position taken up by the United States during recent talks regarding the maintenance of secrecy over atomic research, because keeping the secrets of the atomic bomb appears as a means of pressure."

The science lobby which operated on Congress last year had two goals: to get the military out of Oak Ridge and other reservations, and to get

David E. Lilienthal in as chairman. It is obvious why fellow travelers wanted the military out. They apparently wanted Lilienthal in, although he is not a Communist, because he lacked experience on security measures and because he was a known liberal. He was, indeed, a sponsor of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare.

Atomic production and research should remain for the present entirely a military province. We cannot afford to lower our guard for a moment. The Soviet Union has large and active espionage organizations here—military, secret police, and party—whose chief purpose is to get atomic information. Our committee itself has unmasked several espionage agents and passport forgers.

OUR Atomic Energy Act of 1946, finally passed in the Senate form, recognizes that the development of atomic energy is "subject at all times to the paramount objective of assuring the common defense and security."

It is, however, unrealistic in that it places this vital weapon in the inexperienced hands of civilians. True enough, under the Commission is a division of military application, headed by a military man, and there is a military liaison committee representing the army and navy which has a right of appeal to the President. But this is far from military control.

A further flaw lies in the security provisions, which authorize the F.B.I. to investigate the personnel but give it no authority to bar undesirables. The F.B.I. is merely to report the facts to the civilian commission.

I fought the bill because I feared that security would be slighted, and so far my fears have been well grounded. I believe that in the present chaotic world situation our only solution is to repeal the act and return Manhattan District to the army, which can best administer security.

We have an immediate educational problem with the scientists who insist on having academic freedom with military secrets—who want One World but are indifferent as to whether it is to be a Communist world. Compulsory reading of the report of the Canadian Royal Commission would go far toward convincing the politically naïve that Communist orders come from Moscow via Paris, and that all of the party members, whether registered or not, are potential traitors, saboteurs, and espionage agents.

In these times, atomic-bomb production and research belong under War Department control. When and if the United Nations becomes a going concern, and international security is offered through some agency such as the Atomic Development Authority proposed in the Acheson-Lilienthal report of last year, Congress can review the problem.

THE END

WASHINGTON MURDER-GO-ROUND

Continued from Page 42

Irene Legrue saw Ray step out of his car and back into it again, *he had already been in the house.*

But I didn't believe it. Ray couldn't have done this thing.

I'd readily have suspected anyone else. Warren Bly, for example. Or even Luis Carazel—who, it occurred to me, might well have fallen into a dispute with Legrue. Wouldn't the disclosure of Legrue's criminal machinations have caused Carazel trouble? Yes, I was ready to suspect anyone—even Congressman Rashton. But certainly not Ray!

It seemed to me, too, that last night's tragedy was making us forget what had preceded it—the theft of the letters from Eddie Lark. So far, we had not even an inkling of who might have taken them. Yet I couldn't doubt, even if I had no evidence to support the thought, that there must be *some* connection between what had happened to Eddie and what had later happened to

Don Got A Double Surprise, When...
...CEILING DEPRESSING... GAS IS LOW...LOSING ALTITUDE ...POSITION TEN MILES EAST OF OLD BALDY...BAILING OUT ...OVER
TOWER TO KW-40 ...GOOD LUCK!
OH--OHH! THE WIND'S SWEEPING THE POOR GUY ONTO ROCKY LEDGE, DAD
THAT'S BAD, DON. WE CAN'T GET UP THERE BEFORE NOON TOMORROW
I HEAR THAT PLANE AGAIN. THEY'RE SEARCHING FOR HIM ALL RIGHT
SAY!... LOOKS LIKE A SIGNAL FIRE NEAR EAGLE'S POINT
WAS I SURPRISED TO HEAR A WOMAN'S VOICE!
WE GIRLS CERTAINLY ARE GETTING AROUND THESE DAYS
LATER
WHILE SHE'S RESTING, I'D LIKE TO SLICK UP. DID ANYBODY BRING A RAZOR ALONG?
YEAH... LOOK IN MY SADDLE BAG
WHAT A SWELL, EASY SHAVE! SAY, THIS IS THE BLADE FOR ME!
YOU CAN'T GO WRONG ON THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE PLENTY KEEN
...AND I'LL HAVE A PLANE PICK YOU UP AT THE RANCH.
YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO EASY... AND WONDERFUL
MY...HOW GOOD-LOOKING
A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE DOES A LOT FOR A MAN
YOU ALWAYS GET QUICK, EASY SHAVES WITH SUPER-KEEN THIN GILLETTES. THEY OUTLAST ORDINARY BLADES TWO TO ONE, FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR TO A "T," AND PROTECT YOU FROM IRRITATION CAUSED BY MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES. ENJOY SWELL-LOOKING SHAVES AND SAVE MONEY
THIN Gillette BLADES 4 for 10¢

Walter Evans Legrue. Could these be two separate and unrelated incidents? Wasn't it more logical to suppose that the same man who'd left Eddie lying unconscious in the garden had later left Legrue lying dead in his living room?

It was true that the letters Eddie had carried and the knowledge of them in Legrue's memory were equally dangerous to Congressman Wilbur I. Rashton's reputation. But only, of course, if the story of the bribe *were* true. And that was something Ray refused to believe; something I found it hard to believe myself, knowing the congressman.

I went back into the study.

"It's queer," Lieutenant Greeve was saying, "how little Mrs. Legrue knows—or admits knowing—about her husband's business. For example, she insists she has no idea why he came here last night."

"Nothing strange about that," Ray said. "He wouldn't have liked to discuss it with her."

"Dirty stuff?"

"Dirty rumors."

"You could save me a lot of digging," Lieutenant Greeve said. "Why not tell me?"

Ray shrugged. "The grapevine has been connecting Legrue with a Mexican beef syndicate—one that's willing to spend a lot of money to sell beef in the United States. That's all."

"Would that be the Carazel crowd?"

"Pretty obviously."

"Who was to get the money?"

Ray said, "Anybody who could help the Mexicans legally bring in their beef."

"In other words, Legrue was empowered to do some bribing."

"That's the rumor."

"Did you find any evidence?"

"None at all. Only hearsay."

LIEUTENANT GREEVE looked around the study with abstracted eyes—at the crowded bookshelves, at the beautifully draped windows. Finally he rose.

"You're not planning a trip away from Washington, are you, Mr. Garret?" he asked.

"Hadn't thought about it."

"Good." It was clear he intended to talk to Ray again, but what he had in mind I couldn't guess.

Ray himself saw the two men to the door, while Eddie and Sam stood whispering in a corner of the study. I slumped down at my desk, exhausted. It wasn't that I'd done any work; it was simply that my nerves threatened to collapse.

When Ray came back, he pushed the hair up from his forehead. "Eddie," he called, "get Bly on the phone again. Tell him if he's questioned he'd better admit he talked to you and Elliot Case. There's no crime in talking." He turned to me. "Let's go, Fran. We've got a column to do."

"A column!" I stared at him.

"What's the matter?"

I drew in a long breath. It was silly to be surprised. Whatever else happened in this house, a deadline had to be met six days a week. How he could apply himself to abstract national issues when his personal life had become so involved, I didn't know; but I did know the column would be written. I picked up the notebook.

JUST
JUST MARRIED
Kirk

"Don't let him make you work late, honey! Give him some *excuse*."
LIBERTY

IT was a relief to return, at least for a few hours, to normal routine. While we worked on the column, Sam Ryker went off to catch as much as he could of the State Department meeting, and Eddie had to check some figures at the Housing Administration. Ray put on his coat when I was ready to type his day's work, and said he was lunching at the Press Club.

So I remained alone in the office. It was good to be alone for a while, in the silence of the big three-storied house. It gave me a chance to regain some composure.

Just before one, Solomon brought me a lunch tray—Hannah's incomparable shrimp Creole, with a pot of steaming coffee and Dutch apple cake. "Reckon eatin' is the only peaceful thing left in this house, Miss Hull," he said. Lunching at the house had become an accepted part of my routine. Also, it took less time than seeking a restaurant in Georgetown.

I was about to eat when the telephone rang. A man's voice asked, "Mr. Dudley, please?"

There was something familiar about that voice, yet I couldn't quite place it. I said, "Who's calling?"

"Mr. Price."

"Will you hold on a minute, Mr. Price? I'll see if he's here."

There was no way to ring the top floor, where Nick and Bea Dudley occupied a guest room; Ray had never had an extension installed up there. I stepped out of the office, saw Solomon, and asked him to call Mr. Dudley. And all the time that familiar voice bothered me. I knew no Mr. Price, yet I felt sure I'd heard his voice before.

Solomon came down presently to say that Mr. Dudley was out; but Mrs. Dudley was dressing, and she would be down in a few minutes.

I repeated that into the telephone. Mr. Price said, "No, thank you, it will not be necessary to disturb Mrs. Dudley. Perhaps I will call later again. Mr. Dudley—this is his home, no?"

And then, suddenly, I knew where I'd heard that voice, that accent, that peculiar manner of phrasing. Right here, over the intercom, only a few hours ago. This was Luis Carazel! Carazel asking for Nick Dudley and calling himself "Price"!

I said, "This is where he stays in Washington, yes."

"Thank you."

My heart was racing as I hung up. Maybe I shouldn't have taken matters into my own hands, but I simply had to check my suspicion. I waited half a minute. Then I called the Wardman, where Carazel had said he was staying. I asked for his room.

A moment later the same unmistakable voice said, "Hello? . . . *Hello?*"

I didn't speak. What I'd wanted to know I already knew. I put down the telephone and stared at it. Why was Carazel calling Nick Dudley, of all people, and why was he using a false name to do it? What connection could Dudley possibly have with the Mexican—with this whole affair?

When Solomon came in for the tray, I said, "That man who was here this morning—the Mexican—has he ever been around before, do you know? Before I came?"

"Never saw him, ma'am."

I COULDN'T ask more, because Bea Dudley came downstairs. She wasn't wearing her usual amount of cosmetics, at least not around the eyes, and it occurred to me that she looked younger and more wholesome.

"Was there any message for us, Miss Hull?"

"No," I said. "It was a Mr. Price, who said he'd call later."

She didn't seem particularly interested. Her nod was vague. Her thoughts were on something else. She was looking into the study.

"When's Mr. Garret coming back?" she asked.

"He didn't tell me, Mrs. Dudley."

"Well, when he comes, would you tell him I'd like to see him?"

"Certainly."

"It—it's rather urgent, you might say."

"I'll tell him."

She nodded, turned away. As she went up the stairs, the doorbell rang, and I saw Solomon go to answer. He brought into my office a bony sharp-faced man with thin brown hair. The man was nervous. His troubled eyes darted to the study door, then back to me.

"Mr. Garret?" he said.

"He's not in. Can I help you?"

"Well, no-o—"

"May I have your name?"

He hesitated. Then he said, "Bly."

Somehow I managed not to jump. His gray topcoat hung without shape, a cheap garment that must have been several seasons old. He was drab—a disappointing figure when you considered that, in a sense, he was the key man in all that was happening. He looked hunted and scared.

"Mr. Lark isn't around, is he?" he asked.

"No."

"When do you expect Mr. Garret back?"

"He didn't say. Is there any message?"

Warren Bly shook his head. He twisted his hat in his hands.

"Wait a minute," I said.

This, I felt, was important enough to relay to Ray at once. I dialed the Press Club, had him paged. When I told him Warren Bly was in the office, he uttered a sound like a grunt.

"What does he want?"

"He doesn't say."

Ray thought a moment. "Tell him to come in tonight," he said. "At eight thirty."

"Anything else?"

"No. But while you're on— That United Nations stuff I dictated this morning. Grab a cab and meet me with it at the Globe at three." The Washington Globe, the local outlet for the column, served as his headquarters in town; that was where he'd started newspaper work as a sports writer, and the boys still made room for him whenever he came in to use a typewriter. I didn't know why he wanted the United Nations material, but I said I'd have it there in time.

And I didn't add anything about Luis Carazel—not in Bly's presence.

WHEN I hung up I gave Warren Bly the message. He nodded and turned away. I wanted to ask a hundred questions.

I gathered the United Nations notes and was starting to work on them when the telephone interrupted again.

Listening to the voice it brought this time was like hearing something in another world—a world in which there could still be laughter and ease. It seemed inconceivable that some of me could continue to be a part of that world, where Legrue's death and Warren Bly and the matter of stolen letters had no particular significance. For this was Jerry Cannerton calling, Jerry, just in from New York. He was at the airport, on his way to the Shoreham.

"Where's that place you work at?" he asked. "I'll be there at six to pick you up."

"Oh, Jerry!" I was really glad to hear him.

"We're having dinner together, aren't we?"

"Yes, of course!"

"What's the address?"

I gave it to him, and when he said good-by my spirits sank even lower. I had imagined that Jerry Cannerton might rescue me for a time from the maze that surrounded Legrue's murder. But I no longer felt sure about that. On the contrary, it seemed to me Jerry might complicate life all the more. I began to realize that there could be no peace for me or for any of us until we knew who had murdered Walter Evans Legrue, until the whole affair could be filed away like the facts of an old column.

AT three o'clock I found Ray waiting in the tiny glass-partitioned office he had borrowed at the Globe. A man in shirt sleeves was talking to him, but he left when I came.

When I told Ray about the call from "Mr. Price," he looked at me in perplexity. "You *sure* it was Carazel?"

"I'd bet a year's pay on it."

He stared through me a moment, then grunted. "It's screwy," he said. "Doesn't fit in."

"I'd still bet."

"How would Nick come to know Luis Carazel?"

"They tell me it's a small world."

"Well, maybe." He motioned to the envelope I carried. "Let's get at the column. We can dig into this later." But I could see he was puzzled.

When I gave him the paragraphs he had dictated that morning to stall the waiting detectives, he asked me to throw off my coat and sit at the typewriter. Somewhere in the past couple of hours he had dug up inside information on the way Senators Vandenberg and Connally used to spend half the night in a Waldorf-Astoria room with Secretary Byrnes, arguing among themselves over coffee and preparing the arguments with which they would face Molotov in the morning. It was good stuff, intimate and revealing; it showed how a united American front had always been maintained, and it pointed out that the same methods of informal personal discussion might well be applied toward achieving further international unity. As Ray dictated, adding the new items, the whole thing began to assume the weight of an important column.

We finished at ten minutes of four. "That puts me a day ahead of schedule," he said. "I can use that time." He held my coat. "Let's go."

He tossed the script to the city desk, for transmission to the syndicate office. The Globe's new edition had just come off the press, and we stopped to look at its front page. The Legrue story was there, of course. It was on every front page in Washington. The Globe's headline ran:

POLICE FIND BULLET
IN LEGRUE SLAYING
Removed from Lawyer's Head, Fatal Bullet Now Being Studied by Ballistic Experts

We read the story together in silence. Ray's only comment was a

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faint sound in his throat. Then he took my arm and we went down to his car.

Because a double-parked delivery truck had us blocked against the curb, we had to wait. Ray leaned back in the seat and closed his eyes. His hatbrim was pulled low, and he looked worn. This, I imagined, was the first moment of rest he'd had all day. I studied his face for a while; it hurt to see the lines that were coming into it.

I said, "I don't see how you keep going at this pace day after day."

He smiled without opening his eyes. His hand found mine on the seat, pressed it in reassurance. "We don't have murders every day," he said.

"You never ease up anyway."

"Maybe that's the way I have to go, Fran—to get any kick out of life."

"Maybe. But you're wearing out your motors."

"I hope not. Some planes are built to cruise at a hundred an hour; others at four hundred. You accept the speed your own specifications call for, and that's that. You live by it."

I glanced down at his hand, still holding mine. He seemed to have forgotten it. Its pressure was pleasant and it matched the smile on his lips. When I looked up, his eyes were open. He was watching me in almost the same way he'd studied me last night—as if I were someone new and faintly surprising.

"How about *your* motors, Fran?"

"They sputter now and then," I admitted, "but they'll hold up."

HIS smile changed to a thoughtful look. "I'm sorry you had to be dragged into this thing," he said. "It's a hell of a way to start in a new job."

I didn't reply. There seemed nothing to say without renewing the dispute over the kind of ethics which had brought this situation about, and I didn't want to argue now.

Surprisingly he said, "How long have I known you, Fran? Ten years? Eleven?"

"About."

He shook his head. "A guy ought to take better care of a girl he's known that long."

Something inside me jumped. It wasn't often Ray allowed a personal note to touch our relationship. I turned to him—but the truck was pulling away from in front of us. Ray released my hand, started the car. A moment later we were on our way up Pennsylvania Avenue. I thought we were heading for Georgetown, but he swung off the avenue at the first corner, following Fourteenth Street.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Irene's."

That brought me up straight in bewilderment.

"I've got to find out a few things about this murder," he said. "I can't have people thinking I killed Legrue."

I didn't say a word; my throat felt too tight.

"Not that I blame Lieutenant Greeve," he said. "After all, I *did* stop at Legrue's last night."

"Why?" I whispered. "What made you do it?"

"He and I both wanted the letters. I thought if we talked it over with some common sense, we might, between us, figure out where the file had gone."

"But—it was true about your not going in, wasn't it?"

"Sure, it was true. When I saw the time, I decided to let it slide till morning." He drove a block, then gave me a searching look. "*You* don't think I killed Legrue, do you?"

"Of course not!" Considering the torment of uncertainty I'd felt from time to time, it was odd how the words blurted out of their own accord.

He smiled again. Once more his hand fell on mine, to pat it this time. "Thanks." And then he said, "I haven't dug into a murder case since I worked for the Globe. But this is one I'm even more anxious than the police to see cleared up."

Ten minutes later we stopped behind two other cars at the Legrue house on Massachusetts Avenue.

We had just stepped to the sidewalk when a taxi squeaked across the street. I glanced around, and there was Congressman Wilbur I. Rashton getting out of the cab. I put a hand on Ray's arm.

Rashton seemed as startled as we were when he came toward us. His topcoat hung open and his hat sat slightly askew on his curly red hair. He was breaking traffic regulations by crossing like that in the middle of the block, but apparently his mind was too full of other matters to be aware of it.

"Didn't expect to run into you here," he said when he'd greeted us. He looked worried, and I didn't blame him. He had good cause to worry as long as Walter Evans Legrue's letters remained in existence, threatening at any moment to ruin his reputation.

Ray said, "What's up, Will?"

Rashton motioned to the house. "I want to talk to her. I've just been to see Luis Carazel, too."

"Oh?"

"I wanted to know exactly what's in those letters, and I figured he could tell me. After all, he read the originals."

"Did he give?"

"Like a clam," Rashton said bitterly. "We fenced for an hour, and I got practically nothing out of him."

"Still, he must remember what was in them—"

"Sure," Rashton said. "But the more he admits knowing, the closer he implicates himself in this thing. So it looks like he's decided to say nothing at all. Insists his memory is foggy. He admits Legrue wrote him he'd persuaded me to sponsor that meat bill—which was a lie, of course; Legrue had nothing to do with it. But beyond that, when it comes to details, Carazel just isn't talking. So I thought"—he nodded to the house again—"I'd try her."

"That's assuming she saw the letters."

"There's always a chance."

"You'd have better luck with Warren Bly," Ray said. "We *know* he saw the letters."

"Yes, I realize that. Tried to reach him by phone, but he wasn't around."

"He'll be at my place at eight thirty," Ray said.

Rashton showed quick interest. "Tonight?"

"Yes. Why don't you come around?"

"By George, I will!"

RAY looked at the house. "As for seeing Irene Legrue," he said, "better leave her to me, Will. I've known her a long time. She—she may be more at ease with me."

Rashton seemed uncertain. But after a pause he said, "Well, of course, if you think so—"

"I think we'll get further."

"All right. I wasn't too anxious to tackle her anyway, today of all days." He buttoned his coat. "See you tonight, then. I'll come in about eight."

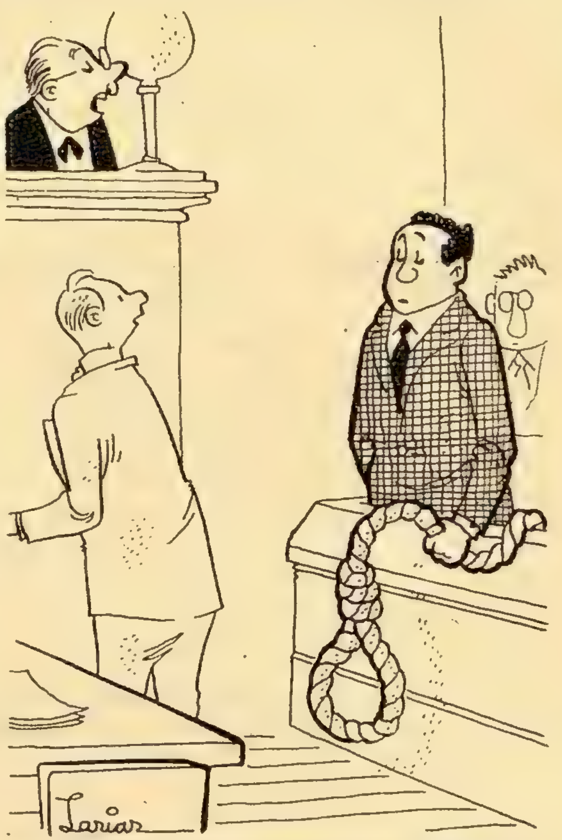
He left us after a little more talk, and we watched him walk toward the corner. Then I turned to Ray.

"Maybe you'd rather go in without me," I said. "I could wait in the car."

He smiled, took my arm, and led me toward the house. "Not on your life," he said. "*You're* a source of strength, Fran. Rashton would be a liability."

As we went on, I became suddenly nervous. I had a sense of impending crisis.

To be continued in the next issue.



"Has the jury reached a verdict?"

LIBERTY

BOOK 3 FOR BEDROOM C

Continued from Page 39

"I will. Shall we have another old-fashioned, *Ann?*"

"I think it would be delightful, Oliphant."

"Who?"

"Oliphant. Your name. I saw it on your luggage."

"Oh. No one calls me anything but Oli."

"I'd like to call you Oliphant."

"Well, you may, but I'll never know when you're talking to me."

They both laughed cheerfully. He rang again for Fred, who was a little alarmed at the order Mr. Thrumm gave him and decided to make the drinks weaker.

Ann, on her third, was having one too many. Mr. Thrumm, on his third, was having two too many. Ann lounged back and watched herself in the mirror and suddenly laughed uncontrollably, only to be joined by Mr. Thrumm, whose laughter was equally out of hand.

"Shhhh." Mr. Thrumm, with his finger in front of his mouth, made this sound elaborately at Emperor, the dog. He, too, was asleep.

"I don't feel too well," Ann said a little while later. And presently Mr. Thrumm, galvanized into action by her sudden corpselike appearance, threw the ice which was left in the glasses into a towel and thrust it against her forehead.

Before passing out Ann murmured, "You're wonderful. I adore you."

Fred Johnson, who had been worrying about Bedroom C, now touched the buzzer, and Mr. Thrumm had to let Fred in.

Fred said, "She passed out, huh?"

"But why?" Mr. Thrumm was puzzled. "I had as much as she did."

"You didn't look much like the drinking type to me, Mr. Thrumm, so I gave her a little edge on the scotch. We'll be in Kansas City in about ten minutes, and then you can take a little air."

"Don't forget to take Emperor."

That was Barbara. She had heard the whole conversation.

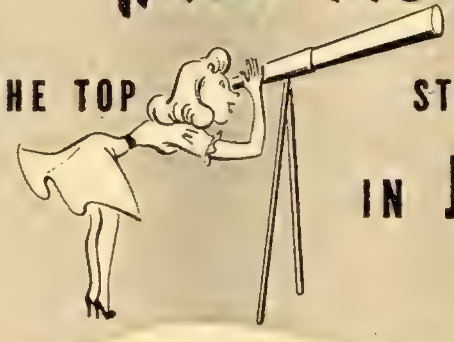
Mr. Thrumm resisted Fred's tug on his sleeve and stood gaping at Ann. She looked more childlike even than Barbara, and her closed eyes only emphasized the length of her dark lashes.

Fred Johnson recognized the meaning of Mr. Thrumm's expression. He took Mr. Thrumm's arm again, this time gently, and said, "The train's slowing down for Kansas City; let's get out for some air. Here's Emperor's leash."

AFTER they were back aboard and the train had pulled out, Fred said, "I'll take Emperor back. You wait here for me."

When they were seated in the men's room, he turned earnestly to Mr. Thrumm. "You don't go to many movies, do you?"

It's fun to know the stars



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HOLLYWOOD'S ALL-STAR MAGAZINE

JULY ISSUE...OUT JUNE 11TH

"Well"—Mr. Thrumm pursed his mouth—"I'm not exactly a regular movie-goer, though I am fond of the early Chaplin movies and an occasional foreign film."

"You've never seen a movie in which Ann Haven has starred?"

Mr. Thrumm held his chin. "So that's who she is."

Fred was watching Mr. Thrumm's face carefully.

"I suppose she has many admirers."

"A great many."

"Are they"—Mr. Thrumm wanted a peek at his competitors—"well-known men—rich, I suppose—attractive. . . . ?"

"Well, in her early days in Hollywood there was J. N. Goldwell. He could tell every producer out there what to do and when to do it. I had him on a couple of trips. A pleasant guy, big tipper, and completely without ethics. Nobody ever knew just how romantic his association with Ann was, and now he's in jail for tax evasion—has been for some time. Since then, there've been producers, actors, the business fringe of Hollywood, and song writers. And an Egyptian of reputed royalty, a society portrait painter, a psychiatrist. I guess you're next."

Mr. Thrumm was a little shocked.

"Frankly," Fred went on, "you are entering into a field in which your status is probably that of an amateur, while your opponent is an expert, well trained and much experienced."

Mr. Thrumm was silent. After a moment he said: "It's true. I know very little about love, and even less about women. But, Fred, aren't we both assuming too much? I'll admit to a high degree of susceptibility, but Miss Haven—you know, I'm not much, Fred."

"You're different. That's enough."

They both became conscious of an incessant buzzing. Fred went out to look at the room indicator, came back and said: "It's Bedroom C."

Mr. Thrumm said quickly, "I'll tend to it, if you don't mind, Fred. See you later." He made his way to the door and knocked gently.

THE door opened a crack, and then more, and then that lovely face of Ann was there.

"Do you feel better?" Mr. Thrumm said. He noticed that the upper berth was made up and that Barbara, Emperor, and the turtles were put away for the night. Ann was in a luxurious dressing gown.

"You're not disgusted with me?"

"Far from it."

"You're very sweet." Ann said that honestly, emphasizing the "very." "And I care a good deal what you think of me."

"Ann," he said, "nothing that could ever happen between us could possibly disgust me." He moved very close to her, removed his glasses, and looked directly into her eyes. "Nothing," he repeated.

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"You know, dear, I still can't believe it's mine!"

LIBERTY

Ann, for the second time, kissed him. Right after that he, for the first time, kissed Ann. It lasted a long time, too.

"I don't suppose we should do that." His face looked as if he hoped they would do nothing else but that for the rest of their lives. "But I can't think of any reasons."

"Well, for one thing," Ann said, "we've known each other such a short time. It's considered—"

"Rubbish." He didn't know whether or not to put his glasses back on. He wanted to see Ann in focus, but, on the other hand, it might indicate his unwillingness to further pursue the activities of a moment ago. He compromised by cleaning the glasses vigorously. "Actually, we've had a considerable courtship. It's nearly half-past one now; that means eight hours, practically solid."

"Oh," she said, "I may fall in love with you."

He said, "Can you determine that —simply ordain it?"

"Don't be sensitive—I can feel it coming on, and it happens rarely enough for me to recognize it from afar."

Mr. Thrumm didn't dare to look at her, but he managed to mumble, "Ann—you're wonderful."

They sat silently close to each other for a long time.

Then Fred, feeling terribly virtuous and sensible, insistently rang the buzzer of Bedroom C.

Finally Mr. Thrumm came to the door, and his face said, "Go away."

"Hello," Fred said. "Hadn't I better make up that lower berth now?"

Mr. Thrumm opened his mouth to speak, but Ann's voice from inside said, "In fifteen minutes, Fred. O.K.?"

"O.K., Miss Haven." Fred smiled at Mr. Thrumm, winked, and started back down the corridor. After he had gone a few feet he heard a low whistle. He looked back and saw Mr. Thrumm's face still peeking through the door, and Mr. Thrumm cheerfully thumbing his nose at him.

AT eight o'clock the next morning, Ann woke and saw Barbara's legs dangling from the berth above her. Ann helped her down and then fell back with expressive sounds mingled with the phrase "four hours' sleep . . . that's really not enough . . ." She gave Barbara a five-dollar bill, told her to go and have some breakfast, and then, herself, climbed up into the upper berth and soon fell heavily asleep.

The train had stopped and Fred was standing at the bottom of the steps. He helped Barbara and Emperor out, watched them good-naturedly, and then helped them into the train when it was ready to leave.

Bedroom F had been emptied at La Junta, so Fred put Emperor in there before he took Barbara to the diner. Having deposited her at a table, he went back to car 409.

The waiter was nice; called her "honey." Barbara asked him if he had any ice cream and chocolate sauce.

He said, wide-eyed, "No, honey, this is breakfast time."

"I know," Barbara said, "but I like ice cream for breakfast if I can get it. Oh well, give me whole-wheat toast and a glass of milk and, if you have them, peaches and cream."

"O.K., honey." He had gotten halfway down the car when Barbara yelled, "Bring an extra bottle of milk for Emperor."

At that, the man in front of her turned suddenly around and said, "My God, Barbara Haven. You're not traveling alone, are you?"

It was Johnny Pizer.

Barbara moved over to Johnny Pizer's table and outlined to him, sparing no details, the trip thus far. Johnny—or "Pizey," as he was affectionately known in the trade—was a smart Hollywood agent—Ann's agent. His father had made so much money bootlegging in Chicago during prohibition that he had been able, by the time Johnny was in high school, to put huge amounts of cash into a respectable brewing business, and to send Johnny to the University of Chicago, where Johnny stayed nearly two years.

The only woman who had ever seriously interested Johnny was Ann Haven. Not because of her beauty in face and figure, and certainly not for her fame, though her earning capacity impressed him, but because in all his business dealings with her he found her hardheaded and sharp to see an advantage.

What Barbara now told him was disturbing. If the papers ever got hold of something like this they'd murder Ann. On the other hand, cleaned up, it would make a helluva publicity break, he thought.

"Barbara," he said, "I want this whole trip to be a little secret between you and me."

Barbara recognized the cliché. "Well, Fred knows."

"Who the hell is Fred?"

"He's our porter of course."

"Oh." Ten bucks would fix that.

"Anyway, we like Mr. Thrumm."

"That has nothing to do with it." Johnny was annoyed. "It just isn't good sense. Come on, let's go. Will you let me know when Ann gets up? I'm in Drawing Room A, in Car 404—here, I'll write it down for you."

"DO you mind if we sit here?" Mr. Thrumm looked up from his late breakfast to see three men moving into the empty chairs at his table. He smiled and said: "Not at all; I'm just leaving."

"Don't let us hurry you," one of them said.

"Do you mind if I have a cigarette?" Mr. Thrumm asked.

"Not at all. Go right ahead; doesn't bother us."

The three newcomers had on slacks and comfortable short-sleeved shirts covered with what appeared to be wallpaper patterns. Mr. Thrumm, studying the shirt on the fat, bald man facing him, absent-mindedly tipped his head to one side the better to see the design.

"I see you like my shirt, ha, ha, ha. By the way, my name's Shoreham, George Shoreham." He extended a hand, which carried on the fourth finger a large diamond ring.

"Thrumm," said Mr. Thrumm, shaking hands lightly.

"And this here's Jack Bleck. . . ."

"Glad to meetcha." The wafer-thin Mr. Bleck went right on writing his breakfast order without looking up.

"And next to you over there is Tommy Hind."

"How do you do," said Mr. Hind. Tommy Hind was "America's Irish Singer of Sentimental Song."

The waiter brought three very different kinds of breakfasts. For Jack Bleck there was only a cup of hot water, and Melba toast; but Jack himself had set up a miniature drugstore in front of him on the table.

"How about a piece of ham with your Kelp-a-Kriss? Ha, ha, ha." George Shoreham looked at Mr. Thrumm for approval of his wit.

Mr. Thrumm smiled slightly, but only until Jack Bleck addressed him, saying, "He doesn't know anything about the human body."

"Go ahead," George said, "give me the calcium speech."

"O. K., wise guy, wait and see what happens to you when your blood calcium gets low."

"What happens?" Tommy Hind asked.

"Plenty," Jack answered glumly.

Mr. Thrumm could volunteer some information. "For one thing," he said, "the contractibility of the muscles may become impaired." He went on: "Of course calcium is only one of the mineral elements of the human body." He turned to Jack. "You weigh about—"

"One hundred and twenty-seven pounds," Jack said eagerly.

"That makes it a little difficult," Mr. Thrumm cogitated. "Suppose we say you weigh 110 pounds. Then the mineral elements of your body would consist of—roughly speaking, of course—800 grams of calcium, 450 grams of phosphorus, 200 grams of—"

"How long have you guys been here?"

All four faces looked up and greeted Johnny Pizer.

"The damndest thing has happened. You all know—" He noticed the stranger at the table, checked himself, and said, "I'll tell you later. Don't be long." He continued on through the diner.

"Well, I'll leave you gentlemen now." Mr. Thrumm stood up.

"Glad to have metcha," they all said.

Jack Bleck added, "Why not join us later? You can find us in Drawing Room A in Car 404."

"Or in the lounge car," Tommy added.

"Do that," George said.

Mr. Thrumm had made quite an impression.

When he got to Car 409 he paused longingly at the door—then he went on with a sigh to F, thinking he would stretch out for a bit. He felt a little sleepy again.

When he opened the door of Bedroom F he heard Barbara, now in the last scene of an imaginary play, say to Emperor, "Oh, beloved, I'm forever yours; you must ask my father for my hand." With this, she kissed Emperor passionately.

"Hello," Mr. Thrumm said, sitting down and making sure that he kept Barbara between him and Emperor. "Did you have breakfast?"

"Yes, thank you. I met a friend of mine, Johnny Pizer. He's a friend of Ann's too."

"That's nice. An old friend?"

"He's one of Ann's oldest friends. He's also her agent."

"Oh." Mr. Thrumm felt relieved.

"He's awful stingy. But he's rich. That's what he told Ann when he asked her to marry him."

"What? When was that?"

"Just before we left Chicago. I'm glad mother didn't marry him, though."

So was Mr. Thrumm.

"What time is it, Mr. Thrumm?"

He looked at his watch. "A quarter to eleven."

"I'd better go see to my turtles."

"Oh, Barbara," he said, "I'd like to speak to your mother when she's awake."

"I'll tell her," Barbara said. "Come on, Emperor."

GEORGE SHOREHAM, who worked for a Hollywood agency, had a client on board. His name was Ray White, and he was nearly as

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famous as Ann; in fact, had been in pictures even longer, and practically the whole country considered him the ideal of male beauty. Ann had always said she wanted to meet him. Johnny decided it would be a good time to introduce them.

But when he suggested a "dinner party, right here in the drawing room," with the two stars as guests of honor, George Shoreham became very depressed. He felt that he couldn't refuse Johnny this whim, but he had wild forebodings. Ray White looked like a poet but acted like a heel.

Jack Bleck predicted, "You'll want to toss a coin to see who pays for the dinner."

"No. This is strictly my party," Johnny said. "Besides, you don't have to come."

"If you're paying, I'm coming, and I'd also like to bring a friend."

There was no difficulty with Ray White. He accepted eagerly. Then Johnny went back alone to Car 409. He knocked at the door of Bedroom C and rang the buzzer.

"Never do anything by half measures, Johnny," were Ann's first words; "you could have kicked the door too."

"Just anxious to see you, honey, that's all." Johnny smiled broadly and walked in. "Nice," he said. "This your bedroom?"

"That's not very subtle, Johnny; I can guess that Barbara has given you a lurid description of the whole situation."

"Ann, for God's sake, how can you be so stupid? A girl in your position to do a thing like this—really."

Ann kept on with her making-up.

"You don't know who this guy Thrumm is; he may be a fake, a blackmailer, a lady murderer like Landru." Johnny was scowling.

Ann laughed. "If you could meet Mr. Thrumm, you'd understand." Then she got serious. "He's very nice, Johnny."

"O. K., O. K."

Ann didn't like the tone. "Johnny, this is a sweet, wonderful, intelligent man; and I absolutely forbid you to use any of your gangster methods on him. No jokes, no tricks, nothing—do you understand?"

Johnny was taken aback. She looked serious. And when he went into the matter of the dinner with Ray White, she was silent for quite a while. She finally said, "I'll tell you what I'll do, Johnny; I'll come to dinner—what time?"

"Seven o'clock."

"All right. I'll come to dinner, but I'll leave immediately afterward, and not later than nine. Is that a deal?"

"Sure. Drawing Room A in Car 404. Oh, by the way, Jack Bleck, George Shoreham, and Tommy Hind will be there—you don't mind, do you? You know most of them."

"No, I don't mind, Johnny."

"That's swell. You're a great pal, Ann; beautiful and co-operative. I couldn't ask for more in a client."

She patted his hand.

MR. THRUMM went back to the empty bedroom that had been put at his disposal.

There was an hour before his lunch appointment with Ann. What did those men in the diner mention? The lounge car. Why not?

As he made his way into the pall of gray cigar and cigarette smoke, looking helplessly about for a seat, someone took hold of his arm.

"How do you do, how do you—" Mr. Thrumm said. For a moment he didn't recognize Jack Bleck.

"Call me Jack, everyone does."

There was no need to make conversation. Jack had it all ready and was anxious to get on with it. "That was very nice of you to stick up for me that way in the diner," he said. "You know, those other fellows think it's a great joke that I take care of myself the way I do. But with a stomach like mine, I say you can't be too careful."

"Quite right."

"Of course, you being a doctor, you'd understand that."

"I do happen to know a bit about medicine, though I'm far from being an accredited M.D.," Mr. Thrumm said hastily. "I'm what's known as a research chemist."

"I see." Jack said it slowly. The closest he had come to science was a movie about Pasteur he had happened to see.

"You don't think I'm doing wrong in taking calcium, do you?"

"If you need it," said Mr. Thrumm. He smiled. "If you happen to be pregnant, it's extremely valuable."

"No kidding!"

"No kidding," Mr. Thrumm replied.

As he rattled on good-humoredly about minerals and vitamins, Jack sat like a rapt student at the feet of a swami.

The time went quickly, and Mr. Thrumm, on looking at his watch, found that he was within fifteen minutes of his lunch appointment.

"I'm afraid I'll have to leave you now," he said.

"Say, that's a shame." Jack thought for the fraction of a moment. "Mr. Thrumm," he said, "I hope you won't think that I'm forward, but I wonder if you're doing anything for dinner tonight?"

"Well—I had a sort of plan."

"I don't know how interesting you'll find it, but I can promise you a good dinner. Those other fellows will be there too—you remember them from breakfast—"

"Yes, your two friends." Mr. Thrumm suddenly remembered that these men were all friends of Johnny Pizer. Was he going to be there too? He didn't feel like asking that. "You see," he explained, "I did plan on

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something else, otherwise I'd be delighted."

"Well, that's a real shame," Jack said. "But if you change your plans, let me know; I'll be here or in Drawing Room A in Car 404."

"I'll certainly do that." Mr. Thrumm got up. "Well, nice to have seen you again."

And Jack said a fervent "Likewise."

WHEN Mr. THRUMM got back to Bedroom C in Car 409, the lunch was set out. Ann had managed to get hold of a slim little vase which now held a cornflower; there were place cards.

They were a long time at lunch. Ann did most of the lingering. But after Fred had cleared away, she turned to Mr. Thrumm. "Oli," she said, "I have something unpleasant to say."

"Have I done something?" Mr. Thrumm was alarmed.

"No, I have. Oli, I wish it weren't so, but I can't have dinner with you tonight."

Mr. Thrumm was a little hurt and shocked. "I'm sorry, Ann. I've become quite accustomed to—well—having meals with you."

"Oh, Oli, I'm sorry, too, terribly sorry; but I hope you'll understand. This is business. My agent—well, you know, it's Johnny Pizer, and I do have to give him some consideration—he's arranged a dinner that I simply have to go to. I couldn't refuse. But I told him that I wouldn't stay after nine o'clock under any circumstances. Oli, please understand that I'd much rather be with you—"

"Ann, it's sweet of you to say so—"

"I'm not just saying so. It's the truth. Please believe me, Oli."

"I do, Ann; of course I do."

"Good." Ann felt relieved. "Will you meet me here at nine?"

"Nothing could stop me."

An hour after Albuquerque, Mr. Thrumm left Ann to allow her time to dress for dinner. He had thought to himself that it would not be a bad idea to try to find Mr. Bleck again—there wasn't, after all, much fun in eating dinner alone. He went back to the lounge car. Jack was there. "Didn't change your mind about dinner tonight, did you?" was his greeting.

"As a matter of fact . . ." Mr. Thrumm smiled, paused, and then said deliberately, "Yes, my plans are changed and I'd like very much to have dinner with you."

"Say" — Jack beamed — "that's swell."

"You're sure your friends won't mind?"

"Hell, no. I told them I was bringing a friend in case you could come."

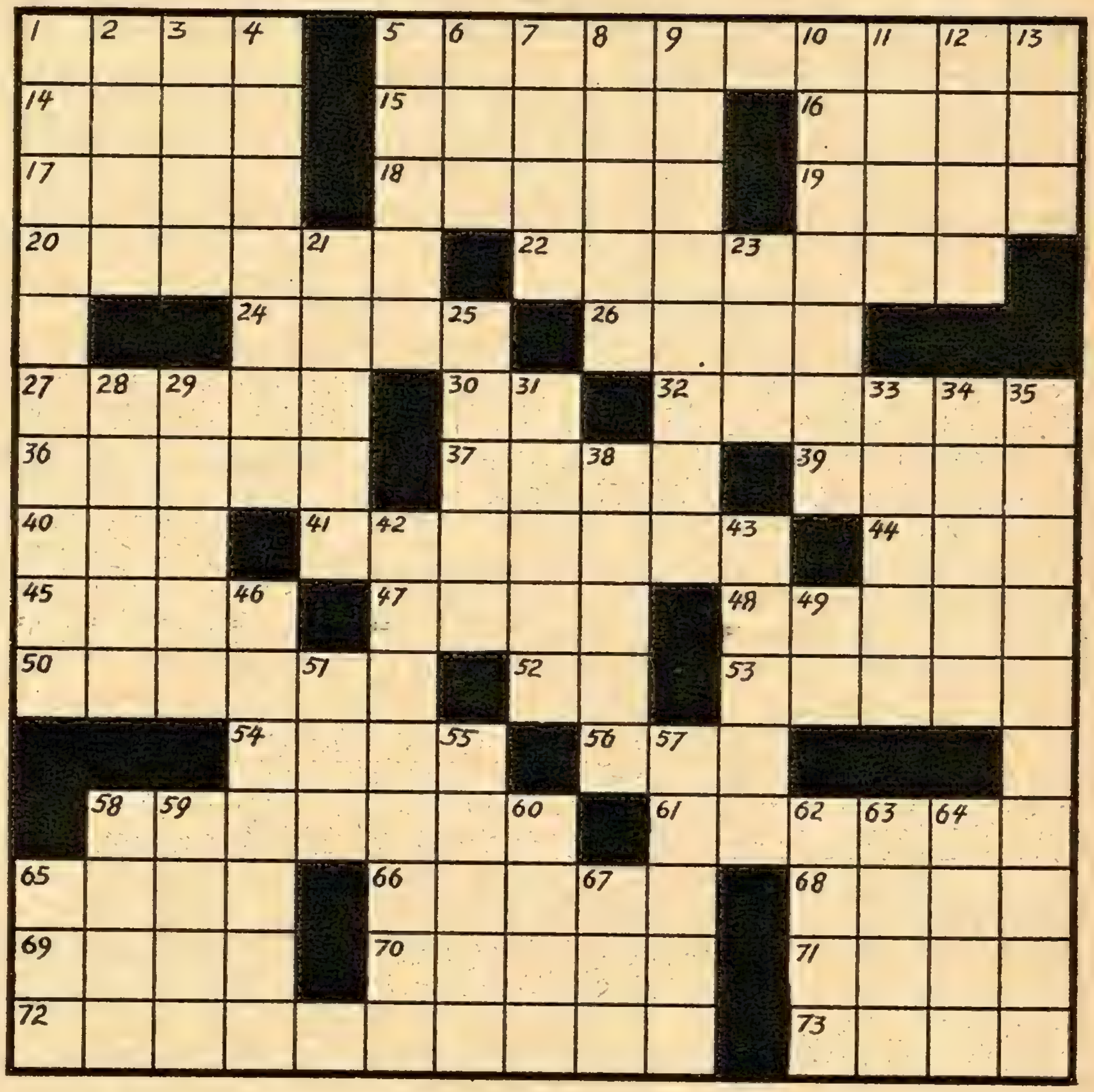
As much as Mr. Thrumm would miss Ann, it was certainly pleasant to have such an enthusiastic host. "You're very kind, Mr. Bleck."

"Jack's the name, and the pleasure is all mine. Seven o'clock in our drawing room."

"Very good."

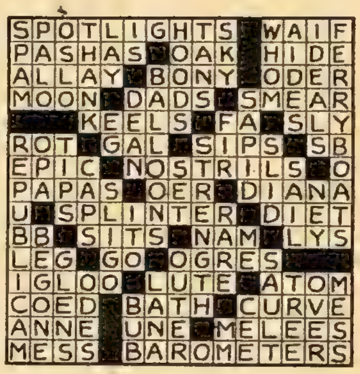
COCKEYED CROSSWORD

Puzzle 44 **BY TED SHANE** 6/21/47



HORIZONTAL

1 Their ears are book ends for vacuums
5 Device next war will be fought by
14 Superman who puts you in a stupor, man!
15 What the rich man did when he wanted to marry the rich gal
16 Place women exercise the veto in America
17 Surrealist the kids play with
18 Heat till the breath comes in short pants
19 aciremA ni otev eht esicrexe nemow ecalP
20 Hoarses around with an actress in a hammy way
22 Eighty-eight things a woman can think up for doing something sappy
24 Will, the ex-Hollywood morals watcher
26 Last thing a drunk misses on the way down
27 Wealthy weed
30 Alleged family head
32 Paid mind
36 "Open the ——, Richard!" sang the old Kaiser
37 The carpenter's pal, though edgy, sure can get things straight
39 Got saddle bunions
40 pu muS
41 Eventually they get it in the end if they fool around thin ice
44 Attire holder
45 Malettes
47 This Indian was sure one!
48 It's saucy, and a Red at that!
50 What the mad hermit created in a public place
52 Embryonic ave.
53 Replace a chicken
54 Franchot, were he a bookworm
56 Healthatorium
58 Empty memories of Lost Weekends



S	P	O	T	L	I	G	H	T	S	■	W	A	I	F
P	A	S	H	A	S	■	O	A	K	■	H	I	D	E
A	L	L	A	Y	■	B	O	N	Y	■	O	D	E	R
M	O	O	N	■	D	A	D	S	■	S	M	E	A	R
■	■	■	K	E	E	L	S	■	F	A	■	S	L	Y
R	O	T	■	G	A	L	■	S	I	P	S	■	S	B
E	P	I	C	■	N	O	S	T	R	I	L	S	■	O
P	A	P	A	S	■	O	E	R	■	D	I	A	N	A
U	■	S	P	L	I	N	T	E	R	■	D	I	E	T
B	B	■	S	I	T	S	■	N	A	M	■	L	Y	S
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M	E	S	S	■	B	A	R	O	M	E	T	E	R	S

June 7 Answer

61 Sets sail afoot without a rudder
65 Two people running around moonstruck, babbling meaningless things
66 What Hitler might consider the American-Russian War
68 Little tears
69 Pedestal where you can hold your girl in high esteem
70 Tantalus' gal
71 No het fase dise (anag. def.)
72 That which prevents nags from betting on the human race (two words)
73 If chemists create ones to turn everybody white—

VERTICAL

1 How the nags of the '90s rode the nags of the '90s
2 First male delivery on earth
3 Fertilized billiards
4 What *Hitlers* and snakes do (anag.)
5 Tomboyish name
6 By adding less, it becomes no good at all
7 Synthesis of make-up, clothes, publicity, and marriages
8 Water snakes
9 Lung
10 State rat exterminator
11 Under inflation it will become Elevenesee (abbr.)
12 Even though they multiply, they remain single
13 Half normal
21 What no man does enough for a woman
23 What shortsighted people do with eyeball glasses
25 It operates by atomicization
28 What teen-agers get loaded on to get that creamy-dreamy look
29 Tool of the poisoner (pl.)
31 1948 dreamboats (abbr.)
33 "Open the ——, Richard, and let a gal in!"
34 etartsigam namoR siht *elidE* (.gana)
35 "You can tell the hupper clahsses,
They may keep their ——
——
'Eaven will protect the woiking goil!"
38 What the Lithuanian gal said when he asked, "Shall we neck?"
42 Red White Houses, where one man's word is law
43 Take a powder, bub!
46 Where girls wrestle with the objects of their desires
49 One man in a million (fem.)
51 Unaffirmative
55 Screwball RR.
57 The guy who gets the money
58 *Pro —— publico*
59 How the ogre liked his humans fried
60 When we'd like to have peace
62 Food nailed this one (——ford, get it?)
63 Glamorous member of the onion family
64 Fencing gadget
65 Lips Kause Havoc (abbr.)
67 Nonsense By Shane (abbr.) —that zany!

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

Out of some cold figures, came a story to warm America's heart

NOT LONG AGO, the Secretary of the United States Treasury studied a figure-covered sheet of paper.

The figures revealed a steady, powerful upswing in the sale of U. S. Savings Bonds, and an equally steady decrease in Bond redemptions.

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"It was natural and human—but it was also dangerous. For suppose this trend had continued. Suppose that, in this period of reconversion, some 80 million Americans had decided not only to stop saving, but to spend the $40 billion which they had *already* put aside in Series E, F & G Savings Bonds. The picture which *that* conjures up is not a pretty one!

"But the trend did NOT continue.

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BOOK 3 FOR BEDROOM C

"And now," Jack said, "you were saying before that calcium isn't the only important ingredient of the human body—"

Mr. Thrumm sighed. He saw that he was going to have to pay for this evening's dinner—and in advance.

RAY WHITE entered Bedroom A with a cheery *bon soir* and answered the welcomes with an equally cheery *bien obligé*. He did not hear George Shoreham's whispered, "Sit down, ya bum." He shook hands. Tommy Hind was impressed, and Jack Bleck stared at him with unfeigned dislike. To George, his agent, he nodded.

"How about a cocktail, Mr. White?" Johnny Pizer said.

Ray slowly turned his well-trained superb eyes on Johnny, smiled briefly, and said, "With pleasure."

The four hosts rushed to the small table which held cocktail ingredients, ice, and liquor. Each of them wanted to avoid the responsibility of carrying forward a conversation with Mr. White.

Ray calmly sat down, took out a cigarette and carefully inserted it into a fancy holder, crossed his legs with deliberate concern for the creases in the trousers, and glanced at the effect in the mirror facing him. From that position he merely stretched out an indifferent hand when the cocktails were prepared.

George Shoreham lifted his glass and said, "Well, here's mud in your eye"; Johnny Pizer said, "Cheers!"; Tommy Hind piped, "Good luck!"; Jack Bleck grunted; and Ray White said, *"Egészségére,"* which he had learned from a Hungarian actress two months before. The atmosphere was falsely gay, and everybody was relieved when the buzzer sounded again.

When Johnny saw the unimpressive fellow who stood in the passageway, he said, "Yeah? What is it?"

Mr. Thrumm was quite startled and for a moment wished that he might say, "Western Union," hand Johnny Pizer a telegram, and leave. But he said, "Is Mr. Bleck in?"

Jack Bleck recognized the voice, pushed forward, and yelled, "Come in! Come in! This is the right place!" And he pulled Mr. Thrumm through the door. Johnny stood aside in amazement as Jack took Mr. Thrumm over to George and Tommy, who, recognizing their breakfast companion, gave forth an enthusiastic welcome which included backslapping, immediate pouring of a cocktail, and all the joviality of a men's club lounge. In fact, Johnny and Ray were completely ignored, until Johnny grabbed Jack's arm and pulled him aside. "Who the hell is this guy," he said, "the president of the whole goddam railroad?"

"You said I could ask a guest, didn't ya?"

"Sure, sure. But do you mind introducing me?"

"Oh, that's right; you didn't meet him." Jack called to the corner, "Hey, Mr. Thrumm! Mr. Thrumm, this here's Johnny Pizer."

"Oh yes. I've heard a good deal about you, Mr. Pizer."

"Glad to know ya, Mr. Thrumm. Any friend of Jack's—" Johnny took Mr. Thrumm's arm, and said, "Mr. Thrumm, this is Ray White."

"Mr. White." Mr. Thrumm extended his hand.

"Delighted, I'm sure." Ray detected class in this mild fellow before him. "But haven't we met somewhere?" This was Ray's favorite device; most people were too flattered to deny the possibility.

"I don't think so, Mr. White." Mr. Thrumm took it seriously and began to think. "You didn't attend Harvard University—"

"Oh dear, no." Ray laughed lightly, as if mere chance had prevented it. "Any learning I may have is the result of my being a *helluo librorum,* which is to say a bookworm."

George, Tommy, and Jack were watching this encounter as if it were a particularly tense tennis match. Johnny Pizer looked at Mr. Thrumm, attempting to understand Ann's interest in this man.

"Indeed." Mr. Thrumm looked at Ray with some amazement. "But you do know Latin, I see."

Ray made a deprecatory gesture. "Just a very little."

JACK BLECK interrupted. "Mr. Thrumm here is a whiz. Practically cured me of my stomach trouble by talking to me this afternoon."

"Oh, come now, Mr. Bleck—" Mr. Thrumm blushed.

"Are you a doctor, sir?" Ray White asked.

"Not at all, not at all." Mr. Thrumm said it emphatically, having visions of being arrested for practicing medicine without a license. "I'm a chemist."

"Go on," Jack said, "he knows all about medicine. Why, for the first time in my life I had calcium explained to me. Do you think I knew what it was before? Never! And I've bought plenty of it in my time, too."

Ray White smiled indulgently, winked at Mr. Thrumm, and said, *"Exempli gratia,* eh, Mr. Thrumm?"

"What the hell's that?" Jack said.

Mr. Thrumm answered. "It means 'for example'—you've probably seen it in its abbreviated form. In books it's written *e.g."*

"I don't get it," Jack said.

Ray White laughed. "It's nothing at all, just an expression."

Mr. Thrumm felt suddenly protective toward Jack Bleck, or perhaps felt simple resentment of this pretentious fool Ray White. "As a matter of fact, Jack," he said, "I don't quite get the meaning either in this particular case. Maybe Mr. White would like to elucidate."

Ray blushed. He had expected Mr. Thrumm to share his scorn for Jack Bleck. "Really, gentlemen, there's nothing to puzzle about; I simply meant that all of us—that is, we could all—" And he finished lamely, "We could all learn by Jack's example."

The buzzer rang.

Immediately everyone was momentarily still; a mute testimony to Ann Haven's importance. Then Ray White took a quick peek in the mirror; Mr. Thrumm and Jack Bleck went to a corner with their backs to the door. Johnny Pizer went to the door.

"ANN dear."

"Hullo, Johnny!"

Ray White stood with head slightly bowed so that his eyes looked upward at her.

Johnny stepped in. "Ann, this is Ray White. You two should have met long ago. I'll get you a drink, Ann."

"How do you do, Mr. White." Ann put out her hand.

Ray took it, bent over it, kissed it, and said, *"Enchanté."*

Ann nearly giggled.

Johnny said, "Don't you want to say hello to the other boys?"

"Yes, indeed," Ann said.

When she caught sight of Mr. Thrumm she was at first pleased and then frightened. She had never before been frightened of a man in just this way—as if she had been discovered in an infidelity.

"I believe you two know each other," Johnny said, and left.

Mr. Thrumm spoke quietly. "This is your business engagement?"

"You don't understand."

"I'm afraid I do—now that I see Mr. White."

"Don't be a fool!"

"I'll try not to be from now on."

Just then Ray White commanded the attention of everyone.

"May I," Ray said, lifting his glass, "salute this meeting with the most beautiful lady of the screen, the nonpareil of actresses, the most charming of women?"

"Thank you, Mr. White," Ann said, and she turned her back on Mr. Thrumm and joined the actor.

When Johnny Pizer saw that, he should have been happy. The expense of the cocktails and the dinner had apparently been worth while. But Johnny had taken such a violent dislike to Ray White that he no longer knew whose side he was on, and what was worse, Mr. Thrumm seemed to be a nice little guy.

Johnny walked over to Ray and Ann in time to hear Ray saying, "My dear, it has been my experience that until you have really felt the passionate impact of love, until one is *au fait* with all of the subtle intricacies of love-making, a convincing screen portrayal is hardly possible—" He stopped and looked up with annoyance at Johnny.

"You guys getting hungry?" Johnny asked.

"I'm getting a little drunk," Ray said. "But I think it's the company as much as the cocktails." He looked upward again at Ann.

"How charming," Ann said. "However, I seem to be perfectly sober."

Anyone but Ray White would have winced.

Johnny said, "I think we better eat." He left the room to give the signal to the steward.

"Ann, my dear . . ." Ray White had deftly taken hold of Ann's left hand. She was so little moved that she allowed it to remain listlessly in his. "Ann, my dear, now that we've met each other, let us resolve that this will be the beginning of a brilliant acting team. I'm sure of it. We must work together in a picture." Ray now held her hand in both of his. "We will be an unbeatable team. We are by nature—I can see it—*en rapport.*" He wheeled about and called, "Come, my *bon vivants,* another drink!"

The others in the room looked up in amazement. Mr. Thrumm quickly noticed that Ray was holding Ann's hand, was swaying slightly and looking ridiculously happy.

Jack Bleck simply called out, "No drinks left."

George Shoreham said, "Shall I order some more?"

Ann answered, "Let's not bother, the food will be here soon."

She was relieved now, because Ray had let go of her hand, and the conversation had become general. Almost general, for Mr. Thrumm had taken a seat and was stonily mute. He didn't even look at Ann, and several times she checked the impulse to go over and throw her arms around him. She wondered, sensibly, how she and he could get into such an uncomfortable position with each other. Mr. Thrumm, at the same time, was shaken by all of the fears his inexperience could muster. He already fancied Ann in Ray's arms.

"The food'll be here any moment now," Johnny said brightly, when he returned.

"Bravo, Johnny," Ray said. "We seem to be in a cul-de-sac for the moment, *n'est-ce pas,* Mr. Thrumm?"

Mr. Thrumm lifted his chin out of his hand. "In what way a cul-de-sac, Mr. White?"

"Oh—a dearth of conversation, I'd say. But nothing that won't be cured by a decent *vin ordinaire,* which I trust our host has ordered."

"I thought everybody'd like mashed potatoes," Johnny answered.

THE food arrived, and there was general confusion in the overcrowded room. Johnny placed Ann between Mr. Thrumm and Ray White, the boys faced them, and he sat uncomfortably at the head of the small, heavily loaded table.

Ann found it necessary to say, "Excuse me," several times to Mr. Thrumm, into whose ribs her elbow dug at almost every natural move she attempted. It amused her a little, and she was glad that Mr. Thrumm, not Ray, was on her right.

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Ann paused in her eating to say out of the corner of her mouth, "Do we still have a date at nine o'clock?"

Without looking up Mr. Thrumm answered, "No, you're free to try the gentleman on your left."

"You're an idiot!" she said, much louder than she had meant to, and Johnny Pizer heard it. Johnny felt as if he had inadvertently intruded upon a privacy. Also, he felt sorry for Mr. Thrumm.

"The boys tell me that you're a professor at Harvard, Mr. Thrumm."

Ray White pricked up his ears.

"Yes, I am, Mr. Pizer; that is, when I'm not traveling about for the government, as I am now."

"Well, well—that sure must be interesting work." Johnny had no idea of how to carry the conversation any further.

"If you're talking of interesting work," Mr. Thrumm returned, "I should think that Mr. White would be in the lead there." He looked over at Ray.

"You're undoubtedly referring," Ray said, "to the opportunity of making love to such lovely ladies as —well, Miss Haven here, for instance."

"Perhaps you're being a little too specific for Mr. Thrumm," Ann said. "I may not suit Mr. Thrumm's ideas of female beauty."

"I was just going to add," Ray said, "that Mr. Thrumm shouldn't feel envious about it, because making love on the screen is not at all satisfactory."

"But there's one very great convenience," Mr. Thrumm said. "No emotional involvement."

"Bravo! *Touché!*" Ray nearly screamed. "I see, Mr. Thrumm, that you have discovered, as I have, that the *mesdemoiselles* are not to be trusted. The best we can do is *hurler avec les loups.* Ha, ha, ha!"

"WHAT the hell's the joke?" Jack Bleck looked at Johnny.

"How do I know?" Johnny said.

Ray stopped laughing long enough to say, "It's terribly funny, even if I say so myself. *Hurler avec les loups.* It's a French expression which means 'to howl with the wolves.'" And he went on laughing.

Jack Bleck whispered to George Shoreham, "The acting isn't bad, but it sure is a lousy script."

"I meant"—Mr. Thrumm looked at Ann and then turned his eyes to Ray White—"that whoever participates in your work, male or female, becomes used to love without emotion. I have nothing in particular against females. Chemically, they're practically the same as men."

"Both have calcium, huh?" Jack Bleck asked.

Ann was so glad when the dinner was finally ending that she began to cheer up as she finished her coffee. "You remember our agreement, Johnny," she said. "I leave at nine o'clock. These trips are so tiring, and we get in early tomorrow morning."

Johnny looked at his watch. "You're a stickler on contracts, darling; you always have been. But then, so am I; and according to my watch, there's ten minutes of your time due me."

"When those ten minutes are up," Ray White said, "may I have the pleasure of accompanying you to your door?" He bowed to Ann.

Mr. Thrumm smiled bitterly, and Ann did not fail to notice it.

"It's not exactly a dangerous trip through a dark forest, but if you'd like to see that I don't fall through the floor between cars, come along."

She turned back to Johnny. "It's been very nice, darling; thank you for including me. . . ."

Johnny leaned over and whispered in Ann's ear, "Shall I help you shake Ray White?"

"I'll manage," she said, and to George Shoreham and Tommy Hind, "Very nice to see you both again." She turned to Mr. Thrumm. "I'm sorry we didn't have a chance to hear more of your ideas on love. . . ."

Mr. Thrumm blushed.

"Perhaps I could hear about them some other time?"

"If we should, by any chance, meet again, I don't see why not." Mr. Thrumm's voice shook a little as he said these brave words.

Ann looked at him for a moment, sighed, and said, "I'm ready, Ray."

"*Bon!*" Ray said, and then turning to the others in the room, he went on, "*Addío, mes amis! Merci bien.*" He threw a kiss with his hand, took Ann's arm.

As soon as the door was shut Jack Bleck said, "That jerk!" Then he made a low bow to George Shoreham and said, "*E pluribus unum.*"

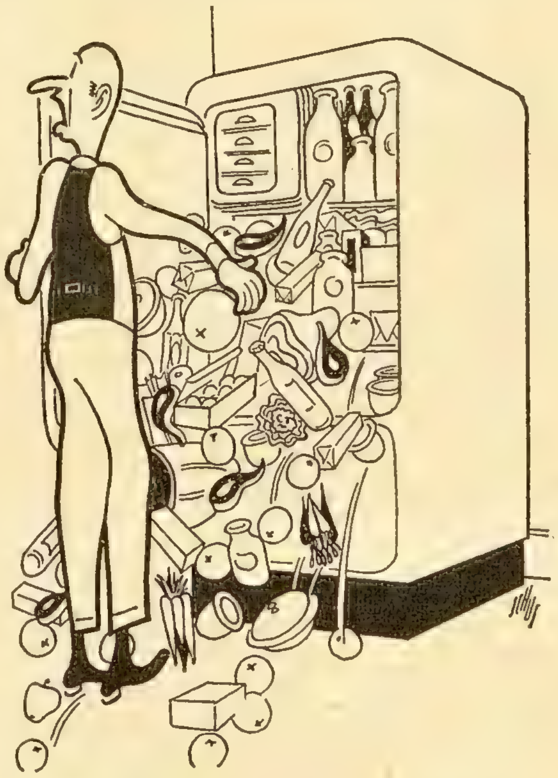
"Oh, thank you," George replied, and then bowing back, he said, "*Gesundheit!*"

"*Per annum, per annum,*" Jack answered. "And you, Mooseer Hind?"

"Oh me," Tommy said, "I'm absolutely *rigor mortis,*" and he bowed to Johnny.

Johnny answered the bow and said, "*Terra firma,* gentlemen."

Then all three of them bowed to Mr. Thrumm, and he, in turn, bowed solemnly back. "*Vice versa* and *semper fidelis,*" he said.



"Expecting company for dinner, dear?"

LIBERTY

ON the way back to Car 409, Ann gave consideration to ways of getting rid of Ray, but at the door of Bedroom C she changed her mind. She turned to Ray and said sweetly, "Won't you come in for a bit?" She had remembered that Barbara and Emperor were inside.

Ray interpreted her invitation as tribute to his attractiveness. "What else, my dear, to complete this evening, but that we two should find ourselves together and alone?"

Ann said nothing, but turned the handle of the door. The door was locked. "That's funny," she said. She pushed the buzzer.

"May I try?" Ray said, and at her nod he turned the handle. The door opened. Standing in the doorway was a dog. In the cracked voice of a very old lady it said, "Who is it wishes to enter?"

Ray was not sure what was going on until he heard Ann say, "All right, Barbara, you can come out now." Barbara crept out from under the seat, and said, "I fooled you, I fooled you."

"Barbara dear," Ann said, "this is a friend of mine, Mr. White."

Ray was too much of an actor not to be able to seem pleased at meeting Barbara. He overdid it a bit, lifting Barbara up in the air and patting her behind, two intimacies which she disliked.

"Sit down, Ray," Ann said. She lit a cigarette and settled back.

Ray did sit down, but not with the same comfort that Ann did, for Barbara was sitting with Emperor on the floor, and both of them were staring mercilessly at Ray.

Barbara suddenly stuck out her tongue at him.

Ray was startled, and said to Barbara, "Why did you do that?"

"I want to see how you react to it," Barbara said. It was true. Barbara had long ago worked out this scientific test for sizing up strangers. "Mr. White," she said, "you've hardly said a word to Emperor since you have been here. I don't think Emperor likes that."

Ray wanted to be pleasant and said, "How do you feel, Emperor?"

"I feel fine, Mr. White." It was the old lady again, and obviously Barbara was producing this voice.

This made Ray rather uncomfortable, and he cleared his throat and said, "I'm very glad to hear it."

"How old are you, Mr. White?" Emperor asked.

"Now, Barbara," Ray said, "that's

a question that polite people are not supposed to ask."

"I didn't ask it, Emperor did."

Ray looked helplessly over at Ann, who paid not the slightest attention to him. "Tell Emperor I've run out of conversation."

"I'll whisper it to him," Barbara said, and did so. "Emperor said you must be awful dumb."

At this, Ann stepped in. "Barbara," she said, "you get up off the floor and sit here like a good girl."

Barbara obeyed. She sat stiffly between Ray and Ann, a bar to conversation or gesture. Ann smiled to herself.

Finally Ray said to Barbara, "Isn't this a little late for you, dear? Shouldn't you be in bed?"

"No, dear." Barbara held her nose smugly in the air. Then she volunteered, "I happen to be very fond of Mr. Thrumm."

Ann shot an alarmed glance in Barbara's direction.

"He seems to be a very nice man," Ray said. Quite sincerely, too, since his mind in no way could connect Mr. Thrumm with himself, competitively or otherwise.

"Ray is perfectly right, you should be going to bed now," Ann said.

Ray smiled benignly. "Little children need sleep," he said.

And then that voice of Emperor's sounded again, "So do big ones!"

"That's enough, Barbara. Now say good night to Mr. White."

Barbara took Ray's hand coldly, curtsied, and said, "Good night, Mr. White."

THEN Ray was surprised, for Ann took his hand, too, and said, "Good night, Ray, and thank you for taking me home."

"Oh—yes, of course. . . ."

"I'm sorry we can't be more hospitable, but you know how it is on the train; the beds have to be made up— It was nice meeting you, and perhaps we will make a picture together sometime."

Outside the door, Ray said to himself: Well, of all the lousy brushoffs! That's the last time I mix with agents and clients.

When he had left, Barbara said, "Why didn't Mr. Thrumm come back here, instead of that man?"

"I guess he was more interested in staying on at the party."

"Oh." Barbara thought for a moment. "He isn't mad at us, is he?"

"Maybe that too," Ann said. "You get ready for bed, dear."

Barbara undressed lazily and then said, "You're not mad at him, are you, Ann?"

"No, dear, I'm not. You get ready for bed."

"I am. Ann, I miss Mr. Thrumm."

Ann was pleased and dismayed. "I miss Mr. Thrumm too, but I mustn't ever tell him so—and," she added hastily, "neither must you."

"That seems awful dumb to me, Mummy."

"It's something you don't understand, darling. It's called pride." Ann got up to help Barbara off with her dress. "Gosh, you're skinny," she said when Barbara was finally standing nude in front of her. "I ought to do something about that; I'm a horrid, neglectful mother."

"You don't have to worry about me, Mummy," Barbara said, kissing her. "I'm going to live by my wits—Johnny Pizer said I would."

"I won't worry then," Ann said. "Here, put on your pajamas; I'm going back to see Fred. I'll be back in half a second."

Ann found Fred at the back of the car, and she asked him if he would make up just the upper berth for Barbara. She told him that she wanted to read for a while. . . .

MR. THRUMM had two or three drinks with the boys after Ray and Ann left, but when Johnny suggested a game of gin, he pled extreme fatigue.

All he could think about was Ann. He remembered her face in every light, every position, and angle. He departed to Bedroom F in Car 409, and sat bleakly, a figure of concentrated despair and loneliness.

After several minutes he stood up, opened the door, went out into the hall, walked down to Bedroom C, looked at the door, turned around, and came back. He walked up and down in Bedroom F and then went again out in the hall. He tiptoed past Bedroom C, hoping to hear some telltale noise or speech; he heard nothing. Near the end of the corridor he backed up, still on tiptoe, and passed the door again. Still nothing. Then, after looking up and down the hall, he slipped over to the door and placed his ear against it. There was no sound until he heard Ann's voice say: "Trying to find out if there's a heart murmur?" She was standing in back of him in the hall.

Mr. Thrumm would have ordinarily been flustered, but his bitterness left no room for it. "I thought you would be in there," he said.

"I was looking for you. I thought you might be in the lounge."

"Well, I'm not."

"So I see. This is ridiculous, Oli. I want to speak to you; can we go back to your room?"

"Yes, of course."

When they got settled in Bedroom F, Mr. Thrumm said, "You wanted to speak to me?"

Ann didn't look at him. "I'm trying not to be as stupid as you are."

"Thank you."

"You will admit that you were stupid, won't you?"

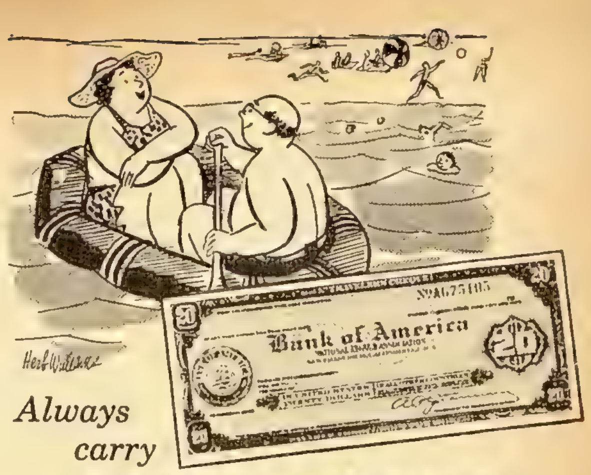
"To clarify everything, I will admit to being stupid about the whole business."

Ann sensed the insincerity of a too easily won victory. "Do you mean it?" she said. "Or are you being subtle in some way?"

"I've never been subtle, Ann. Perhaps we mean different things."

"I was referring to the dinner tonight."

"I was referring to our situation."



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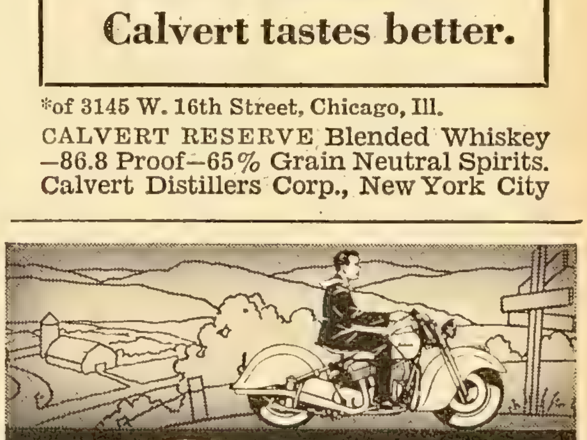

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BOOK 3 FOR BEDROOM C

"I can see it's no use," Ann said with a sigh. "You're outraged, and you're going to be difficult. Shall I leave?"

Before he could stop himself Mr. Thrumm blurted out, "No, please don't." Then he added, "That is, I think we ought to talk it over."

Ann knew the battle had turned. She sat back, pleased inside, and said, "I'm ready."

Mr. Thrumm was silent for some time. "Well, Ann," he finally said, "it's nobody's fault, really. I suppose it was impossible—that is, the two of us. I mean—our backgrounds are so different, our interests, our points of view. . . . It was foolish to expect anything different." He was looking very tragic. "After all, I am rather strange, compared to your friends—"

"I assume this means that you are taking all of the blame for—you don't mind if I quote you?—our 'situation.'"

"If you like, yes."

"Well," Ann said, "of all the rude, insulting remarks."

MR. THRUMM was astonished. "Rude? That certainly wasn't my intention."

"But you've just inferred that I've had nothing to do with anything that has happened between us—that is to say, it could have been any other man who had happened along. I call that rude and insulting."

Mr. Thrumm was even more astonished. "And I call that a very peculiar interpretation of my remarks," he said.

"We won't discuss that further." Ann looked at him with cold detachment. "Tell me, Oli, when did you first discover this frightening unsuitability?"

"Tonight."

"I see. You didn't like Johnny Pizer or Jack Bleck or George Shoreham or Tommy Hind?"

"Ann, I did not say that these men were offensive to me. In fact I rather like them. They're good fellows."

"They don't make you feel that you and I are unsuited?"

Mr. Thrumm was in a corner, and he knew it. He remained silent.

Ann went on. "And Ray White?"

"He's an ass," Mr. Thrumm shot out. "A complete ass."

Ann smiled. "Oh, I don't know. He's very good-looking."

Mr. Thrumm turned on her. "You see? You do like him. That's what I meant; that's exactly what I meant. He's your type. I'm not!"

"You mean, my type is an ass?"

"If it's Ray White, yes."

"Oli, for the first time this evening, I agree with you. My type is definitely an ass—but he's not Ray White."

"No?"

"No. You're my type."

Mr. Thrumm didn't know whether to be pleased or not. "I didn't seem to be, at the dinner this evening."

"You refused to pay any attention to me. You treated me like one of your students who had just written a horrible term paper. You looked straight through me and said some ridiculous thing about my business appointments; then you hinted that the dinner was arranged as a clandestine meeting between Ray White and me."

"But you told me that it was a 'business' meeting—a peculiar definition of the word, I'll say."

"It *was* business, Oli. For God's sake, can you conceive of anyone wanting to meet Ray White for anything but business reasons, or do you think that I'm completely without taste?"

"Well . . ." Mr. Thrumm knew that he had lost. "I forgive you."

Ann was electrified. "You what?"

"I forgive you."

She stood up. "You forgive me for insulting me! You forgive me for making me miserable all evening! You forgive me for telling me that our date is off and that I should try the guy on the other side! You forgive me—" Ann was nearly screaming. "Well, I've suddenly decided that I don't forgive you—you pompous—" She burst into tears and ran out of the bedroom.

Mr. Thrumm, who had hoped, through his last statement, to bring the battle to an end, looked at the slammed door in bewilderment.

ANN could hardly see her way back to Bedroom C, her eyes were so filled with tears. She did remember that Barbara would be asleep, so she opened the door carefully, tiptoed in, and then sat staring out of the window in the darkness. She asked herself why she was crying and realized that the possibility of Mr. Thrumm being serious about their unsuitability was a painful thought. She didn't want him to feel that way, because—she realized—she loved him.

Ann neither noticed the sound of the opening of the door nor the thin shaft of light that showed momentarily. But she felt Oli's arms around her, his face next to hers. He was sitting in back of her, and both of them, sharing the same mood, looked out of the window at the shifting patterns of darkness. Ann put her hand on Oli's face, pressing it even closer to hers, and neither spoke.

They remained this way for some time, both of them knowing that neither forgiveness nor anything like it was involved. This was inevitability, pure and simple; at the first real suggestion of anything separating them they both felt the desire to hold onto each other, to reject any stupidity which would tear them apart.

"Aren't we childish?" Ann said after a while.

"Terribly so."

"Oli?"

"Yes, my darling?"

Ann was warmed by his tone. "Oli, I don't want us to be unsuited to each other. Do you really think we are?"

After Mr. Thrumm had remained silent for several minutes she turned around and looked at him. "You do think so, don't you?"

"Ann, I love you. I've thought so most of the day, but a short while ago, when you left me alone, I was sure of it. I was sure of it with a feeling of — of — of — desperation — and—"

"Yes, darling?"

"—I think, fear. And I think the fear was occasioned by the fact that we really are quite different. I only hope that we will be able to cope with each other." Ann started to interrupt, but Mr. Thrumm went on quickly: "That's why I began by saying I love you—because the being different doesn't count. Oh, it counts, because life will not be smooth from now on—I know that—but it doesn't count in essentials—because"—Mr. Thrumm shrugged—"I love you."

"Oli . . ." Ann dropped her head against his shoulder; she was crying again. "This is awful; I can't stop crying"—she took his proffered handkerchief—"but my reasons for crying are not now the same."

"Darling, do stop." Mr. Thrumm assisted in the drying of her face. "If you find enough different reasons for crying, you'll become a perpetual waterfall!"

ANN smiled and sniffed. "Oli, you're really wonderful. I love you too. Honestly I do. Are we so terribly different? For instance, do you find me utterly stupid, someone you'd be ashamed to introduce to your professor friends?"

"Oh, Ann, no, certainly not. You're far from stupid."

"What are our differences, Oli?"

Mr. Thrumm thought a bit. "Well, Ann, in my circle—which Jack Bleck tells me is made up of what he calls squares — the women men marry like to think that they 'settle down' and 'make a home,' which only means, in some cases, that they successfully turn into dullards. I don't particularly want you to become a dullard—but you are rather at the other extreme. No one could expect to keep such an attractive flower under cover."

"Oli?"

"Yes, darling?"

"Are you afraid of losing me?"

"I haven't even got you."

"You have actually, but never mind. If you had me, would you be afraid? Answer honestly."

Mr. Thrumm said very quietly, "Yes."

"I thought so," Ann said. "Why? Because of tonight at dinner?"

"Tonight did give me a look into the future, a preview of what I might expect—"

"But, Oli, my darling idiot, you don't really think that I did anything wrong? That I was a loose woman? That I was—I'll use the word because my feelings about you justify it—unfaithful?"

"Physically, perhaps not—"

"Perhaps!"

"—but mentally and ethically, yes."

"But, Oli, every time we go out together, if and when we do (I take back the 'if'), somebody will embrace me, and perhaps kiss me, and call me pet names—but it won't mean anything. That's the way we act in my profession. Couldn't you get used to that?"

"I'll certainly have to try, because, as I said, I love you."

"Oh, Oli, you're irresistible when you say things like that!" And Ann threw her arms around him.

CLOSER together, they had other things to say to each other, and the only sensible remark was Mr. Thrumm's observation that intimacy quickly dissipated any differences which might occur to them while they sat facing each other across a room. But even he stopped being sensible after a while, and they went back to talking about the other things—when they talked at all.

After some time, there came a tapping on the door.

Mr. Thrumm looked at his watch. "It's three o'clock," he said. "Do you suppose it's Fred Johnson?"

Ann felt frightened.

"Let's not pay any attention to it," she said. "It's probably a drunk; he'll go away soon."

But the tapping went on again after a slight interval.

"Shall I see who it is?" Mr. Thrumm said.

"Better not, darling, I'll go."

Ann tiptoed to the door and opened it very slightly. Mr. Thrumm heard Ray White's voice say, "Is she asleep yet?"

"You're drunk," Ann said.

"Ah, to hell with that. What about the kid?"

"Oh, go away," Ann said wearily. "For God's sake, go away." She shut the door.

She came back and sat down next to Mr. Thrumm. The tapping now started again.

Mr. Thrumm stood up. "Don't let me keep you from any previous appointments," he said.

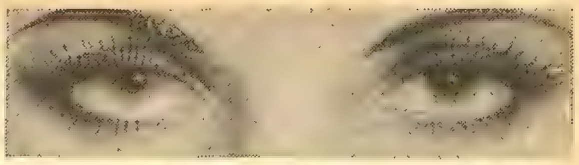
"Oli, please. I can't help it if Ray White gets drunk and comes back to annoy me. Don't be an idiot, I had no appointment with him."

Mr. Thrumm didn't know what to believe, and at the moment he hated both Ray White and Ann Haven. "Let me go to the door. Let me take a punch at him," he said out of desperation.

Ann grabbed his arm, terror-stricken. "Oli, you can't do that. It'll make a terrible scandal. You don't know how it is—he's very well known, and so am I. Be reasonable, Oli; he'll go away soon."

"And so will I." Mr. Thrumm raised his voice. "And you can tell him that the coast will be clear if

EYES TIRED?



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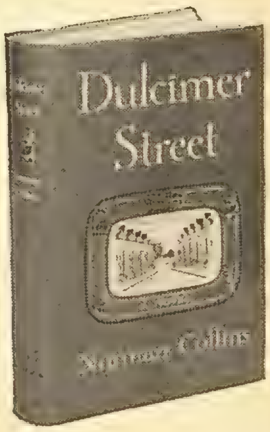

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he'll only give me a chance to get out of this goddam room."

"Oh, Oli . . ."

"Mamma, I can't sleep with all this noise going on," Barbara suddenly whined.

Ann groaned and sat down. "Leave, Oli, for heaven's sake, leave. I'm going to cry again."

Mr. Thrumm quickly went to the door, opened it, and went out. Mr. White had departed.

MR. THRUMM made his way back to Bedroom F with the conviction that he had acted stupidly, but with the knowledge that he couldn't do anything about it since his emotions, not his mind, had run the whole business.

At the end of the corridor he found Fred Johnson. "Come keep me company for a while," Mr. Thrumm urged.

They both went to Bedroom F. Mr. Thrumm fished in his suitcase and pulled out a small bottle marked C_2H_5OH. He showed the label to Fred and then told him: "That's the formula for ethyl alcohol, Fred. It is highly volatile, inflammable, and a powerful stimulant. However, this bottle now contains a mixture called—" he paused, and Fred was a little frightened, visioning a confession of intended self-destruction.

"I can't think of the name." Mr. Thrumm scratched his chin. In any case, it doesn't make much difference. It's supposed to be a very good bourbon. Join me, Fred?"

"Just a little," Fred sighed in relief.

They drank quickly out of paper cups.

"Why are you depressed, Mr. Thrumm?" Fred asked.

"Fred, that's what I call coming directly to the point. I am depressed for an age-old reason, a tricky woman."

"Look, I'll tell you something," Fred said. "Tonight I saw the whole time schedule on Bedroom C: when that idiotic Ray White went in, when he went out, when you went in, when you came out. And I saw the alcoholic return of Mr. White, too, and I knew you were there. You hogged most of the time in that bedroom and, unlike Ray White, you didn't have the disadvantage of having to entertain Barbara and Emperor."

"Good God, I never thought of that." Mr. Thrumm pumped Fred's arm up and down. He suddenly became eager and alive. "How do I get back?"

"That I don't know, Mr. Thrumm. It's pretty late, and you ought to be sleeping yourself; maybe Miss Haven is already asleep." Fred got up and started for the door. "She'd have every right to be mad at you for the way you acted. Why don't you write her a note? I'll come back for it in fifteen or twenty minutes." Fred could see by Mr. Thrumm's face that he thought it was a good idea. "O.K.?" he said.

"I'll be glad to give you some bubble gum, Conrad—I've got loads of it hidden all over the house."

LIBERTY

Mr. Thrumm nodded.

Ann, alone, thought to herself: It's like the reports of those tragedies when people say, "It happened so fast we hardly knew what was going on." What is there, she thought, to match the feeling of despair you have when someone you love leaves you abruptly, filled with righteousness and anger? The door slams, and there you are with yourself—more alone than it is possible to be.

"Mummy." It was Barbara, speaking from the upper berth.

Ann blew her nose, tried to control her voice, and said, "Darling, aren't you asleep? It's terribly late."

"Mummy, I love Mr. Thrumm."

Ann was amused. "Why, darling? Do you think he's handsome?"

"Oh no. He's so nice, though. He never seems tired, and he's awfully nervous, and I don't think he's stingy, and he doesn't seem to know where he's going sometimes, and—"

"Those are very peculiar reasons, Barbara."

"Well, he's nice. And he's interesting. I wish you'd marry him instead of Johnny Pizer."

"And I wish you wouldn't concern yourself with marrying your mother off. First of all, I'm not going to marry Johnny Pizer—and I'm not going to marry that janitor in Chicago that you wanted me to, either."

"Then you are going to marry Mr. Thrumm?" Barbara asked eagerly.

"Barbara, for goodness sake. You don't mind if I wait until morning, do you?"

The irony was lost on Barbara. "No, Mummy, I don't mind," she said, "but promise you will. Promise."

"Go to sleep," Ann answered.

She decided to get into her dressing gown and stretch out, to see if it were possible to sleep. She was just putting her arm into the left sleeve when she saw the envelope under the door.

ANN DEAREST; LOVELY ANN,

I can't tell you how sorry I am for my stupidity and the resulting loathsome behavior. The minute I had closed the door of Bedroom C, I knew, unmistakably, a single irrefutable fact: I love you.

You would have every right, my darling, to tear up this letter and never see or speak to me again, I know you won't do that (it is one of the reasons I love you) because you are kind, sweet, and without a shred of dishonesty. Which is to say, that you were not at any time lying or attempting to play some kind of game, with me as an inept partner. Since I realize this, I also know that I have misjudged you miserably, and this reflects so badly on me that I must ask not only your forgiveness, but my own.

In a very few hours we will be in Pasadena. Nothing will make me believe that that will be the end of this trip; for my part I could wish for it to go on forever. I stand amazed at what has happened to me in this brief span of time; and I can't help but think that you, too, have been affected by our relationship. Modesty forbids my saying more than that. Too, at this moment I am not sure what you think of me, and it is quite possible that you will not want to see me in the morning. How I hope that will not be so! Because I love you with all my heart—and the only fear I have is that of losing you.

Your
OLI

Ann folded the note and put it back into the envelope. She couldn't remember a time when she had felt happier.

She wanted the dark in which to contemplate this happiness, so she turned out the light.

WHEN the buzzer rang in Bedroom C, Ann sat up with a "My God!" She felt all that terror common to those who set alarm clocks and then blissfully sleep through the ringing until five minutes before an appointment. She looked at her wrist watch and saw that it was eight twenty-five, twenty minutes before arrival time in Pasadena. The buzzer rang again, and she pulled open the door and said: "Fred!"

Fred said, "Good morning, Miss Haven. You've got about a half an hour; we're a little late."

"But I've got so much to do!" Ann wailed. "Fred do me a favor, will you? Bring two large glasses of orange juice."

"Right," Fred said. He started off.

"Oh, Fred," Ann called him back again.

"Yes, Miss Haven?"

"Uh—is Mr. Thrumm up?"

red smiled. "Sure. He's had kfast."

here is he now?"

ack in Bedroom F."

Oh." Ann thought for a moment. hen she said, "Fred, don't tell him e're up yet, will you? There's mething I must do—write a letter. he getting off at Pasadena?"

"Yes, he is."

"Thanks, Fred."

Ann shut the door and then beame furiously energetic. "Barbara, e are almost there, honey. Get up! uick now!"

"I'm up. I'm up," Barbara called own, and then started the most exaordinary activity, getting dressed y bits and packing by bits.

The buzzer rang again. It was Fred th the orange juice.

Ann said, "Thank you, Fred," shut e door, and after giving Barbara r glass and an admonition to drink slowly, sat down.

"Listen, darling," she said. "I've t to write a letter. You finish putng those few things away, make re that we've left nothing. We'll in Pasadena soon. When we get ere, I will give you this letter, and u run ahead and find Mr. Thrumm d give it to him. I'll get everything gether that Fred can't take, and ll handle Emperor." Ann added, eing a worried look come into Barara's eyes, "Don't you worry about , I'll get off the train. You just ake sure that Mr. Thrumm gets is letter. Can you do that?"

"Yes, Mummy."

WHEN the palm trees began to be punctuated by bungalows of all apes and descriptions, Mr. Thrumm new that he was very close upon asadena. Fred came in for his bags, d Mr. Thrumm followed gloomily the end of the corridor. No place d he see a sign of Ann, Barbara, or mperor. He couldn't ask Fred anying now because Fred was too busy etting all the luggage set, and in a oment he would be even busier anding it out to the redcaps. Final- Mr. Thrumm found himself movg down the iron stairs. He saw ed, smiling good-naturedly, waitg for him. Mr. Thrumm had writn his full name and address on a iece of paper and had wrapped it round a ten-dollar bill. This he anded to Fred, saying, "I'd like you write to me, Fred. We mustn't lose ack of each other."

Fred put the paper in his pocket d looked very pleased. "I certainly ill, Oli. And don't worry about anying."

Mr. Thrumm smiled, shrugged his oulders, and walked toward the xi stand. He'd have to wait there yway for the redcap with all the gs.

When he got to the taxi stand just stood there looking away om the train, afraid of seeing Ann, ho he thought didn't want to see im. And then he felt somebody tug t his coat. Then he heard Barbara's oice say, "Hello, Mr. Thrumm. I've got a letter for you." She held out an envelope.

Before he could read the note she said, "Say yes, Mr. Thrumm, please say yes."

"Say yes to what, Barbara?"

"To what it says in the note."

"Did you read this note, Barbara?"

"Well . . ." Barbara turned around on one foot. "I couldn't understand it, so I got Fred to read it for me, and he told me what it meant."

Mr. Thrumm quickly opened it. It said:

DEAR OLI,

This is difficult to write—but don't be alarmed—the affirmative is always more difficult for me than the negative! Curiously enough, the one fear which you said you had (losing me) is the only fear you don't have to have. Because the only fear I have is of losing you—and this way, two fears make no fear at all! Or is that completely illiterate?

Your letter seemed very beautiful to me—the most beautiful letter that I have ever had—mostly for what it said, and its honesty. I was only amused at your daring to think that I, too, had "been affected by our relationship." How dare you not dare to think so?

I know that I'm independent by nature, self-centered, and carefree about the wrong things. I know that I will hate life with any man because all habits except my own irritate me. But I know, too, that I would like life with you—more than any other life I can think of. Now it's up to you to think of how you want to spend your life. You see, I take it very seriously when you say "I love you." I hope you will, too, when I say it; because, dearest Oli, I have failed miserably in conveying my emotions if I have not shown you that, as you said, "in this brief span of time," I learned that

I love you

ANN

P.S. Won't you have lunch with Barbara and me today at our hotel? A.

Mr. Thrumm's face was flushed as he finished. He was dizzy with joy. Barbara was still repeating, but now at a very high pitch, "Please say yes, Mr. Thrumm, please."

MR. THRUMM automatically said, "Yes, Barbara, yes," and then he looked up and saw simultaneously three different events which he viewed with dazed happiness:

Barbara was jumping and turning in circles and calling out, "Oh boy! Oh boy!"

Ann was descending the steps of the train, throwing him kisses.

And Fred Johnson, grinning like an idiot, was holding up an unopened book in his direction. Mr. Thrumm couldn't read from that distance what the book said, but he guessed it was Milton.

He was right; Fred was holding up the title page of *Paradise Regained.*

THE END

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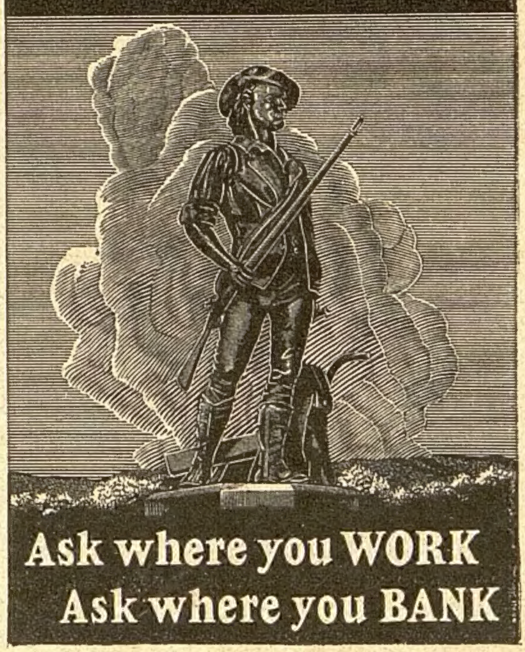

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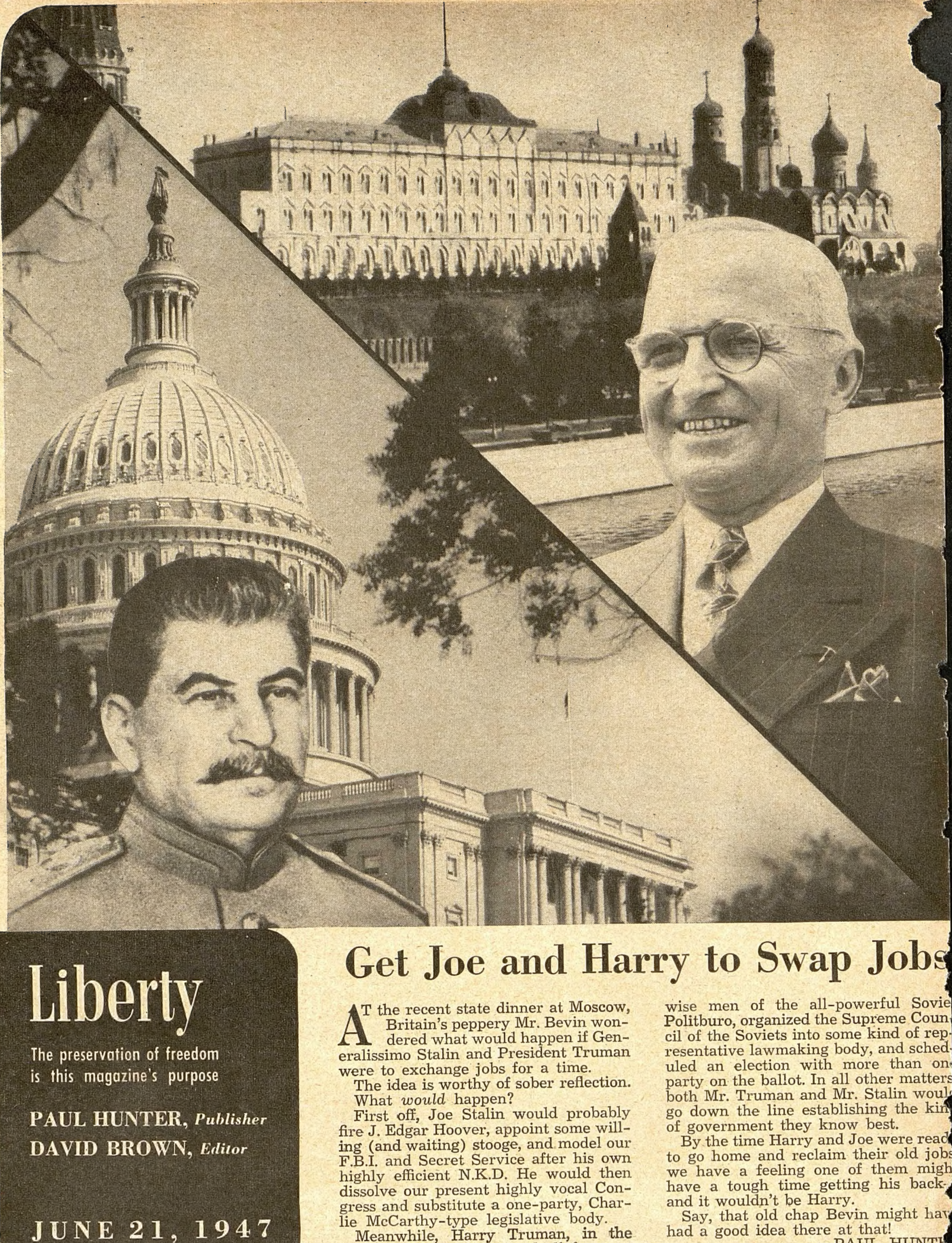
Ask where you BANK



Liberty

The preservation of freedom
is this magazine's purpose

PAUL HUNTER, *Publisher*
DAVID BROWN, *Editor*

JUNE 21, 1947

Get Joe and Harry to Swap Jobs

AT the recent state dinner at Moscow, Britain's peppery Mr. Bevin wondered what would happen if Generalissimo Stalin and President Truman were to exchange jobs for a time.

The idea is worthy of sober reflection. What *would* happen?

First off, Joe Stalin would probably fire J. Edgar Hoover, appoint some willing (and waiting) stooge, and model our F.B.I. and Secret Service after his own highly efficient N.K.D. He would then dissolve our present highly vocal Congress and substitute a one-party, Charlie McCarthy-type legislative body.

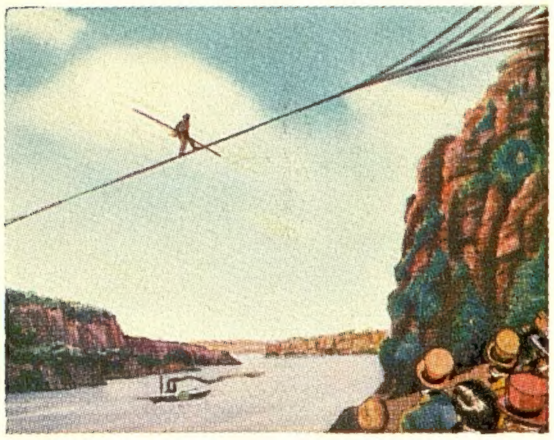
Meanwhile, Harry Truman, in the Kremlin, would have fired all fourteen wise men of the all-powerful Sovie Politburo, organized the Supreme Council of the Soviets into some kind of representative lawmaking body, and scheduled an election with more than on party on the ballot. In all other matters both Mr. Truman and Mr. Stalin woul go down the line establishing the kin of government they know best.

By the time Harry and Joe were read to go home and reclaim their old jobs we have a feeling one of them migh have a tough time getting his back- and it wouldn't be Harry.

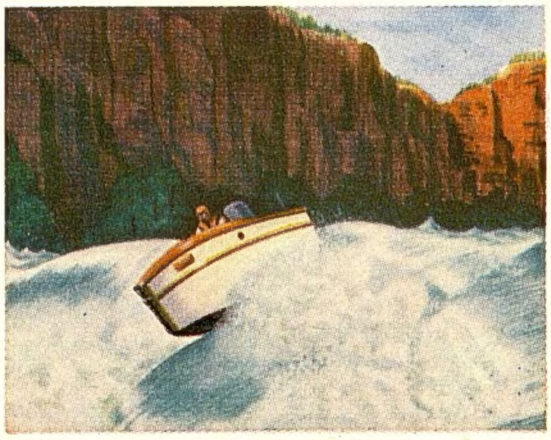
Say, that old chap Bevin might hav had a good idea there at that!

—PAUL HUNT

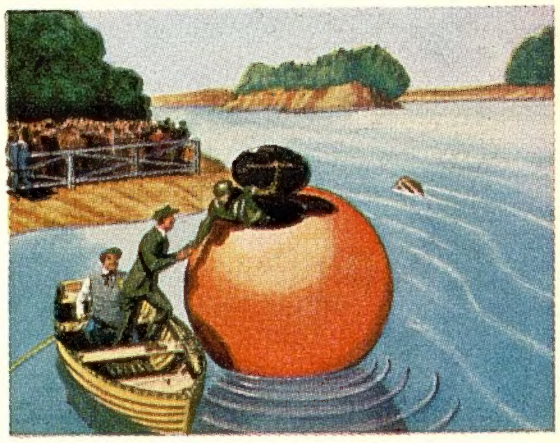
Niagara attracts more than brides



1859 **Beautiful Niagara** has been a magnet to daredevils, as well as honeymooners, since Monsieur Blondin skipped across the Falls on a 3-inch rope. The name Corby's came to Canada a year before this French expert drew crowds with his chilling antics.



1899 **A little boat,** aptly called *Fool Killer*, successfully shot the Rapids. A few months earlier, when the name Corby's had 41 years' standing in Canada, a performer made the same trip in a barrel. Later he met death by accidentally slipping on a banana peel.



1928 **Over the Falls** with no damage other than minor bruises! Hard to believe, but it was done in an 11-foot rubber ball in the 70th year of Canadian fame for the name Corby's. Others had already dared parachute jumps from the suspension bridge.

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1947 **Niagara Falls** still attracts publicity-hungry eccentrics. At least one man thinks it would be *fun* to take the drop in a new rubber ball—even though the law says, "No!" For a much more reasonable kind of fun, *share your good times with Corby's*, the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Whenever it's suggested, light, sociable Corby's rates an immediate "YES!"

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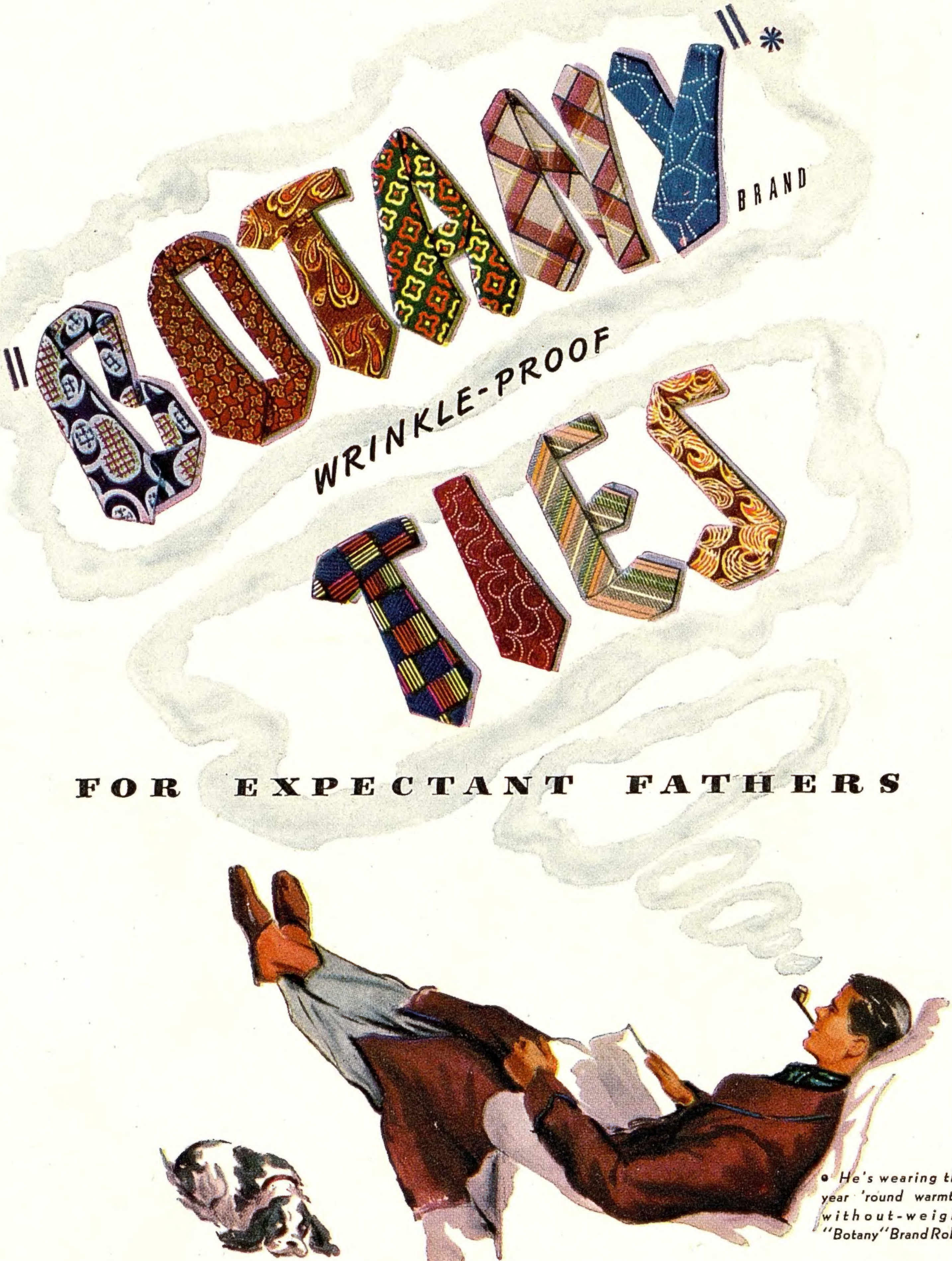

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